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THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

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VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—PLATE THE FIRST, AN EVENING DRESS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 57, ANCIENT COSTUME OF THE MOUNTAINS OF BERNE; ANOTHER EVENING DRESS, AND TWO BACK VIEWS OF HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE SECOND, THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE BACK VIEWS OF HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE THIRD, TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING DRESS, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE FOURTH, A BALL DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS. AND FIVE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE OPENING REIGN OF FASHION.

Wake! sisters wake! the hour is nigh,
Of flashing mirth and revelry;—
Wake! sisters wake! of Fashion's train,
The joyful hours are come again;
And we all must bow at the sacred fane,
Where the goddess, in glory, holds her reign!
Awake! awake! each brilliant eye,
Awake to the thrills of ecstasy!
Behold! the attending maidens wait
At the regal and blazing sapphire gate;
And see the congress from afar,
Crowd round the goddess's glittering car!
She comes—she comes, with a beauteous tide,
She comes, she comes, in her regal pride!
She comes—she comes with a flashing eye,
And all the spells of her witchery!
The time is ours—pluck fairest flowers
From the purest and sweetest incense bowers;
Strew the paths of the brightest sheen,
For the way of the radiant rainbow Queen!
First in the gay and gorgeous throng,
A groupe of boys, wildly, carol along:
The laughing *Loves*, in whose merry blue eyes,
Such a mystic spell of enchantment lies!
The brilliant banner of varied hue,
Follows the young, enrapturing crew;
It floats, it floats, in the ether light,
Sparkling with lustre and radiance bright;
It dazzling blazes with richest gems,
Torn from the proudest diadems!
And now, behold, in the following train,
The hand-maids of Fashion's festive reign;
A blissful band of the fairest girls,
Glitt'ring in diamonds and paly pearls!
The timbrel is sounding, the first in the train,
Bounds joyous and jocundly over the plain;
'Tis she, fraught with smiles, quips, and many a crank,
'Tis she, the fair empress of lovely *Rose Bank*!
And the dark-eyed MOUNTCHARLES, proudly follows the way,
Hand-in-hand with CLANRICARLE, the glittering and gay;
And FLORA MACDONALD, that sweet child of love,
Is weaving a chaplet from bower and grove,

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While EMILY COWPER assists in the task,
For she has a boon of the goddess to ask.
But who is approaching with aspect sublime?
Who is she, that appears like a spirit divine?
Her streaming dark hair, floats in clustering curls,
On the wings of the breeze, and is sparkling with pearls;
'Tis BELFAST!—And walking alone in her pride,
For no rival beauty dare stand by her side.
And those are the two pretty PAGETS we see,
With their noble train-bearer, the gallant Lord C——.
Though which is the favorite, scarce we may guess,
For see too he smiles on the fair FANNY S——!
And, now comes CAERMARTHEN, in loveliness bright,
With UPTON, a spirit of joy and delight.
The BEAUCLERC'S and FORESTERS finish the band,
With pretty Miss BAILLIE, and sweet GERTRUDE BRANDE!
She comes!—The QUEEN herself arrayed
In her gorgeous robes, by the graces made;
She comes, she comes, in her splendid pride,
With her wand in the rainbow's radiance dyed;
She comes, she comes to her rich domain,
She comes, she comes to her absolute reign!

Sisters of Fashion, awake!—arise!
And banish, for ever, thy sorrows and sighs.
Sisters of Fashion, awake to bliss,
And welcome Joy's enrapturing kiss;
For the brilliant banner is floating unfurl'd,
O'er the throne of our great, and invincible WORLD!
Sisters! your notes of rapture sing,
And your homage and tributes gladly bring,
Arrayed in robes of the brightest sheen,
To welcome THE REIGN OF FASHION'S QUEEN!

LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

God save his majesty; and be ye kind
Bold winds to bear with all the speed we wish
Such greeting to him. Still the wish will come
That it were given us, to *whisper soft*
Our wishes in his ear."—PERICLES, a Tragedy.

Windsor Castle, its drives, retirements, and society, still possess his MAJESTY, nor is there yet any couriers of good tidings, "generous hot with haste," to tell us that we may soon expect to greet him in town, or send up the long-pro-

D

longed shone to his name in splendidly and anxiously crowded theatres, richly arranged and munificently attended meetings of court or entertainment. Would that we could inform our readers that it had become the determination of our liege lord, one so "pure in his great office" as not only to retain the love and loyalty of his own subjects, but the respect of the rulers and people of other countries; would we could say, that he is now coming amongst us for a long, and, therefore, beneficial sojourn. We are told, nay, we believe he is well; strong in health, cheerful in disposition, and active in conduct; why then will he not let it appear so to our eyes and understanding, as well as by report impress on our ears and suppositions. These hints may easily, and should powerfully, be impressed upon him by those who possess his confidence, and the honour of his frequent presence. Such personages would, by so acting, become at once his friends and our benefactors. *Truth*, if well seasoned with kindness and discretion, is as palatable as flattery, and much more wholesome. It may search, but it will cleanse also; it may not be, at first, as sweet to the taste, but it will soon prove itself more beneficial and healing to the constitution. Let those, to whom we refer, try its application, and we will wear them in our hearts, as of those who deserve well of their country.

ON THE OPENING OF ALMACK'S.

LADY J— TO THE MARCHIONESS OF L—.

My dear Lady L——The season of our triumph again approaches; a few days more, and we shall be again surrounded by the splendour and beauty of Fashion's rich domain, in that dear, delightful spot where some of our happiest moments have been passed, and, may I not add, many of our noblest victories achieved.—I mean *Almack's*, dear bewitching *Almack's*, the mart of pleasure, and the realm of love!—Sweet *Almack's*, the colimities of such a region to so dear a friend as our Lady L—? No my dear friend, you are not to be deceived therein, are you not?—We allow a single retrospection to the triumphs of our anticipations, or the glories of a coming triumph? Willis waits, and is engaged in providing for our reception, and does "dreadful note of preparation," for the ensuing campaign; the good natured creature, how indefatigable he is in our service;—*entre nous*, have you ever noticed the friendly smiles and agreeable nods of *connoissance* bestowed upon the "smart young bachelors," by the Hon. Misses P—?—Poor girls, I am afraid they will remain fixtures.—Where are all the men?—Will none of them, like the Romans of old, patriotically sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their country, and marry them off at once?

Well, the *galoppade* has been successful!—After all the sage smiles of my fair friends, and the sneers and witticisms of my male ones (L— still epigrammatizes upon it most cruelly, though the tantalizing creature failed for a rhyme the other evening, fortunately for my poor adopted,) it has been established in our empire, and even its reprobators have become its most determined votaries. Its success has been beyond my hopes.—Emily C— (our most elegant galoppader,—by the way, poor Lord A— is again sighing at her shrine,) notwithstanding her admira-

tion, declared it would be voted *barbarous* upon the instant of its introduction.—Madame L— teased me with her *badinage*, and Lady S— declared me to be a downright rump!—But thanks to fashion,—caprice, or what you will, my *protégée* has become an universal favorite.—Wherever I go, whether among maidens or matrons,—bcaux, bachelors, or Benedicks, the prevailing topic is the *galoppade*!—It is the absorbing theme, the happiness of youth and the solace of age:—the hope of the sighing *amoureux*, and the delight of the enraptured *femme*!—The town is electrified, and from a state of dulness and inglorious *ennui*, starts into life and action, by the invincible magic of a little name, the spellword to a thousand happinesses.—Every body are in extasies. Colinet is astonished.—Litolf and Adams, crack their whips in agony, and poor Weippert, throwing down his violin, declares his arms are mortal! Every body are galoppaders, from the strait-laced matron R—, to the merry little Dr. K—, whom I caught, a few mornings ago, stamping round his room in rapturous enthusiasm.—Julia was at the piano, and the poor girl absorbed in her ideas of the darling dance, thrummed such miserable discord, as would absolutely have driven mad any one else but a determined galoppader.—This enthusiasm, the first spark of which set Almack's in a blaze, and spread through all the walks of *ton*, has become the reigning characteristic of the day:—to be at fault in the *galoppe* is the leading article in the criminal code of fashion; and the punishment, perpetual banishment. Even E—n, that man of vast rotundity, has been taking lessons, and you may find him every morning strenuously endeavouring to attain the graceful steps, supported on either side by his valet and his *maître de danse*. Poor E—, what would he give to be a "little thinner," nay even were it to exchange proportions with the lank attenuated K—n, that miserable anatomy of a man? Who are to be our men this season? Schwartzenberg (the prince of *galoppaders*) has gone for ever! Poor Lady E—! Can we forbear to sympathize with the sorrows of our unhappy friend? Virtue may perhaps require contempt and scorn, but Humanity throws her shield over the errors of the sufferer, and cold indeed must that heart be, which refuses to listen to the sighs of broken hearted penitence.

But I am moralizing.—We will forget such a being as S—, and behold, upon my table appears the card of the gay Monsieur R—, good natured R—, my dear friend, he indeed must be celebrated as the *Dieu de danse* for the coming year. R. is the most dashing galoppader that we have.—S. may probably have been more elegant, but R. seems to enter into the very spirit of the dance, the soul of its true extasy. And then have we not C—nw—m? "Sigh no more ladies," I can disclose a hundred names of able men, and willing, to do justice to our favorite dance. Grieve not my fair associates at the defalcation of S—, nor at the cruelty of Miss E— in discarding the luckless Charles de M—, depriving us thereby of a darling galoppader. Catherine G—e hold up your head.—Emily C—r pout not those pretty lips in sorrow at our loss, for the *galoppade* shall be revived with admirable supporters. Think but of C—terf—d, C—ler—gh, D—ds—n, F—tz—y, and your hopes revive; put on your best looks and your prettiest smiles, to welcome again the favorite of Fashion's queen, for such is the *galoppade*!

But in truth, good Lady L—, is my *protégée* so wild, so romping, so vulgar, as the people of the opposition

would have the world believe? Surely not, for the reeling Duke himself has told me, he would rather trust his beautiful bride to its delights, than to the more objectionable fascinations of the *waltz*. By the bye, I think it will become a peculiar favorite with the "married men," since it is a perfect safeguard to the poor jealous creatures, who imagine they can discern in the mere mention of the *waltz*, as stout a pair of *objectionables* as ever decorated the brow of a luckless *Benedick*! Poor *Waltz*, he must hang his harp upon the willows, and prepare to dance out of the world with greater celerity than with which he made his *entré*; his death warrant has been signed by our darling *galopade*.

Well, my dear friend, our dance is to be predominant at Almack's this season: and it will be rigidly enforced, that any gentleman who declines, shall be dismissed with contumely. F t z—y has been enquiring whether *cotillons* might not with propriety be revived, but like my sage, grave friend of chancery celebrity, I am inclined "to doubt." S—y would have them introduced previous to the *galopade*, in order, as he says, to give time for the inveterate dancers to prepare *pour le grand assaut*. D—n would have us introduce the dance called *Cancan*,* which he has been rhapsodizing for this month past; and C—d, to shew off the graces of his own pretty person, beseeches the revival of *minuets*! Minuets, my dear Lady L., the regular humdrum tedia which teach young ladies how to hold up their heads, and mamma's little darlings an elegant *maintien*, in high estimation among the *amiables* of the squirearchy, and the interesting Pamelas of rustic life.—Minuets supersede the *galopade*! Forbid it Fashion.—Forbid it all ye powers that preside over the regions of taste!

Thus, my dear friend, am I importuned by the *Almack-omans*, and scarcely do I know how to answer so many requests. *Cotillons* are not very objectionable, and—but at any rate, we must not entertain a thought of them for the present season,—the *Galopade* is to be predominant.

Will my dear Lady L—, credit the fact, Lady W— writes me her intention of proposing the revival of the horrid old English Country dance!—*Barbare! Barbare!* The old English Country dance! Up the room and down again, up the room and down again, and so on to the end of the chapter. Is it to be endured? Must we be "monkey led for the night?"—jig it through a never ending lane of

impertinent fellows, with their still more impertinent smiles and compliments! Rather be at fault in the *Galopade*, nay, rather cross *alone*, the terrible *salle* of Almack's, at a moment of quiet cessation, when the thousand critical and curious eyes are fixed upon you, than join in such an abhorred revival. The old English Country dance! What will be proposed next? Surely all the *innocent* and delightful sports of the *nursery* will be opened upon us, and some admiring adept may recommend the pleasing pastime of "Hot Cockles," or the no less *pretty* games of "Hunt the Slipper," or "My Lady's Toilet!"—I give you my word that if Lady W—y proposes her revival, I will recommend such very *interesting* games, and quite as *elegant*, without a doubt.

What shall we do with that abominable man, G—LL? Is he to be again admitted to our assemblies, or shall we punish him for such a terrible exposure of our follies, and deprive the wicked creature of the pleasures of the *Galopade*? You will remember that his crime was a *comedy*, a regular five act play; had it been only a farce, nay had he confined himself to a *petit* opera, he might have been forgiven,—but to make such a terrible disclosure, a circumstantial *five act* exposition! My dear Lady L—, I think we can award to him nothing less than perpetual banishment.

But this important question must be reserved for serious discussion, and fearing that I have already trespassed upon the patience of my dear Lady L—, I beg to subscribe myself, with the most sanguine expectations of a season of unparalleled brilliancy, her very sincere, and affectionate,

J—

ON DITS OF FASHION.

Our *last* fashionable season, was, through some unfortunate circumstances, one of undeniable dulness, but its monotony is destined to be relieved and strongly contrasted by the anticipated splendours of the one, which is fast revealing itself; like the incident in the pantomime, the dark clouds are rolling away, and a scene of unexampled brilliancy and brightness bursts upon our delighted view. All the circles of rank and fashion are "up in arms," for the noble rivalry, and the proud magnificence of Lady SALISBURY'S *soirées*, competing with the ever novel and ever charming attractions of those in *Stratton Street*; the gorgeous festivals at *Hertford House*, peculiarized by some of the most brilliant achievements of fashionable life; and the ducal splendours of the *House of Devonshire*, afford the most pleasurable expectations of a brilliant and imposing season. The OPERA first claims our attention; and here we are called upon to bear testimony to the merits of LALANDE, who has been for some time past delighting the continental fashionables at *Parma* and *Milan*, and also for a tribute to the shrine of the graceful TAGLIONI. LABLACHE, a divine singer from Naples, challenges our admiration, and the sublime PETRALIA, a *contra-alto* of the most exquisite and beautiful effect, will charm us by the full developement of all her splendid powers.—But, where is PASTA? she of the syren voice, whose heavenly melody still murmurs upon our hearts?—"And echo answers, *Where?*" We are, however, to have MALIBRAN, and fastidious, indeed, must that admirer be, who *deeply* regrets the exchange. We are then introduced to the charms of ALMACK'S, where the newly introduced dance of THE MAZURKA is expected by some fashionables to be an early novelty. This new pro-

* The *Cancan* has obtained considerable celebrity in the fashionable circles in Paris, where also the *Fandango*, the *Botero*, the *Tarrantalu*, the *Monferrière*, and the *Sartarello* (all quick and lively dances) are in high estimation. As respects the gentlemen, the *Cancan* has rather a *serious* appearance, since instead of raising the feet, they proceed by *sliding steps*, alternately forwards and on either side. An oblique direction being prescribed to the bust, some of the dancers discover that the moment one of their legs quits the ground, it seems as if their nose would come in contact with the floor. All the movements of the ladies are guided by a certain *abandon*, not devoid of grace: are they not always graceful? In the *Chaine Anglaise*, for example, they seem to rush forward with heedless rapidity, but when we behold the ease and elegance with which they turn their partners, we cannot but admire their grace and skill.—EDITOR.

tege of the *beau monde* has been very popular in Germany during the last year, and from the enthusiasm with which it has been received at the Duke of DEVONSHIRE's late entertainment at Brighton, and at subsequent parties, we apprehend that the mania for *quadrilles* is subsiding. We have reason to believe, however, that the *galoppade* will be the chief attraction at Almack's for the ensuing season, in which too strongly censured dance, we are pleased to hear, that many of our stars of fashion have attained a most beautiful and powerful proficiency. We can picture to our delighted imaginations, the rich floating of the graceful EMILY COWPER, in all the pride of her young attractions;—of the dark-brow'd SHERIDAN, like a heavenly Hourii of the Prophet's rest, darting her inspiration upon every enraptured heart;—of CATHERINE GRIMSTONE looking love from her beautiful eyes upon the faithful M—, who is content to wait "a long—long year," for the promised felicity of her hand;—of FANNY STANHOPE, that radiant pearl,—of the sylph-like SYLVIA DOYLE, whose revealing beauties break upon our delighted vision like a rose-bud bursting from its youthful stem, and unfolding its rich leaves beneath the influence of *Fashion's* sun;—with a hundred others, replete with every grace that can endear them to our affection.

Lady JERSEY promises us some splendid *soirées*, and Lady WILLOUGHBY offers the attractions of her noble entertainments. *Rose-Bank* is fitting up for another festival, equal in splendour to that of the by-gone-season, and that *Elysian* summer temple, with its splendid walls of looking-glass, reflecting all the beauties of the festivity, its rich lace draperies, and the arches of evergreen leading to the splendid *salle de danse*, is again to be graced by the presence of all the rank and beauty of FASHION'S WORLD. Lady LYNTHURST, the "beautiful blue," puts forth her powerful claims to distinction, while the palace of the Archduke, with its gorgeous decorations, its rich paintings, and splendid marbles, is destined for the supreme empire of the ABSOLUTE QUEEN of our potent WORLD, and from whence the decrees that are to influence her subjects will from time to time be issued. *Devonshire House*! What a train of pleasurable recollections are awakened by the magic of that little name; what bright anticipations does it originate in our hearts! Will the delicious melody of MALIBRAN again be awakened within its walls, or the redolence of LALANDE breathe its divine inspiration over the scene?—Will SONTAG,—alas! she of the brilliant eye, has married and departed, and all that we have left is but the memory of her delightfulness! Lady ESSEX rules on Monday evenings, Lady SALISBURY having the Sundays and Wednesdays till Easter. Lady HERTFORD has appointed for *Thursdays*, the alternate evenings remaining to be filled. Then we are to have the select *soirées* of Mrs. HOPE, wherein congregate all the talent and rank of fashion, enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," in the splendid saloon of her noble mansion, decorated as it is with such magnificence; paintings and marbles, vying with each other for superiority, and each reflecting upon the other, from the distinguished eminence of the masters from whose talents they have emanated. We have also the pleasurable expectation of the doors of *Apsley House* being thrown open to the fashionable world, and the, as yet, hidden splendours of that magnificent edifice revealed to admiration. Thus the OPENING SEASON seems pregnant with the most animating festivities; and may the expectations which have been inspired, not be

blighted by any "untoward" circumstance, or any melancholy interruption. WE, as the sworn servants of FASHION'S QUEEN, will faithfully chronicle every incident that reflects additional lustre upon her radiant reign, and unfolding our leaves, we are prepared to do justice to the festivals of the splendid *stars*, that gem our exclusive WORLD.

Lord HERTFORD is preparing to depart for Italy, with Lady STRACHAN, and a select party. The noble Marquis has been wedded to the seclusion of *Sudborne* for some time, and people about town have been observing his particular attentions to his lovely ward. The *John Bull* has told us a very *mysterious* tale about *Sudborne*, of which the *Age* gives an equally mysterious explanation, though most people will readily recognize "the witty, fat fellow" carried to *Sudborne* by Mr. CROKER, to enliven the company by his buffoonery.

The marriage of SONTAG, that delicious warbler, with the Count DE ROSSI appears to be no longer a secret; the happy couple are at present sojourning at Berlin, where our favourite is addressed by her proper appellation, the Countess DE ROSSI.

A very amusing *ruse* was played at the Derby Ball on the 1st of January, by the Steward (Hon. F. STANHOPE,) in conjunction with Lords HASTINGS and CHESTERFIELD. Some of the elderly ladies having objected to the introduction of the *galoppade* as being too *indecorous*, an old English country dance was ordered to be played, in the middle of which, the musicians were privately desired to strike off at once into the interdicted dance; this was in consequence done, and their fair partners were thereby forced into the new dance, to the infinite surprise of the *prudish* ladies, who beheld the example speedily followed by the rest of the younger *belles*.

The French *troop*, who were almost lost in the snow on their way from Paris, promise great things in their ensuing campaign. POTIER retires from the stage at the close of the present season. The beautiful LEONRINE FAY is among the new engagements. There was a talk of MARS paying us another visit, but we fear the report is incorrect; it is said that she intends retiring altogether from the stage. We cannot speak too highly of POTIER's excellent performance of *Le Centenaire*: with such representations, the French company will attract public patronage. Where is the fawn-footed ST. ANGE?

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

Let us no longer say, that friendship is an empty name; we shall not be believed by the newly-married *belles* of Paris, each of whom prides herself, on shewing her visitors, that she, at least, has a number of friends. No sooner is her nuptial-day fixed, than she asks every one of her *belles amies* to contribute their portion to the monument which she is about to rear to friendship. In plain English, she takes from each lady a ringlet of hair; and when she has got a sufficient number, she has them arranged *en gerbe*, by a knot of diamonds, placed in a superb frame, and hung over the chimney of her *salon*. We counted lately fourteen of these tresses in the *gerbe* of a recently married lady; and one of *amies*, who had contributed to it, *good-naturedly* pointed out to us, while we were so employed, the extreme folly and hard-heartedness of the owner, in lavishing upon a bauble like that, money which might be much better employed in the support of her indigent relations.—Such is the world!!

That delicate bird, the *Canneton du Mans*, is, at present, in great request for stiltish entertainments, served in the manner we are about to describe. The bones are taken out of a certain number of these birds, and they are stuffed with truffles; an oblong dish is then filled with meat jelly, which must be extremely white, firm, and transparent. The birds are laid on it, all in the same direction, and not too close together. In the midst of this mock river, rises a bridge composed of pasty, on each side of which is a balustrade made of truffles cut in pieces. Woe to the *Amphitryon* who neglects to regale his friends with this dish, he may be sure that they will find all the rest of his entertainment good for nothing.

The fashionable colour for visiting cards, at present, is *gris perle*. They must be large, plain, and highly glazed; and the address written in the English style, that is, the number of the house written before the name of the street.

There is, at this moment, a *mania* for *traineaux*. There seems to be a sort of contest among our *exquisites*, who shall sport the most elegant of these vehicles. A remarkable splendid one appeared the other day in the court of the Tuileries; it was drawn by a race-horse, to whose neck and main were attached more than sixty small bells. An *aigrette*, composed of five superb ostrich feathers, decorated the head of the animal, which was one of the finest we ever saw.

We remarked among the *traineaux* on the *Boulevards*, one made to hold two persons; it was drawn by two beautiful bay horses, and entirely lined with the skin of the Russian fox.

One of these vehicles, made in the shape of a dragon, attracted a good deal of notice. The body of the animal formed a seat, in which was the dashing Madame de P. The driver, the young Duke de L—, was perched upon the tail of the dragon, and thus raised above the head of Madame de P.

We record with regret the death of the Comtesse D—, an amiable woman, and a model of grace and elegance. None of the fair Parisian votaries of fashion understood better than she did the mysteries of the toilet. It had been remarked, during some years past, that she constantly appeared in gaiters. She was never seen, even at balls, in any other *chausseure*; the weakness of her ankles rendering it impossible for her to appear in shoes. She was fond of dancing, and nothing could be more elegant than her rose colour, white, and blue gaiters, which always corresponded with the trimming of her dress. Those which she wore in home-dress were of embroidered cachemere in summer, and of velvet in winter. She was extremely particular about the nicety of their fit, and the elegance of their make. Kept by her friends in ignorance of her danger, and looking forward to her speedy recovery, she caused several models of gaiters to be brought to her bed, a few days before her death, and chose some pairs for the winter balls, observing, with a smile, that she should give them the title of *guelres à la Terpsichore*.

Our *élégantes*, always studious to display their charms, have recently adopted the fashion of suspending a *casollette à parfume*, from a ring, by a narrow gold chain of the most delicate workmanship, six or eight inches in length. This toy is a wonderful help to conversation. The lady lets it fall, takes it up, plays with it, and, in fine, by the use she makes of it, soon contrives to draw your attention to the beauty of her hand and arm.

The winter balls, this year, are more numerous, and

better organized than usual. Many fashionables give a ball once a week; some even twice a week, but this is rare. These balls are the pleasantest, because they are the least ceremonious. Some stiltish leaders of fashion give a dress-ball once a month. These last are in request, but not so much so as those for which invitations to a ball are expressly sent out, which is not the case with the others, it being understood, that once invited, you are afterwards at liberty to go when you please.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

Death, that awful visitant, who respects no condition of persons, but strikes his scythe among the congregated rank and fashion of the world, as well as among the most lowly, and at whose potent voice the "counsellors and favorites of kings" resign their mortal tenement for the unknown realms of immortality, has been busy in his fatal occupation during the past month; and among his victims we regret the necessity of recording the respected President of the Royal Academy, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE. This lamented painter, the particular "favorite of kings," was born of parents who, though moving in a respectable sphere of life, were infinitely below that exalted rank which their son was destined to attain. The father of Sir Thomas was unfortunate in life, and upon his arrival in London with his family, he opened an exhibition of pictures in the Strand,* a few doors from Somerset House, but failing in his endeavours to attract the public attention, he was necessitated to dispose of his collection in detached portions. The whole family then removed to a house in Greek Street, Soho Square, where the young artist exerted his abilities for their support: he shortly afterwards had the good fortune to attract the attention of the Prince of Wales, and from that period he rapidly increased in popularity. The death of Sir Thomas was very sudden; he first complained of a cold, and pain in the neck, and at the advice of Mr. SIMPSON, the artist who had been employed by Sir Thomas Lawrence for many years† Dr. HOLLAND was sent for; medical assistance, however, was of no avail, and we, in consequence, have to lament the decease of an artist, who, if he had not the firmness of Vandyke, or the powerful expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was nevertheless characterized by a grace and softness of colouring equal to any of the most celebrated masters. Sir Thomas was, in his young days, particularly partial to the game of billiards; he was an admirable singer, a graceful dancer, and an excellent fencer; he also once essayed his dramatic powers upon a London stage. He was never married; it has been said, that in his youth he was foully attached to a young lady, whose parents, however, were

* A circumstance that has not been published in any of the biographical sketches of Sir Thomas that have appeared in the papers.

† The *Literary Gazette* has been making very ridiculous lamentations upon the ill-fortune of those distinguished individuals, the faces of whose portraits had been completed by Sir Thomas, the draperies, however, being untouched. We beg to inform the lamenting editor of the *Literary Gazette*, that Sir Thomas never finished more than the faces of his portraits, the remaining portion being confided to the talents of Mr. SIMPSON.

averse to the match; she died very young, and her lover remained constant to her memory. He was buried on the 20th ult. in St. Paul's Cathedral; some of the papers had been ridiculously stating that the King's carriage would follow in procession; a moment's reflection, however, must have convinced any one of the absurdity of such an assertion. The unfinished pictures of Sir Thomas's, will, we believe, be completed by Mr. SIMPSON, who has every capability for the task.

We have also to record the lamented demise of Admiral Sir GEORGE MONTAGUE, G.C.B., who had, for many years, honourably occupied a distinguished situation in the Royal Navy.

We regret to state the decease of Lady ELIZABETH BRICKENDEN, whose daughter, it will be recollected, eloped some weeks ago with a gallant officer. Also the decease, at Hampton Court, of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, Bart., of *Westwood Park*, Worcester,—at Edinburgh, of the Right Rev. Bishop SANDFORD; and, in Albermarle Street, of the Dowager Lady NEAVE.

The noble house of Grafton have also put on the "weeds of woe" for the lamented death of Gen. Lord FITZROY, colonel of the 48th foot, second son of the respected Duke of GRAFTON.

The mother of the highly talented MARY RUSSEL MITFORD has also quitted this vale of tears, for "another and a better world."

Let us now turn to the more agreeable portion of our duties, and speak of the happy beings who have been united in Hymn's floral bands; first upon the list of whom, we have to record two most distinguished fashionables, JAMES MAXSE, Esq. and Lady CAROLINE FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY, who have lately entered into "that most blessed state, *matrimony*."

At Troy, near Monmouth, the Hon. P. ABBOT, only brother of Lord COLCHESTER, has led to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished FRANCES CECIL, daughter of Lady TALBOT, and niece to the Duke of BEAUFORT.

At Paris, the amiable CAROLINE SUSANNAH, daughter of the Hon. — SPENCER, and niece to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, was united, on the 14th ult., to the accomplished Viscount CHARLES MENTQUE.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, ELIZABETH, only daughter of JOHN MOORE, Esq., late of *Sprouton Hall*, and Mount Ida, Norfolk, was happily united to SIMON DIGBY, Esq., of Osbertstown, county of Kildare, a gentleman of extensive property. The very Rev. the Dean of CARLISLE officiated upon the occasion; the amiable bride being given away by Lord KILMAINE. The happy pair immediately after the ceremony departed for Paris.

Among the marriages in contemplation, we have heard that Prince LEOPOLD is about to be united to the eldest daughter of the Duc d'ORLEANS; we do not credit the report however, since we believe that the lady is betrothed to the Crown Prince of NAPLES. It is also rumoured, that the beautiful and amiable Lady CATHERINE GRIMSTONE, daughter of the Earl and Countess of VERULAM, will be led to the altar by Lord MONSON, who has just attained his majority;* and we have heard it whispered, that "the sweet pipe of Miss CAWSE" is about to be exchanged for a FIFE. It is also reported, that Lord EDWARD THYNNE is

to be united to the amiable Miss MELLISH, and that Lord GREY's heir will lead to the holy altar one of the Hon. Misses PETRE. It is also said that Sir HARRY GOODRICKE has offered his hand to Lord FORESTER's beautiful sister, but the offer has been rejected.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—We devoted a considerable portion of our last number to a detail of the merits of Miss FANNY KEMBLE, and we have now the pleasure of directing our reader's attention to the highly talented tragic actress of the rival theatre, who alone is worthy of sharing the envied distinctions of the tragic muse with Miss KEMBLE,—we allude to Miss PHILLIPS, whose powerful and truly excellent performances are deservedly the theme of general admiration. We witnessed the *début* of this highly gifted young lady, in Miss MITFORD's finely written tragedy of *Rienzi*, and it appeared to us, then, that she possessed capabilities for constituting not merely a *good*, but a *great* actress; her subsequent performances have justified that opinion, and with extreme pleasure we have beheld the blossoms of her genius expanding beneath the sunshine of public patronage, and rapidly making progress towards perfection. We have not sufficient space to describe as we could wish, the merits of the various performances of Miss PHILLIPS, and can therefore merely direct our readers, in general terms, to her truly beautiful delineation of the daughter of *Rienzi*—to the deep pathos, and fearful truth of her representation of the broken-hearted *Shore*, and to the powerful effect of her *Belvidera*; characters, all of them demanding varied dramatic powers, and requiring nothing short of *excellence* in the representative.

If Miss PHILLIPS is less successful in some scenes than Miss KEMBLE, she reprises in others; and in passage, where that careful young actress makes a partial failure, Miss PHILLIPS rises proudly pre-eminent. Altogether they are two unequalled performers, and whose abilities we shall always be happy to see exerted in a spirit of honorable rivalry, without we hope ever having to reprobate any of those unhappy jealousies which are so peculiar to the members of the dramatic profession.

The principal tragic performances at DRURY LANE, have been the *Merchant of Venice*, and *Othello*; in both of which Miss PHILLIPS has characters infinitely beneath her talents. The representative of *Portia* is merely required to look pretty, and deliver some admirable poetry with propriety; the celebrated speech upon mercy, in the trial scene, does not require any transcendent abilities, and that is the principal speech in the part; Miss PHILLIPS, however, as may be expected, imparts to it such chaste and beautiful expression, as to render it one of the most exquisite pieces of stage eloquence we ever heard. KEAN's *Shylock* exhibits terrible symptoms of decay; it is too monotonous and sermonizing: there are parts, however, in which his fine and original genius flashes upon us with all the excellence of former days, quickly succeeded, however, by a tameness, and an artificial shew of energy, unworthy the name of our great actor. Mr. SINCLAIR was in his proper situation as *Lorenzo*: as a *second* singer, we shall always be glad to hear him; but he has not capabilities for being principal vocalist at DRURY LANE. HARLEY's *Launcelot* is much superior to

* It is said that this union is put off for a twelvemonth.

LISTON'S; it has more real humour. We were highly pleased with the *Jessica* of Miss BETTS.

The *Othello* of Mr. KEAN is but the shadow of what it once was; that beautiful expression which formerly characterized his delineation, has fled, and the *trickery* belonging to his peculiar style becomes manifest in all those points to which he used to impart such powerful effect. YOUNG'S *Iago* is as fine as ever; it is a *finished*, and altogether unrivalled performance. Miss PHILLIPS sustained the character of *Desdemona* in a most beautiful and impressive manner; the great genius of this young actress shone with its proudest lustre in the most difficult portions of the character, which she portrayed throughout with a sweetness and delicacy, blended with peculiar and powerful energy, clearly evidencing the transcendent nature of the capabilities which she possesses for the efficient delineation of the most arduous characters in the highest walks of the tragic drama; her performance was received with the most gratifying testimonials of approbation. We suggest to Miss PHILLIPS, that it would be advisable if she were to pay somewhat more attention to *attitude* and *action*; Miss KEMBLE owes much of her popularity to perfection in those particulars. Powerful as Miss PHILLIPS' performances are, by the addition of such little melo-dramatic displays, they would be invested with a new charm, and without in the least degrading the nature of the tragic drama, she would find her present extensive popularity considerably increased. Still, however, we consider her to be one of the brightest ornaments of our stage, by far excelling many of her talented cotemporaries, and *equalled* but by *one* alone.*

Madame VESTRIS has commenced her engagement, and attracts good audiences: her *Maria*, in the *Citizen*, is an admirable piece of acting.

The pantomime at this house (*Jack in the Box*) is a very splendid exhibition, the beautiful scenery deserving unqualified approbation.

We cannot speak too highly of the extraordinary performances of a Mynheer VON KLESHNIG, whose surprising exhibitions of *monkeyana* are superior to any thing of the kind we ever beheld. Little POOLE sings "Smart young Bachelors" charmingly.

COVENT GARDEN.—A translation of M. SCRIBE'S *La Fiancée* (without the music) has been produced here, under the title of *A Husband's Mistake; or, The Corporal's Wedding*. It is a light and agreeable trifle, and continues to be played with much success.

On Tuesday, 12th ult. Mr. WADE'S farce of *The Phrenologists* was produced at this theatre, and we regret to say, that it has been unsuccessful; condemned, however, *not by the public voice*, (for upon its representation, it was received with the most unbounded laughter and applause,) but by some of the influential portions of the newspaper press. There seems to us to have been a pre-concerted opposition to this

farce, and a previous determination to condemn it, probably on account of its being avowedly written in ridicule of a popular science, and of which, we presume the oppositionists are staunch supporters. To those *scientific* gentlemen, of course, nothing could be more appalling than the success of such a satire; and very probably, many of the phrenological critics, after taking their tea and muffins with M. De Ville in the Strand, proceeded to the theatre for the express purpose of putting a speedy end to the offspring of Mr. WADE'S fancy. Their efforts, however, were fruitless; for the audience, highly pleased with the broad humour of the farce, expressed the most decided approbation, and the only resource of the *cranium searchers*, was to vent their spleen in the daily prints, dealing thereby that death, which they were unable to effect the previous evening; they have been too successful, and if Mr. WADE'S farce should be entirely withdrawn, that gentleman cannot have the least cause to be ashamed at his ill-fortune, since we consider him to be the victim of some of those "moony" people, upon whose wonderous heads the *organ of insanity* must be a precious large bump indeed. We have also heard that the *Times* critic has had two or three of his own farces brought to an untimely end, *he* may, therefore, probably, be envious of the success of any one else in the same branch of dramatic writing. As for the *Literary Gazette*, every body knows that its editor has been *scientifically* mal for some time, and we have, indeed, heard it whispered, that his own sage head underwent the operation of the shaver a few weeks since, the result of which investigation we have not been able to learn. From such sources, the opposition which *The Phrenologists* experienced, might have been expected, for what individual is there, sage and grave as he may be, that likes to have his "hobby" ridiculed. We think, however, that some of Mr. WADE'S expressions were rather too broad, and he should also recollect, that the habit of swearing is not only entirely banished from respectable society, but is also rarely tolerated on the stage. With the exception of those trifling faults, which are only the errors of inexperience, we consider the *Phrenologists* to have been one of the most amusing farces that has been produced for some time. It had the disadvantage of being badly played; many of the performers overdid their parts, even KEELEY did not please us; his little wife, however, played most admirably, and BLANCHARD'S *Cranium* was excellent. On Monday 18th ult. Miss FANNY KEMBLE appeared in the character of *Euphrasia*, (*Grecian Daughter*) and sustained that difficult part with all the powerful effect which is so peculiar to her delineations. We have not space this month to enter into a detail of so admirable a performance, and can merely observe, that it is quite equal to her talented representation of *Belvidera*. Mr. KEMBLE'S *Evander* was well played, but with so admirable an *Euphrasia*, we wished it were possible for Mr. YOUNG to assume the character. Mr. BENNET ranted most desperately through the part of the tyrant *Dionysius*.

The Pantomime of *Harlequin and Cock Robin* is not so good as those we have been accustomed to witness at this theatre.

A young lady of great beauty and talent, will shortly make her *débüt* as *Letitia Hardy*; we understand that she proposed to introduce the *Galopade* in the masquerade scene, instead of the old fashioned *Minuet*, but was refused permission by the managers. In our opinion the young lady shews the better taste.

* We understand that the next number of "*The Dramatic Gallery*," a series of critical memoirs of popular performers, publishing in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE OF FASHION, (a work rapidly rising in public estimation, and which we can confidently recommend as possessing superior claims to the patronage of the fashionable world) will contain the biography of Miss PHILLIPS, with a candid and impartial investigation of her merits.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A gown of plain black velvet, made something longer in the skirt than last month; and the hem is extremely deep, and a very broad rich feather fringe borders the top of it. The *corsage* is cut low and square, and drawn down a little in the centre of the bosom by an Egyptian brooch of massive gold, with a cameo in the centre. The narrow blond lace tucker, which stands up round the under dress, is thus partially seen. Under-sleeve of white satin perfectly tight to the arm at bottom, and finished at the hand by a very full *manchette en niche* of white blond-net. A white *tulle* sleeve of a singularly novel and graceful form, for which we refer to our print, partially covers the satin one. The turban is of white gauze *d'Ispahan*. The gauze is disposed in light full folds which are wreathed with gold beads. A bunch and ears of ripe corn in diamonds is placed on the right side of the turban; and a row of gold beads passes from it under the chin to the left side. Black crape fur richly embroidered in gold. White kid gloves, and white *gros de Naples* slippers, *en sandales*. The pendants of the ear-rings correspond with those of the brooch, but are much smaller.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—NO. 57.

ANCIENT COSTUME OF THE MOUNTAINS OF BERNE.

What a crowd of recollections does the sight of this print call up. Who is there that has not dwelt with pleasure upon the interesting recital of the Great Henry's boyish days, when barefooted and bareheaded he climbed his native mountains; and shared in the fatigues, privations, and sports of the hardy peasantry over whom he was one day to reign. Fancy carries us to the time when the noble spirited boy assumed the regal sceptre, and we could almost think we saw him in the midst of the frank and loyal peasantry, who had witnessed the dawn of his virtues, receiving from them the sweetest of all homage, that of the heart; and regarding with an eye of admiration the pretty rustic maidens, who, elate at his triumph, hastened to strew the path of their warrior king with flowers. The dress of these fair rustics, consisted of very fine worsted; it is made low round the bosom, sets close to the shape, and is laced behind with green ribbon; it is bound round the arm-holes, bust, and each side of the back with green ribbon. A broad green ribbon crosses from the point of each shoulder on the breast; the ends pass under a broad green girdle, and hang very low on each side. The narrow cambric tucker of the chemise, small-plaited, forms a finish to the under boddice. The sleeve sets perfectly close to the arm; it is ornamented with a rouleau of green ribbon, which descends in a straight

line from the point of the shoulder to the wrist. The skirt worn with the body is of fine woollen stuff, the colour is a very bright purple, it is lined with blue, and bound with light green to correspond with the boddice; it turns back a little at the sides to shew the lining. Crimson petticoat also of fine woollen stuff, striped horizontally round the bottom with white; it is of ample width, but reaches very little below the middle of the leg. White cambric apron, which hangs just before in very full folds. The hair is parted on the forehead, confined on the crown of the head with a full knot of green ribbon, and divided in two parts, which are platted with green ribbon, and have a long end of ribbon appended to each; they hang at considerable length down the back. Black sabots. White silk stockings, with leaf silk ornaments.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A gown of a new material, it is called *Soie du Roi de Siam*, it is a very rich silk, the ground is a shade between lavender and grey, thickly covered with bouquets of rose-buds, in these is a mixture of gold. This dress is made in the *Marino Faliero* form; tight *corsage*, ornamented round the back and in front of the bust with two bands of ermine, that descend in a slanting direction down the front of the dress. A broad border of the same costly fur finishes the skirt. The hair is arranged in a very large knot on the crown of the head by a gold comb with a very high gallery; a second comb is placed below. A *coiffure*, composed of *ponceau* gauze, and ornamented with *esprits*. A gold comb divides the hair on the forehead. This elegant head-dress is admirably calculated to give a graceful and dignified air to a handsome countenance. Ear-pendants and brooch of rubies, bracelets of wrought gold and rubies.

N. B. Two back views are represented in this plate; one of the *coiffure* in *ponceau* gauze; the other of the turban.

PLATE THE SECOND.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *tulle* over an under-dress of *gros de Naples*, to correspond with the colour, which is a shade between *va-peur* and *saumon*. The *corsage* is arranged in front of the bust, in full drapery, folds *à la Dauphine*; they are divided in the centre of the bosom by a satin rouleau, of rather more than the usual breadth. A narrow satin rouleau fastens them on the shoulder, from whence they are disposed round the back of the bust, but at the upper part only. Short full sleeve, *à la Dauphine*. The skirt is finished by a very deep trimming of *tulle*, upon which is laid, at regular distances, rouleaux of satin; the spaces between the rouleaux are cut into points, placed longitudinally, and

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Newest Fashions for February 1830.
Evening Dresses.
Costumes of All Nations. N^o 57.
Ancien Costume des Montagnards du Basin.

W. Alais 32



*Newest Fashions for February 1830.
Evening Dresses.*

W. Alais, Sc.



*Newest Fashions for February 1830.
Evening & Morning Dresses.*

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united by *nœuds* of gauze ribbon. Bouquets of flowers, issuing from each rouleau, complete this singularly elegant trimming. The hair is arranged in a full cluster of bows, on the summit of the head; it is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in *tirebouchon* ringlets, which hang low, but not unbecomingly so, on each side of the face. Flowers, pearls, and cameos, are mingled, with infinite taste, among the bows of hair, and a bandeau of pearls, fastened on the forehead by a diamond clasp, completes the coiffure. Necklace of gold chains and cameos. Bracelets, gold chains, with cameo clasps. Gold ear-rings, exquisitely wrought.

A SECOND EVENING DRESS. (*Centre figure.*)

A dress of striped satin gauze; the colour is a delicate shade of pink; the corsage made plain, and to the shape behind, is arranged in drapery folds across the bosom. The shape of the bust is beautifully formed in front, by rouleaux of black blond net. Sleeves *à la Roxelane*, of excessive fullness from the elbow to the wrist, where they terminate by a band, of the same width as the bracelet. A row of fringe confines the upper part of the sleeve, and falls a little below the elbow; this fringe is of chenille, and one of the richest that we have seen; there is in it a slight mixture of black. The border of the dress, which does not reach quite to the knee is finished at the upper edge with a row of fringe. The corsage is cut excessively low all round the bust, but the neck is in some degree shaded by a scarf of *Eolienne* gauze, which corresponds in colour with the dress, and is finished also at the ends with fringe to correspond. The hair is arranged in full curls on the temples; the hind hair brought rather forward, is disposed in bows. A scarf, similar to that on the neck, is so arranged among the bows, as to form at once the most becoming and tasteful coiffure that we have seen of this description. Diamond necklace and ear-rings: the latter *en girandoles*.

A THIRD EVENING DRESS.

A white satin dress. The corsage is cut low, perfectly square, and sets close to the shape, except in the centre of the bosom, where a slight degree of fulness is arranged in the form of a star, which has a very novel and pretty effect. A blond lace tucker shades the bosom, but does not go round the back. The sleeve is *à la Maintenon*; it is of a graceful form, and the lower part shews the shape of the arm to particular advantage. An open dress of glazed satin, colour *vert émeraude*, is worn over the gown; this dress, called robe *à la Roxelane*, nearly meets at the bottom of the waist, turns back in a row of points, which are progressively deeper from the waist to the shoulder, from whence they decrease in breadth to the centre of the back part of the bust. A second row of these ornaments forms a graceful finish to the upper part of the sleeve; those of the waist are continued down the fronts. The skirt is finished by a deep flounce, cut at the bottom in large round *dents*. A rouleau, composed of satin of different shades, heads the flounce. A light but rich trimming, composed of foize silk, finishes the points and *dents*, each of which has, in the centre, a lozenge embroidered in gold. The hair is arranged in very large light curls, thrown back, so as to display nearly the whole of the forehead. The hind hair is disposed in bands and bows; the coiffure is composed of the beautiful new material, called *gaze de Paris*; it is spotted with gold, and two birds of paradise. The

gauze forms a circlet round the knot of hair behind, and is disposed in two large bows, one of which partially shades the curls over the right temple; the other is placed quite at the back of the head. The birds of paradise are so arranged, that their plumage droops most gracefully over these bows. An ornament, composed of gold and rubies, parts the hair on the forehead. The ear-rings, of the girandole form, are of rubies. Neckchain of gold, richly wrought, with an ornament in the centre, to correspond with that on the hair. The clasps of the gold bracelets are also similar.

PLATE THE THIRD.

AN EVENING DRESS. (*First Figure.*)

A gown of *gros de Tours*, of a peculiarly rich full shade of blue. The corsage is cut a very decorous height before and behind, but is very low upon the shoulders. Drapery folds, which have very little fulness, ornament the upper part of the bust behind. The fulness in front is arranged by a rouleau, which goes from the centre of the bust to the bottom of the waist. The sleeve is of white *gaze de Paris*. The *bouffant* part is finished by two rows of pointed ornaments, one falls from the shoulder; the others, set on a little above the elbow, point upwards, and appear to support the fulness of the sleeve. A *nœud*, with long ends, ornaments this last row in the middle of the arm. The ends of the *nœud*, and the row of points are edged, as is the bust of the dress, with narrow blond lace. The lower part of the sleeve is confined to the arms in two places, by rouleaux of the same material as the dress. The trimming of the skirt consists of a superb brilliant fringe. The hair is dressed extremely full on the temples; it is partly brought in one large full bow on the crown of the head, and partly disposed in bands, which are wreathed round the bow. The hair is decorated with a golden arrow, the head of which is ornamented with a cameo, and three *aigrettes*, two of which are placed behind, and one at the side. A swansdown *boa* tippet is thrown lightly round the neck.

AN EVENING DRESS. (*Second Figure.*)

A gown of rose-coloured *gaze de laine*, over a satin slip of a corresponding shade. The *corsage*, which is cut excessively low and square, is ornamented with a drapery of the same material, on which three satin rouleaux are placed at regular distances; this drapery goes round the back of the bust, falls low on the shoulders, and crosses *en fichu* on one side. The satin under sleeve is excessively full at top, but tight to the lower part of the arm; the gauze sleeve is full from the shoulder to the wrist, where it terminates by a band concealed by a gold bracelet. The trimming of the skirt is an excessively full *bouillon* of the same material as the dress, this is finished at the upper edge by a band slightly embroidered in a running pattern with rose-coloured silk, and a double row of satin *pattes* which turn upwards. The *coiffure* is a satin hat to correspond with the dress, it is trimmed under the brim with *cocques* of gauze ribbon. The crown is decorated with *nœuds* of ribbon and bouquets of wild flowers. A bouquet is placed on one side near the top of the crown, and another at the opposite side, close to the bottom. The *brides*, which are of broad gauze ribbon, hang loose. Gold and pearl bracelets; gold necklace *à la Grecque*, and gold ear-rings.

A MORNING DRESS.

A Clarence-blue velvet pelisse. The *corsage* sets close to the shape; it is finished at the throat by a square collar of chinchilla: a band of the same fur borders the *corsage* on each side down the bust. The sleeve is à la *Donna Maria*, terminated by a chinchilla cuff; the dress is trimmed down the front with chinchilla. We refer, for the form of the trimming, to our print. Morning bonnet of the *chapeaux capote* shape; it is of velvet, to correspond with the pelisse, and is trimmed with *nœuds* of the same material, intermingled with bows of rich figured ribbon. *Collarette en ruche* of white blond net. Half boots of French grey kid leather.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1.—Head-dress of hair ornamented with a gold comb, the gallery of which is extremely high; this fastens up a part of the hair behind, the remainder disposed in braids, which are interwoven with pearls, is brought round the crown of the head in front. Four knots of black velvet, form a very graceful ornament on the left side, and one is placed just behind the right ear. The front hair is disposed in *tirebouchon* curls, which fall very low at the sides of the face. The black velvet cravat round the throat of this figure, is styled a *coquette*.

No. 2.—A back view of the head-dress, of the first evening dress.

No. 3.—A back view of No. 1.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING AND BALL-DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIRST FIGURE.—A BALL-DRESS.

A white gauze dress, over a white satin slip; the *corsage* is cut excessively low. The front of the bust is very nearly covered with drapery folds, arranged in the stomacher style. They descend from the shoulders to the waist, and are arranged in the centre of the bosom by a satin rouleau: the back is quite plain, and extremely narrow at the bottom of the waist. Very short full sleeves, ornamented with roses, three wreaths of which are inserted longitudinally on the shoulder, and descend about half way on the sleeve, spreading in a fan-like direction. The skirt is excessively short, it is finished with a broad *bias*. The upper edge of which is adorned with two satin rouleaux, placed close together. A wreath of roses surmounts the rouleaux. A triple wreath descends from the waist in the same style as that in the sleeves, and meets the trimming at the bottom. We must observe that the flowers on the skirt are much larger than those on the sleeves. The front hair is braided across the forehead, and falls in cork-screw ringlets at each side of the face. The hind hairs, partly disposed in braids and partly in plaited bands, is dressed very high, and a bouquet of roses placed on its summit, renders it still more so: two other bouquets are interwoven with the tresses on each side. Gold ear-rings and neck-chain, the latter with a *cameo* in front. *Ceinture* embroidered in gold, and fastening behind in three *coques*. White kid gloves. White *grus de Naples* slippers, *en sandales*.

SECOND FIGURE.—AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape over a watered *grus de Naples* slip. A plain tight *corsage* is finished with a green ribbon

trimming in foliage, it is slightly embroidered with gold; this trimming goes round the bust behind, and terminates on the shoulder in a bunch of leaves. A very broad ribbon of the same kind, richly fringed at the ends, is attached to the ornament on the shoulder; it descends in folds upon the bosom, crosses under the *ceinture*, and falls below the knee. The short full sleeve of the dress is entirely concealed by a rich fringe, which falls *en mancheron*. The trimming of the skirt consists of a fringe which corresponds, except that the head is surmounted by a wreath of flowers, wrought, as is the remainder of the fringe, in the barbs of ostrich feathers, intermixed with gold. This trimming is a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in very full curls. A large ruby, set in gold, parts it on the forehead. The hind hair is arranged on the crown of the head in a net-work composed of bands of hair. Bouquets of flowers and foliage, composed of gold and plumes, ornament the hair. The jewelry worn with this dress is a mixture of emeralds and gold.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1.—A toque, composed of blond lace and velvet, the colour of the latter is a shade of *ponceau* bordering on *cerise*. The crown of the toque is very much of the hat shape; the front is excessively large, and descends in a point on the forehead. The blond is arranged with rouleaux of velvet round the front. The crown is finished with *nœuds* of gauze ribbon, and a profusion of ostrich feathers, which drop in different directions.

No. 2.—Is a back view of the above.

No. 3.—A blond cap of the Papillon form, it has a low crown, which is ornamented with a twisted rouleau of gauze ribbon, and two very full *nœuds* placed on each side, from whence the strings hang loose. The lace is arranged in front on satin rouleaux, which are terminated by single flowers. Nothing can be more tasteful or novel than this cap.

No. 4.—Is a back view of No. 3.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1830.

Hail, Fashion!—Changeful, capricious, but benevolent goddess, hail! Let the Cynic declaim against thee, abuse thy versatility, thy extravagance. Accuse thee as the cause of a thousand follies which thou forcest thy fair votaries to commit. But when he has exhausted his spleen, let him say, *en conscience*, whether thy whims do not, upon the whole, do more good than harm. Let him look at our overflowing population, and tell us whether if we were less under thy influence, dear fickle deity, how one-tenth, at least of those who live by their labour, would find bread? No, goddess, humanity forbid that we should ever dethrone thee! We would not even consent to act towards thee as other subjects do towards their sovereigns, and make of thee *une reine constitutionnelle*. No, thou shalt remain ABSOLUTE QUEEN, and if there are moments when we may be tempted to murmur at thy decrees, we will look at the thousands who draw an existence from them, and acknowledge that thou art benevolent and kind, even in thy caprices.

We have selected from among a number of elegant novelties, finished under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. BELL, to whose taste and invention our magazine is in a great measure indebted for its high superiority in all



*Newest Fashions for February 1830.
Evening & Ball Dresses, and Fashionable Head Dresses.*

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that regards fashionable costume, some dresses and head dresses, which our fair readers will find particularly worthy of their attention.

The first is a morning dress of *gros de Naples*, the colour is a new shade of green, the corsage made *en habit d'homme*, has a broad velvet lappel, leaving the *chemisette*, which is either of very fine lawn or else cambric, very much seen. The lappel is cut round the edge in *dents* of a new form. The sleeve, of a novel and singularly graceful description, is finished round the arm-hole with a row of velvet dents, forming an epaulet. Very deep cuff, also of velvet, cut round the top to correspond with the lappel. The trimming of the skirt is also velvet; it is narrower than they have been worn, and is cut in deep *dents*, of a similar shape to those which adorn the *corsage* and sleeves. An apron is an indispensable appendage to this dress: it is narrow and short, not reaching quite to the knee; it either corresponds with the dress, or else is composed of that beautiful material called *foulard*. In the first case it is trimmed with fringe, in the last it has no trimming. The braces of the apron form a V in front, and an X on the back of the *corsage*; they are edged either with very narrow fringe or blond lace. The small round pockets are trimmed to correspond with the braces.

Two dinner dresses are also, from their novelty and elegance, well worthy of description. The one is composed of satin, the colour *pensée*; the *corsage* cut very low, is ornamented round the breast with satin, disposed *en pelle-rine*. This ornament is cut to resemble foliage, and is edged round with a triple *metre* of narrow blond lace. The trimming is much broader on the shoulders, where it is set in full, and forms an elegant finish to the long sleeve à l'*Amadis*, which is also finished at the wrist with a narrow blond *ruche*. A wreath of foliage, corresponding with the bust, but very large, borders the hem.

Black satin dresses, trimmed with velvet, are also much in favour, and fringe is still universally worn. This article is now brought to a high degree of perfection; its beauty and richness is a sort of criterion of the taste and rank of the wearer. Some new patterns, both in chenille and feather fringe, have been lately introduced by Mrs. BELL. We noticed one of the former, of a particularly elegant description, on a dress of granite velvet, which was finished round the bust and sleeves in a most tasteful manner with this beautiful fringe.

A variety of new materials are all in request for ball-dress, among these gauze is predominant: it is worn in every possible variety that the material admits of, plain, spotted, striped, and figured. White and coloured crapes are also in request, white is particularly so. One of the prettiest dresses that we have seen this season is of white crape, the border of which was trimmed with a wreath à la *jardinière*, embroidered *en Serpentine*, at the upper edge of the broad bias border of the skirt. We have seen nothing more beautiful than this trimming, in which a great variety of flowers were mingled with infinite taste. The corsage, remarkable only for its extreme simplicity, had no other ornament than a row of narrow blond lace, which stood up round the bust, and finished the bottom of the sleeve.

Velvet predominates in carriage hats and bonnets; nevertheless, satin mixed with velvet is also in request; and there are many *élégantes* who prefer rich silks, as *gros des Indes*, *gros d'Orient*, to either. Coloured bonnets are still more in favour than last month; they are sometimes trimmed to correspond, but oftener with a mixture of coloured

noude and feather fringe. Feathers are also in estimation particularly those of foreign birds.

Among the novelties of the month in head-dresses, we may cite the caps, both for full and half-dress, which have just been finished under Mrs. BELL's inspection. Among the last, those which have an open caul, composed of narrow rouleaux of velvet, and borders of blond lace, appear to us more decidedly novel than any that have been seen for a considerable time. They are ornamented with flowers and ribbons, and, in some instances, with blond lace draperies across the crown.

Dress-hats, composed of velvet, are of a round shape, and much smaller than they have lately been worn; those that have the brim turned up a little on one side, have an air of peculiar smartness. A very elegant one is ornamented with two ostrich feathers only; they were placed under the side of the brim that was turned up, and fell back over the crown: we must observe, that the crowns of these hats are always very low.

Coronet-toques, caps, *bérêts*, and turbans, are all in favour in full dress; but we observe that the two last predominate. We think the *bérêts* have increased in size, they are also lower than they were worn some months ago, and this change in their shape makes them appear still larger. Fringe is still used to ornament these head-dresses, but a good many are made without any trimming, particularly those of gold or silver gauze.

Turbans are also much in request, they are made in a style of uncommon richness and elegance, and are worn in a great variety of forms. Those in black velvet, embroidered in gold and coloured silks, ornamented on one side with a long plume of white feathers, and on the other with two pointed ends trimmed with gold fringe, are in great favour; they suit majestic beauties, being well calculated to give a fine woman, what the French call, *l'air imposant*.

The colours most in favour are various shades of green, rose-colour, violet, blue, *vapeur*, and lavender. Among the shades of rose-colour, the most admired is *rose du Parnasse*, it has a slight tinge of violet.

At a fashionable party of ladies it was decreed—"considering the *indifference* the most elegant and agreeable gentlemen have evinced this year for *dancing*, and with the hope that much courtesy, so generally acknowledged, will not permit a polite gentleman to refuse the request of a lady, that ladies should for the future choose and invite their own partners."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The fashion is to wear only one large flower in the hair; the flowers adopted are the rose and the poppy.

The lightness and extreme height the hair is dressed, have rendered an attention in the form of combs requisite—they must be very long, and have six or eight teeth only.

The newest dress silk stockings have a single stripe of embroidery in the middle of an open lace work.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Glazed plush hats are still in favour, but not so much so as last month. Those of velvet, satin and *gros d'Hiver* seem more in request. Hats composed of the two latter materials, are generally adorned with poppies. These flowers are made large, and there are a good many used in the trimming of a hat.

Chapeaux of velours épinglé, either rose-colour, blue, or bird of Paradise, are trimmed with *plumes mi parties*, they are plumes one side of which is white, the other the colour of the hat.

The *chapeaux* at the last sitting of the *Institute*, were more than commonly elegant. We noticed particularly two hats of a beautiful new shade of yellow. The one was composed of satin, and ornamented with six *coques* of ribbon to correspond in colour, but of striped satin gauze; these *coques* were arranged in the shape of a fan; this ornament nearly covered the front of the hat.

The other *chapeau* was composed of crape and adorned with three ostrich feathers; they were long and of the curled kind. One was placed upright in the centre; the two others one on each side, drooped to the right and the left. Four *coques* of satin gauze ribbon, were arranged alternately with the plumes. The disposition of these ornaments produced a very novel and striking effect.

The most tasteful bonnets were those of the *chapeau capote* form;—the edge of the brims of several of these bonnets was finished with a curtain veil of blond lace. The colours most predominant for hats and bonnets, were blue, white and yellow, the latter was most in favour; it was worn in every possible variety of shade; but those called *Toncan*, and *vapeur* were most general. There were a great number of rose-coloured hats, but not any bonnets.

OUT-DOOR-COSTUME.—The intensity of the cold has brought back the *Vitcheras*, which during some seasons past, have not been much in use among our *élégantes*. They are made in *velours d'Isaphan*; the favourite colours are green and granite of different shades. Pelisses lined with fur, and composed of satin or cachemere, have, in consequence of the rigours of the season, become very general.

Pelisses made with large hanging sleeves, which are finished at the hand with a broad border of fur, are in request, and seem likely to be more so.

A new description of white silk stocking has made its appearance, it is striped above the ankle and sometimes still higher, the stripes are alternately thick and of the gauze kind.

Kid leather half-boots lined with fur, are generally adopted for the promenade. Even the silk or velvet *brodequins*, worn in carriage dress, are lined with fur.

DRESSES.—Ribbon, which has been so often in and out of favour for trimmings of dresses, during the last year, is once more very fashionable; it is arranged in *nœuds*, which are placed at regular distances; in some instances an open chain, composed of ribbon, forms festoons between the *nœuds*.

Numerous and various as trimmings are, nothing is so much in favour as fringe; it is fashionable even for ball-dresses. It is made in silk, in chenille, in feathers, in gold and in silver. It is not only placed as usual above the hem of the dress, but also forms the trimming of the body and sleeves.

Pelisse-gowns are in the highest favour in half-dress. One of the prettiest that has appeared, is of white *gros de Naples*, the part which turned over *en schall*, was of white satin; it was cut in points, and edged with narrow blond. This trimming was continued down the front of the skirt at each side, but became gradually broader as it approached the bottom. The deep hem of the skirt was finished at the upper edge by a row of points, which fell over, and were

trimmed with narrow blond lace. Sleeve à l'*éléphant*, also trimmed with blond lace.

Ball dresses are in general very splendid. When the invitation is for a dress-ball, the *toilettes* at that lately given by the Russian Ambassador, were in general superb; there were, however, a few distinguished only by their simplicity. Some of these were of white crape, finished round the border by white silk fringe. Others were trimmed with knots of ribbon only.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The head-dress generally corresponds in one respect with the dress; if that is rich, the *turban* or *béret* is magnificent, or the hair is brilliantly ornamented; if it is simple, then the coiffure is usually of flowers or knots of ribbon. We speak of full dress. In half-dress caps, *capotes* and *bérets* are all in favour; but caps predominate. They are composed of blond lace and ornamented with flowers, but their enormous size renders them, generally speaking, very unbecoming. We must, however, except one lately worn at the Opera by the Duchess of Berry; it was a small round cap, finished across the caul with a drapery of blond lace. The border of a very becoming breadth, was looped back by small bouquets of blue bells. We have seen nothing more becoming than this cap.

Velvet hats, both black and coloured, are very much worn in full dress, they are remarkable only for the number of ostrich feathers with which they are generally adorned. The celebrated Comtesse du Cayla, lately appeared in one which was literally loaded with feathers, placed round the crown in all directions. The hat was of *ponçeau* velvet, the feathers were white, spotted with *ponçeau*.

JEWELLERY.—During the last month, *bijoux* in silver have been much in favour, but their reign was short, which is not singular considering how very unbecoming they are. Already we see them mingled with gold, and sometimes with enamel; such, for instance, as the chains à la *Chevalière*, where gold, silver and enamel form a sort of mosaic work of a very original description.

The Parisians have given the name of Ritta Christina to a gold pin with a jewelled head, the jewels are united by a small chain. They are thus named after the Sardinian twin sisters, recently exhibited in Paris. Gold or diamond buttons set in the same manner, are called *Siamois*, after the twin brothers, now exhibiting in London.

A new and beautiful kind of gold pin, with a richly wrought head, is called a *fleurlette*; these pins are used to fix the gold chains which are sometimes disposed in festoons on the *corsage* of a dress: and to retain the draperies either of the *corsage* or the sleeves.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Among the New Year's gifts given by the King of France to the Princes and Princesses, the most remarkable object is a *parure* composed of precious stones, on which are engraved in relief, portraits of the Kings and Queens of France. They are enriched with brilliants.

Our *exquisites* now take with them to the theatres, for the benefit of their fair friends, a small cane called a *baquemandine*, which contains a circular fan-screen. The cane is composed of three small pipes of varnished iron, which are arranged in the same manner as the mechanism of an eye-glass. This is really an useful invention, as the fan contained in the cane, effectually shields the persons before whom it is held, from the disagreeable glare of the foot-lights.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

LXVIII.—English Earls.

FERMOR, EARL OF POMFRET.

The ancestor of this family, was, we find, on April 12th, 1692, created Baron of Lempster, and died December 7th, 1711, bearing issue,

Thomas, the second Lord, who was master of the horse to Queen Caroline.

His lordship was born in 1698, and on the 27th of December, 1721, was created

First Earl of Pomfret—of Pontefract. On July 14th, 1720, he married Henrietta Louisa, sole daughter of John, Lord Jefferies, Baron of Wem, and by her had issue, four sons and six daughters. The Earl died on the 8th of July, 1753, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, who became

Second Earl—He was born in 1722, and was married on the 30th of April, 1764, to Anna Maria, daughter and sole heir of Draycott, of Sunbury, in Middlesex, Esq., by whom he had issue, two sons and a daughter. He died on the 9th of June, 1785, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George,

The third, and present Earl—His lordship was born on the 6th of January, 1763, and was married on the 9th of August, 1793, to Miss Browne, daughter of Trollope Browne, Esq. From this lady, who was possessed of an immense fortune, the Earl was many years ago separated.

The heir presumptive is Thomas William, his lordship's brother, born November the 22d, 1770.

The motto of this noble family, is *Hord et semper*—"Now and always."

ROSALIE;

OR, THE LOVERS OF FLORENCE.

A TALE.

"It is the spirits bitterest pain
To love,—to be beloved again,
And yet between a gulf which ever
The hearts that burn to meet must sever."

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

ROSALIE was an enthusiast;—the daughter of a house, in the records of whose ancestry were enrolled the names of the most distinguished warriors who had fought and bled in the service of their country, when foreign invaders sought to dispossess them of their rights and liberties, and overturn the whole of beautiful Italy with anarchy and ruin. To the father of Rosalie had descended, through VOL. VII.

successive generations, the extensive wealth and vast possessions of the noble family of the Carassini; wealth and possessions worthily won and honourably maintained, but destined, at length, to be dispersed and broken up, through the errors and imprudence of the present Count, who, from being the richest and most magnificent of the Florentine nobility, had become reduced to a situation, which, compared with his former affluence, was abject penury. Maintaining a vicious and delusive career of dissipation, which the entreaties and remonstrances of his amiable Countess in vain endeavoured to reform, he beheld the partner of his heart, she, who in days when his innocence was uncorrupted, and his possessions unimpaired, he led to the holy altar, in all the rich magnificence of the noble house of Carassini; and there vowed to love, to cherish and protect her; he now beheld her sink into the silent grave,—and he attended the mournful funeral, and saw the Countess consigned to the last refuge of the weary sufferer—the tomb; and one deep-drawn sigh, which at that moment burst from his agonized heart, alone testified the nature of his intense reflections;—but the dark vision soon vanished from before his eyes—the cup of deceptious joy was again quaffed to still the throbs of conscience, and the memory of the departed, soon became lost, in the gay stream of enjoyment into which, reckless and unheeding, the misguided Carassini plunged. Two children mourned the errors of their parent, two young and lovely daughters: the eldest, Julia, destined to inherit what little of the family possessions that might remain, when the victim of error should follow his broken-hearted Countess to the tomb, was educated in a manner, such as befitted the heiress of her noble family; but Rosalie, in order to render the fortune of her sister more worthy of her name, was placed, at a very early age, in the Convent of St. Ursula, preparatory to the ceremony of taking the veil, to which she was destined. Julia, however, did not long survive her parent, and Rosalie, in consequence, was immediately recalled from the Convent, in order to assume the situation of her lamented sister.

The disposition of Rosalie had but ill-assorted with the gloom and dreary aspects of the Convent, which for seven years had been her prison-house, throwing a dark veil over the bright conceptions of her ardent mind, which even at so early an age, began to manifest itself in those little betrayals, which so often burst unconsciously from the young mind in animated expression. But the blossoms of Rosalie's spirit were destined to be blighted and obscured; the world, which she was born to ornament and honour, was closed to her for ever; the dark walls of a convent, secluding her from the pleasures of society, for the purpose of concealing, in a limited degree, the extravagance and dissipation of her parent,—that parent, who to aggrandize his eldest child, condemned the younger one to a situation little better than a living grave. The bar to Rosalie's admission to the world, was now, however, removed, and a magnificent festival given by the Count de Carassini, welcomed the second birth of his, now, only child.

E

The gaieties and splendour of Florence, "fair city of the sun," that radiant land

"Where the poets lip, and the painter's hand
Are most divine; where earth and sky
Are picture both, and poetry,"

fell flashingly across the path of Rosalie's existence, like a brilliant vision or as a bright meteor in the paths of heaven, when all around is dark and desolate; the memory of the world had floated but indistinctly over her imagination, and thus, ideas of what it absolutely was, were vague, indefinite and incomplete. She bore in her remembrance the dazzling splendours of her father's halls, and the smiling faces that were wont to beam on her such happiness and joy; but no thought of the corroding canker of the heart, could she conceive or picture; true, the sisters of St. Ursula inveighed against the pomps and passions of the world, but Rosalie had never had the opportunity to witness either, and thus the moral lessons of the nuns were to her, but as the cold dreams of gloomy and distempered minds. She beheld, through the iron grating of her prison-house, the bright and beauteous face of nature, sparkling in all its sunny smiles, or teeming with solemn grandeur in its unclothed majesty, yet ever in such union of excellences, that like what she beheld, so also did she consider must the great world be. Fallacious as such reasonings were, they were the only inferences that could be drawn in such a situation, by a mind replete with purest thoughts of loveliness and truth. Often would Rosalie recline her cheek upon her fair hand, and watch the departing sun sink beneath the thick trees in the distance, irradiating with its fading beams the calm and stilly surface of the lake, that like a polished mirror, shone amid the thick tufts of the flower-garden directly under the chamber window of the enthusiast; and as she gazed upon such a scene of silent loveliness, a sigh would escape from her lips to that world which the same sun enlightened, and to those pleasures which the same radiance enhanced. What floods of intense delight floated over her burning brain, as she pictured to herself the happiness of free unfettered beings, joyfully sporting in the rich sunlight, in all the happiness of universal purity and truth, and what throbs of passionate grief would burst from her mournful heart, when those thoughts reverted to her own deserted, isolated state,—*a living victim in a living tomb!*

Enthusiasm was the chief, the prevailing feature of Rosalie's character; all her thoughts were congregated round the one idea of beautiful purity, from whose fountain she imbibed the very essence of her existence; rapturous imaginings, calm even from their very deepness, every object that she conceived was an embodied essence of all loveliness, and thus with ardent feelings would she dwell upon her conceptions, till she fancied them to be the true and real things of the living world, the palpable existencies of nature; thus would her enraptured soul drink of the imagined bliss of the created objects, and sigh over the thrilling pictures of delight, upon which she hung with all the gushing thoughts that rushed so indescribably across her mind!

Such was the enthusiast Rosalie, and such were the feelings with which she burst from her earthly tomb, in order to assume the splendid station of the heiress of Carassini; longed-cherished visions of felicity seemed opening to realization, and the bright creations of her imagination, appeared ready to meet their embodiments in the existing world. No longer was she to gaze upon the

inanimate face of nature, nor to sigh despondingly over the sun-lit lake, a lonely isolate; neither to behold with a mourning heart, the beauteous aspect of the verdant plains, and the deep embowering woods, as their thick foliage floated in the rich light of a summer's sun; but she herself was now to dwell in the very midst of all its loveliness, and to drink the rapturous felicity of its enjoyment. Thus gazed Rosalie upon every object that met her enraptured sight; thus she beheld each opening pleasure, each proffering delight,—

—'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
Statues but known from shapes of earth
By being too lovely for mortal birth;
Paintings, whose colours of life were caught,
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;
Music, whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close:
Skies half of sunshine, and half starlight,
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering,
Fountains bright as the skies of our spring!

Alas! that Rosalie was doomed to prove her gay conceptions, false and fragile as the floweret's bloom, and that the being who was to blast her burning hopes, to blight and wither all her fairy dreams, should prove to be—*her parent!* But it was so. The wealthy and the powerful of Florence, all assembled at the Count's chateau, to welcome beauteous Rosalie to the radiant world; the great and good mingled indiscriminately, and pride and passion for once seemed to lay aside their venom, and to unite gladly in the gay assemblage; music and minstrelsy breathed their soft melody at various situations in the beautiful gardens, whilst at others, some merry groups were lightly tripping on the verdant turf the fantastic mazes of the dance;—happiness and hilarity beamed from every eye; but to no heart did the rapturous scene offer more felicity than to that of Rosalie, who, surrounded by the beautiful and the young, drank inspiration from the gushing fount of joy, and in her little paradise, enjoyed the bliss of all her fairy dreams. With rapture she beheld the merry girls, swimming along in the giddy dance, their bright auburn hair floating in the wind, or their raven tresses, studded with white and shining pearls, falling in clustering curls along their fair necks, and reposing upon bosoms as white and pure as alabaster; with the happy youths, also, redolent of smiles and joyfulness, participating in the general festival. But the deep attention of Rosalie, was fixed upon a minstrel group, whose lays were tuned to *love*, a theme the guileless maiden had no tangible idea of; true, that her heart had whispered some light thoughts upon that one, that deep, controlling power; but dispossessed of any means, whereby the secret springs of feeling might be awakened from their latent trance, the thought lived but in vague and wavering ideas; with admiration, therefore, Rosalie listened to the minstrel's song, with breathless earnestness, she drank each word of the beautiful melody; and a warm blush, deep as the rose-dye, when the fair flower first opes its leaves to the sun's light, and with its virgin bashfulness invites the day-god's kiss, suffused her delicate cheeks, as the new and rapturous idea gushed with its full richness upon her soul!

The sounds of the song died away in the distance, as the minstrels retired to a different part of the gardens, and Rosalie was left on the spot whereon her new ideas were

wakened, alone, with the words of the melody still murmuring upon her heart. Bashfully blushing at her newly acquired knowledge, the innocent girl trembled to emerge from her hiding place, lest some penetrating eye might interpret in her face the burning secret of her brain; a natural bower formed by the clustering honeysuckle, throwing its thick foliage through the branches of a group of high majestic pines, concealed her from the observation of the festive party, and there she remained, meditating upon her awakened feelings, while the tinkling fall of a little brook across a cluster of mossy stones, murmured a soft accompaniment to the fading music of the departing minstrels.

Apprehensive that she might be sought for by her father's guests, Rosalie was upon the point of quitting the spot, which associations had now rendered so dear to her, when her glance fell upon a face that appeared through the thick branches of the pine-trees, gazing upon her with the most devout and fixed attention; she instantly started, and the stranger perceiving that he was discovered, instantly appeared before the trembling girl.

"Pardon me, beauteous lady," exclaimed the young and nobly clad cavalier, as he bent in respectful homage, "if I have created any alarm in your gentle bosom: deep admiration and most reverend regard must alone be my apology."

"Retain your fair apologies," replied the lovely Rosalie with a bewitching smile, "till circumstances demand them; surprised I may indeed have been, offended I am not, except indeed I give a passing frown to flattering compliments."

"Oh thou art all goodness, all perfection! Dare I, gentle lady, presume so far as to request one short, one trifling moment's kind attention?"

"What mean you, Sir?"

"Dare I inquire, and yet I tremble at the question, lest my young hopes may all be blighted; dare I presume to ask if any happy cavalier is blest with your regard?"

Rosalie glanced with fear and hesitation at the stranger, her young heart throbbed wildly as the new sensations rapidly succeeding each other, thrilled through her agitated frame.

"Your silence, beauteous lady, encourages me to hope your heart is not engaged; and may I humbly dare to offer my addresses, unworthy as they may be? Yet though I own unequal to thy matchless virtues, I proffer you a heart, whose thoughts are virtuous and honest, and whose first awakened impulse now throbs for you."

Struck with the mild and gentle supplications of the stranger, the susceptible heart of Rosalie felt a secret prepossession in his favor; yet the strange feeling was so new, so undefined, she trembled lest it might be wrong to sanction such ideas or such converse; and in a gentle tone she spoke: "I am unwilling to offend any of my father's friends, yet I am quite a stranger to such language as you would have me listen to; forgive me, then, if with the acknowledgment of friendly interest and regard, I beg to waive our present conversation."

"Amiable innocence," exclaimed the happy Lorenzo, "far be it from me to urge a subject, ne'er awakened in your heart,—but may I hope —?"

"All of us live in hope," replied Rosalie, with a smile.

"Then I am happy!" Allow me to conduct you to our friends; at a more seeming time I will presume to speak again upon my love!"

Rosalie gave her hand to the stranger with all the simplicity of artless innocence, pure of itself, and viewing nought but purity in others, and they proceeded towards the more frequented part of the gardens. The wild and wandering thoughts of Rosalie now gathered settlingly into a deep and earnest sympathy for the stranger, who, as he led her along through the paths of flowers, which seemed to smile and court their happy tread, appeared to her on-enthusiastic imagination as a being superior to humanity, and as such, capable of inspiring her also with the same divine and happy spirit; to this one absorbing idea her awakened energies clung with all the enthusiasm peculiar to her character; a wide vacuum, an undefined aspiration, seemed heretofore to exist in her mind, and now the truth burst upon her conception, and this strange, this newly-felt sensation, appeared to fill the vacant space and render happiness complete; her thoughts of *love* were all associated with those of the stranger youth, and inspired as they were at the same time, each seemed indissolubly united with the other.

Rosalie and her lover emerged from the groupe of pines, and joined the company that were participating in all the pleasures of the festival: the day was declining, and the fading sun throwing its departing glances over the scene, for the last time reflected the diversified beauties of the garden in the bright and stilly lake, that shone like a gorgeous mirror in the midst of the surrounding verdure; at a given signal, the whole scene was lighted up by thousands of illuminated lamps, which hung from the pendant branches of the trees, and darted forth their brilliant lustre, as if to vie with the rich glances of the setting sun. The great orb of day sunk calmly to repose, and the dark tints of the skies gathering over the whole expanse of heaven, and contrasting with the brilliancy of the garden, threw up each object in its proudest splendour. The temples that were placed at various intervals, now resounded with the trillings of the mandolins as they accompanied the songs of love, of war, and of each passion which prevailed in the respective minstrels' fancies; across the beautiful lake were thrown bridges decorated with wreaths of flowers formed into fanciful devices, and irradiated with a thousand glittering lamps, throwing their broad effulgence over the light boats sporting upon the water, and from which the rich and splendid sounds of minstrelsy were issuing.

Rosalie hung delightedly upon the arm of her lover, as he accompanied her through all the varied pleasure of the scene, feeling each moment the presence of the stranger more endeared to her. The light sounds of a guitar floated gently upon her ear, as she stood to witness the playful sporting of a boat upon the lake, and a rich and gushing stream of melody following in quick succession, thrilled to her heart its fervent inspiration! It was the song of a trobadour, describing to his mistress the nature and the power of *love*. Lorenzo gazed upon the attentive face of Rosalie; it was fixed with the most devout and passionate earnestness upon the minstrel's boat, and her enraptured soul seemed to drink each murmured word as it fell from the lips of the trobadour; her soft and delicate hand thrilled in the pressure of her lover's, as, with a sigh, she reclined her head upon his bosom, giving vent to the emotions that were burning in her heart, in rapid gushing tears.

The song was hushed, and the boat proceeded in playful stillness upon the lake; the beautiful Rosalie still gazing upon it, as though it contained a spirit that had awakened

in her bosom the purest and most divine sensations; but as her glance accompanied it in the distance, her eyes fell upon the person of her father, whom, for the first time in her life, she seemed to tremble at the meeting with.

The Count beheld his daughter with surprise, reclining upon Lorenzo's arm, and glancing sternly at the maiden, the terrified girl instantly cast down her head abashed, fearful of some impropriety, yet confident of her own integrity and innocence of heart. In silence Carassini withdrew his daughter's hand from that of her lover, and immediately presenting it to a tall dark-featured youth who stood beside, commandingly exclaimed,—

"Rosalie, my child, this happy day is destined to behold two blest events; it welcomes thee once more to the bright world which thou wert born to ornament and honor, and it shall also witness the nuptial union, to which I've pledged my honor, with the brave son of my dear friend."

There was a melancholy earnestness about the latter words of the Count, in unison with the almost stifled sigh which rapidly succeeded them, which evidenced the knowledge of the sacrifice circumstances prompted him to make; but ere the astonished girl could reply to the stern mandate of her father, Lorenzo ventured to interpose, acknowledging the passion which he felt for Rosalie, and humbly soliciting her hand.

"Son of the venerable Vicenza," replied the Count, "long hath that respected name ranked in the foremost list of Carassini's friends, and had my honor not been pledged to Manfredoni's heir, I should have felt most happy in your favor; but now," mournfully continued he, "*it must not, cannot be!*" when instantly placing the trembling hand of Rosalie in that of her destined lord, who seemed to glance maliciously at the desponding lover, he instantly hurried them off to the pavilion, where the contract of their union was destined to be made.

The company had separated, and stillness and silence reigned throughout the spot where merriment and joy had held their uncontrolled and unmolested reign; the blaze of the lights was extinguished, and the pale moon threw her cold and silvery glances across the surface of the lake, in the place of that broad radiance, that but a few hours before had diffused its splendour over the scene. Rosalie was alone in her chamber, meditating upon the varied incidents of the preceding day, which floated more like vague and wandering visions over her mind, than as any palpable realities. In the pavilion she had spurned the idea of allying herself with the heir of Manfredoni, and all the entreaties and remonstrances of the Count had no effect upon her fixed resolve. Sympathy had begun the work of *love* in Rosalie's heart, which enthusiasm now completed; her thoughts burned with the deepest passion for Lorenzo, and with a stern and steadfast resolution, she gave a positive rejection to all the proffers of Manfredi. The harmony of the company was disturbed, the Count gave vent to the agony of his heart, in deep and violent imprecations; Rosalie was commanded to her chamber, and the guests retired in confusion.

The voice of the Count was heard at the chamber door of Rosalie, and in a moment he rushed into the apartment, when, throwing himself wildly into a chair, he exclaimed in an agonized voice, "Rosalie, my child, I am reduced to beggary and ruin! This hated day has placed me wholly in the power of my fell-destroyer, that fiend, the villain Manfredoni! All my wealth, my vast possessions, fettered and mortgaged, fall instantly into his possession, unless

you yield your hand unto his son! Oh! Rosalie, my fate is in your hands; I hate the villain—yet, yet my child must be the sacrifice—Heaven knows how great!"

"Father—dearest father," rejoined the trembling Rosalie, "you do not mean to force me to an union which my heart abhors. Manfredi! I tremble at his sight; his looks are wild and fearful:—Oh! do not, dearest father, do not sacrifice me thus!"

"There's no alternative, my child!" replied the agonized parent. "Already has the villain dared to spread the tidings of my ruin; the youth Lorenzo and his aged sire have come to proffer me a kind asylum—can I accept it?—be a dependant on the bounty of a man once my *inferior!* Oh! never, never, Rosalie, will my proud soul stoop to such mean abjection."

"And has the strange youth thus kindly been? Dearest father, little as I am acquainted with the world, inexperienced as I am, my heart tells me, there would be far greater honor in yielding to the benevolent offers of your venerable friend, than in the sacrifice of your loved child; and to a villain, for such I know is Manfredoni's heir."

"He has threatened vengeance upon the luckless youth Lorenzo, for daring but to interpose his suit; that youth is in possession of a secret, upon which hangs some hidden mystery; Manfredi seeks his life,—Heaven knows, my child, unless you yield to him your hand, to what extent his vengeance may lead him."

Rosalie had not time to reply to the observation of her father, ere a summons came for him to attend Manfredi in his chamber; he instantly quitted the sorrowing girl, who, unable to retire to repose, descended the staircase, and entered the silent garden.

The moon was shining brilliantly in the heavens, casting the broad shadows of the trees across the diverted paths, and according well with the soft sadness of the heart of Rosalie; with noiseless steps she bent her way to the lonely spot, in which the latent energies of her heart were first awakened to love's wild impulse, and which now dwelt upon the one dear object with rapturous and deep enthusiasm; upon that object which seemed alone; and isolated in the world, like the moon in the heavens, but one of its kind, and only one! Upon that beloved object, absorbing as it did all her visions, thoughts, and aspirations, which seemed like a spirit of purity, hallowing and endearing the paths of her existence! This she felt to be the firm reality of her being, all the rest seemed nothing. Father, friends, and the loveliness of inanimate nature, were, compared with this *one* intense and burning passion, but as the attending spirits which ministered to the supreme and purer essence, that alone seeming capable of imparting felicity to her existence, nay, as being material even to existence itself.

Such were the thoughts of the enthusiast. Silently she passed along through the tufted groves, and across the open paths that were sparkling in the moonbeams, till she arrived at the pine grove, which associations had so fervently endeared to her; she stopped ere she entered the bower of clustering honeysuckles, for she fancied that a sigh floated upon her ear from its recess; with trembling fear she hesitated, and stooped to listen, but all was still and silent; not a breeze ruffled the red blossoms of the tendrils, nor disturbed the placid repose of the sparkling lake. Rosalie was not timid, for superstition had never entered her mind; and well she knew that such an aspiration could not have been breathed from any one who harboured wicked mo-

tives; she was close upon the entrance of the bower, and was hesitating whether to advance or to recede, when a rustling noise was heard among the leaves which gathered above her head, and instantly a young and beautiful dove fell dead upon the ground at her feet. Rosalie was startled at such an ominous appearance, and stooping to take up the bird, she felt a deep glow of warmth about its heart, but the dove was wholly lifeless; a sigh breathed from her lips as she seemed to anticipate some fatal circumstance, and instantly another sigh was echoed from the bower, quickly followed by her own name, breathed in a soft and gentle murmur! The voice was not unknown to her—it reminded her of a moment of gushing ecstasy never to be forgotten, and instantly rushing into the bower, the enthusiastic girl fell in tears upon the bosom of Lorenzo!

It was he, indeed, who, unable to quit the spot where Rosalie first broke upon his view, and which her lovely image still seemed to haunt, was meditating upon his blighted hopes, in the bower wherein they were first excited. The joy of the lovers was too great for words, their sorrows were all forgotten in the rapture of the meeting, and glances, fervent and expressive, mingling with their joy tears, alone spoke the ecstasy each felt. At length, the knowledge of how soon necessity would compel them to part, and perhaps for ever, rushed across the mind of Rosalie; when, clinging to her lover's bosom, she exclaimed,

"Must, must we part?—And that for ever! Oh, no, I feel my heart would burst in the dread pangs of separation."

"Cruel necessity compels the painful act, unless, dear girl, thou wilt consent to fly with me to the asylum of my father's halls."

"Oh, that asylum has been proffered, and disdainfully refused!"

"Yes, yes," replied Lorenzo, "to shield thy parent from the villainy of the fiend, the monster Manfredoni; who, with his son, conspired to plunge thy parent into ruin. Manfredi hates me, for he knows that I possess the knowledge of the arts which he has used, and which this day I have revealed to the high tribunal of justice; the sire, however, I am not able to implicate, and thus thy father's ruin will be sealed, unless my soul's adored will pay the penalty demanded."

"Never, never!" By you, Lorenzo, were the first thoughts of love awakened in this bosom, and I fear not to confess, that, since that happy moment, thou hast been to me the sole idea whereon my burning thoughts have dwelt, and dwelt alone in rapturous ecstasy. Till that blest moment, I had dreamed of love, but as a pure, immortal essence, reserved alone for those good spirits that inhabit regions of eternal bliss,—nor thought I any human creature could possess its pure ethereal feeling; imagine then the gushing rapture which I felt when the great truth broke on my burning brain,—when the new thoughts suffused my heart with all their heavenly inspiration, and judge from thence my truth, my constancy, my love!"

"Amiable girl!" cried the enraptured lover, as he clasped the enthusiast fondly to his bosom, "rather let me die than live without thee!"

"Oh! could I live without thee, Lorenzo?" exclaimed the innocent girl. "No, no, thou hast become a portion of my hope, my happiness, my life! I live but for thee alone, and rather could I die upon thy bosom, love, than live for any other! From my earliest infancy I have ever

clung with deathless ardour to each object that to me brought pleasure and delight, and will my nature fall when all my hopes and all my feelings, fixed and constantly repose on one deep, powerful, and new-inspired passion, beneath whose influence I may perish, but never prove unkind?"

"Could we but induce thy father to postpone this hurried marriage, until I could, before the world, make manifest the villainies of Manfredi, our loves might meet their blest reward, whilst ruin seized the villain —."

"*This will assuredly prevent it!*" murmured a savage voice from behind the bower, and instantly an arm darted between the thick foliage,—a dagger was in its grasp—it glittered for a moment in the moon-beams, but as momentarily it was sheathed in Lorenzo's heart! The blow was effectual,—the murderer's arm had been too true! Unable to articulate, the lover glanced with expressive fondness upon the pale features of Rosalie, grasped her cold hand in his, and pressing it fondly to his lips, from which alone one sigh escaped, he fell lifeless at her feet, with the deadly weapon still remaining in the wound. The agonized Rosalie, unable to comprehend the dreadful scene, rent the still air with shrieks and exclamations, at the same time endeavouring with her large white veil to staunch the blood that flowed from her lover's wound, and to restore him back to animation, but, alas! her efforts were in vain! The agonized shrieks at length brought every aroused inmate of the chateau to the spot; Manfredi was the first that discovered the fearful truth, and instantly the Count was kneeling by the side of his much-loved and agonized child. A strict search was immediately ordered to be made throughout the garden for the assassin, and numerous servants were dispatched in every direction. Rosalie still knelt by the side of her bleeding lover, and in vain was every effort made to force her from the lifeless body, for with a wild and fearful energy she clung to it, as though his lingering spirit dwelt therein, loth to depart from her, so loving and so loved; her enthusiasm was fast progressing towards madness, and in a bold and impassioned tone she exclaimed,

"Attempt not now to disunite us,—do not essay to tear me from the being who has become essential to my peace, my happiness—nay, to life itself. Shall I fear to own my true affection?—No! In the hour of peril and of danger I disclosed it, and still declare my constancy even in the arms of death! To thee I plighted my true love, to thee I vowed eternal truth, and still repeat my vow, dearest and ever blessed Lorenzo; my life, my soul, *my love!*"

A new source of surprise appeared to the assembled groupe, in a party of the officers of justice, who, arriving suddenly upon the spot, seized upon Manfredi, arresting him upon certain accusations, taken upon the oath of Lorenzo di Vicenza. The villain Manfredi shrieked in wild amazement at the unexpected tidings, and instantly endeavoured to escape; but being detained, at the moment, by the Count de Carassini, the glance of the latter fell upon the dagger which Manfredi had taken from Lorenzo's wound, upon the belt of which was engraven in broad characters, the name of the owner, MANFREDI MANFREDONI! The Count instantly remembered the previous threats of his intended relative towards the ill-starred lover, and instantly snatching the dagger from Manfredi's grasp, denounced him to the officers as the murderer of Lorenzo. The villain, discovering that he was caught in his own toils, resigned himself into the custody of the guard, and glancing maliciously at the mourning groupe around him, he ex-

claimed with a cry of joy upon the full accomplishment of his revenge, and was hastily removed from the distressing scene.

Rosalie, with one arm entwined round the neck of her lifeless lover, with the other endeavoured in vain to restrain the gushing blood, and strove, with the most wild and passionate endearments, to awake once more the music of that voice, now still for ever! Not a tear fell from her burning eyes, though her heaving bosom too plainly evidenced her heart was breaking. With violence she exclaimed against the cruelty of her parent, who essayed to force her from the body, and then she pressed her lips with burning kisses upon the white forehead of Lorenzo, breathing the passionate feelings of her agonized heart, in deep and thrilling sighs. At length, as if with sudden inspiration, she started from the ground, and snatching the bleeding dagger from her father's hand, instantly plunged it into her own bosom! The act was momentary, and ere the Count had power to reflect upon the deed, his lovelorn child was bleeding by her lover's side. As she again clasped her arms round his cold neck, a shower of pearly tears fell upon his cheek,—her life's blood was quickly flowing from her delicate frame, and in a soft and saddened tone of melody she murmuringly exclaimed,

"In life I loved thee, dearest, and even in death we will not be dissevered! My *first love* and *my last*:—I could not live with thee, with thee I die; and in that land of everlasting bliss, where the weary and broken-hearted lay aside their cares and are at rest, there, there we may be happy in the true felicity of pure and deathless *love*!"

Carassini knelt by the side of his dying child, mingling his repentant tears with her's. Rosalie caught her father's hand, she grasped it with intense affection, and raising it tremblingly to her parched lips, she imprinted burning kisses thereupon, and murmuringly exclaimed, "Bury us in one grave!" when the hand of Carassini dropped from her lifeless lips; her own beautiful face fell upon the bleeding bosom of her lover, and with a parting sigh the spirit of the enthusiast girl fled to join Lorenzo's in another and a better world!

" I LOVE THEE !"

"This votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps for me, dear girl, thou'lt prize;
It sings of love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise."—BYRON.

I love thee!—I love thee,
My rosebud, my pearl!
I love thee,—I love thee,
My beautiful girl!—
I love thee,—I love thee!
How sweet is that lay;
I love thee,—I love thee!
What more can I say?

Shall I tell thee, beloved one,
How deep, how entrancing,
The joys that I feel,
When thy bright blue eyes glancing;

Shed beams o'er my heart,
Like the richest sunshine,
On the bosom of ocean,
With radiance divine.

Oh no, for those are idle words,
And have so oft been said,
That e'en their truth no joy affords,
No happiness they shed.
But be this my sole theme,
By night and by day,
"*I love thee,—I love thee!*"
What more can I say?

Shall I swear by thy beauteous blue eyes,
So brilliantly beaming and bright;
Or the eloquent magic that lies,
In such flashing orbs, rich with sunlight?
Shall I boast of the nectar I sip,
(More delicious than Jove quaffs above),
From thy beautiful rose-tinted lip,
And its treasures of real blissful love!

Oh no, for all thou may'st allow
In raptures most divine;
Could never equal this true vow,
This simple vow of mine.
Would volumes of extasy,
Equal the lay,
"*I love thee,—I love thee!*"
What more can I say?

Shall I swear by the sun and the moon,
How fondly, dear maid, I adore thee:
Or declare by thy blushing cheeks' bloom,
Or bend low in supplianee before thee?
Shall I beg for some arduous task,
That might prove how intense my devotion;
To gain thee whate'er thou mightst ask,
From the depths of the earth, or of ocean?

No, dearest, no, far be such flights,
From one who loves sincerely;
In truth alone my heart delights,
I love thee, love, and dearly.
Can a vow more expressive,
Thy fondness repay?
"*I love thee,—I love thee!*"
What more can I say?

Would passionate raptures,
And flattering words,
Yield a holier spell,
Than my foud vow affords;
To bind each young heart
In Joy's rosiest wreath,
Which nought may e'er part
But death, ruthless death?

No, dearest, no!—at thy fair shrine,
No extasies would prove
So welcome as this lay of mine,
This simple lay—" *I love!*"
Yes, I love thee,—I love thee,
By night and by day!
"*I love thee,—I love thee!*"
What more can I say?

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

Beauty is universally pleasing to every eye, by its complexion, its fair proportions, and the harmony which exists in the *toute ensemble* , of the admired object ; as we behold it in the Apollo of Belvidere, and in the Venus de Medicis.

Women possess the gift of beauty in a far superior degree to men ; the beauty of a female has been known to soften the hardest heart, to strengthen the weak-minded, to triumph over the strong, and correct the foolish ; it triumphs over the most persuasive eloquence ; and over moral feeling by its tender expression : in a word, it presents itself as a beneficent deity, when its steps are guided by reason.

Beauty is an arbitrary power, and few persons are endowed with just ideas on the characters by which we acknowledge a man or a woman to be handsome. Some are particularly partial to a fair skin, while a clear brown better pleases another. One finds charms in flaxen hair, another in black tresses : white negroes, on the contrary, hold white skins in contempt ; and when they would paint a devil, they give him the colour we should give to our angels : whence then proceeds that variety in what touches so forcibly the heart and mind ? Why do black and blue eyes share our suffrages ? Why do some make choice of a tall stature, and elastic form, and others have quite a contrary taste ? The serious and majestic air, a high forehead, a large nose, the mouth half open, the lips rather full, form a Roman beauty ; and the Grecian beauty consists in delicate features.

Many people have believed that beauty was only the effect of imagination, and that what appears to us a reality, is only an allusion. Others have pretended that it depends on a certain arrangement of parts, which arrangement cannot be accounted for. If beauty was only a phantom, it might delude our senses, but could never captivate the heart. Our minds do not easily give themselves up to fictions ; and should they incline for awhile towards them, reflection soon succeeds, and causes them to abjure their error. When we admire some beautiful picture, the strength and elegance of its touches, and the features of the persons represented in it, immediately charm us ; our emotions are those of admiration and pleasure ; but do we find our sensibility excited much by these mute objects ?

It appears that the different authors who have written on beauty, have confounded it with sympathy, and have thought that it owed its empire, not to the strength of its attractions, but to the facility with which we suffer ourselves to be charmed : they know not themselves who argue thus. What is beautiful is founded on nature ; sympathy belongs to fancy, alone.

Some authors consider what is beautiful in the relative situation of an object with the pleasant sentiments it excites in us ; that is to define the effects of beauty, and not to explain its nature ; it is judging of beauty by what we feel, and not feeling what is really beautiful.

There are real principles, and fixed rules of beauty, which gain the suffrage of all mankind ; but there are also, on this head, ideas which owe their birth to our caprice : on this account we shall divide beauty into two parts, *imaginary beauty*, and *real beauty* : the one is conformable to our natural propensity ; the other is invariable ; *this*, is always the counterpart of nature ; *that*, the effect of an art which often casts it at a distance.

As most authors in treating of beauty, have only spoken of it in a general sense, I thought it my duty to point out

in what consists the beauty relative to the human species : and which has engaged me to extend this subject still further.

ON IMAGINARY BEAUTY.

If nature and good taste were the guide of our feeling, beauty would have nothing in common with our imagination ; inclination would be followed, without attending to caprice, and what we should think beautiful, would be so in fact ; but all men have not the faculty of feeling what is good, bad, or mediocre, or of knowing how to make a distinction. We judge according to our affections, and to the more or less enlightening of our minds, which differ in different persons, and which are often very limited. This diversity of sentiment, and consequently of taste, is the origin of imaginary beauty. Such is, for example, the idea of certain people, who, by the application of the juice of different plants, make scars on their faces, in order to look manly. These savages give themselves an heroic air, at the price of their blood, and regard that as beautiful which appears ferocious.

The Chinese, those people so wise and so politic, are they less ridiculous than those of more savage nations ? In this country, females are tortured from their birth ; so nature is forced to render their feet deformed by their smallness, and prevents their being of that service to them for which they were intended. The young European female insults the Chinese, while she laughs at her simplicity ; yet the pains which she feels herself, constrain her to pardon a deformity that she does not wish for. Desiring to please from her infancy, she accustoms herself to tight shoes ; her feet have not received their requisite nourishment, and they cannot support her body without pain. The flesh pressing too close to the bones, is become callous ; it produces corns, which like so many enemies, cause her to feel pain all her life.

If they are so ridiculous as to make beauty consist in little feet, they are not less so in making it depend on a small waist ; in the mean time, with what patience will our young ladies submit to be tight-laced ! How they will squeeze up their shapes ! exposing themselves to pains in the stomach, and a continual shortness of breath.

If the ladies of France and England were not accustomed to these ideas of chimerical beauty, on their seeing a woman in a tightened corset, they would imagine that she was deformed ; or, rather, if a machine had not been invented to condemn a criminal to be screwed up by means of laces, in a prison of whalebone, they would look on such a punishment as one truly exemplary.

With what pains do we not endeavour to flatten down the ears of children close to their heads ; and to prevent them from growing large. Nature, however, gave us that organ that we might receive by repeated sounds, what its weakness might have caused to escape us. Perhaps they feared that long ears might be humiliating, and they had rather have them more delicate, as it might better be emblematic of the delicacy of our minds ; this gave rise to that species of ideal beauty. We imitate in that the *Ethiopian* nurses, who flatten the ears of their new-born children, with bandlettes, which they bind round their heads, as if it was a defect to have what nature has given us to render us more perfect. The American Indian falls into the opposite extreme ; these people pierce the lobe of the ear, and place in it pieces of wood, or metal, which greatly augments its natural size, and which cause, at the end of some time, an enormous cavity, and render the ears prodigiously large.

It is not only on small organs, of seeming inutility to our lives, that we carry the effects of our bad taste ; we do not even spare the head, that most precious treasure of the animal machine. Hippocrates speaks of certain people who rendered the form of the head very long, and who pretended by this means to give it the most beautiful appearance. It appeared that they regarded that as beautiful which was a proof of strength of mind : and if nature had not better provided for them than for others, they might, at least, appear as if she had. No one is ignorant of the nature of a new-born infant being like wax, which can be moulded into any form which may be desired. These people figured to themselves what they wished the heads of the children to be : and they tightened them with ligatures, which made them grow longer, rather than wider ; insensibly they kept lengthening, till their heads were quite long ; what was the effect of art, became afterwards the production of nature ; for the children were all born with heads formed like those of their parents.

The inhabitants of the Alps have a large swelling on their throat, a species of *goitre* ; they make a parade of this deformity, as if their beauty might be estimated by the quantity of flesh they have growing there.

What variety may there not be remarked in the taste of men on the subjects of their *beard* and their *hair*. The Turks wear a long beard, and cut off their hair. The greater part of the inhabitants of Europe, preserve their hair, and do not suffer their beard to grow. The negroes have their heads shaved, to shew their taste in drawing out figures, leaving alternate stripes of woolly hair and skin. The Talapoins of Siam shave off the hair from the heads and eye-brows of their children. And do we not see many young men with a beard over their upper-lip, to give them an air of intrepidity.

Women, always attentive to the concealing their natural defects, have often for that reason, had recourse to some singular whimsicalities. Some colour their cheeks to restore the roses which time has faded, or to relieve the paleness of their complexion, which renders them disagreeable. Others, not content with their natural fairness, are desirous, by means of a cosmetic, to surpass that of all other females. These ridiculous modes are become of such general use amongst us, that the most amiable young ladies would not think themselves so in the eyes of men, if they allowed them to see their countenances as nature made them : but they would do best to be content with nature's pencil, and employ no paint to their faces but that of modesty. Black, white, and red, spread over the same picture, make it appear to greater advantage ; but the most perfect specimens of art cannot present such beautiful expressions as those of nature. It is, without doubt, for this same reason, that powdering of the hair was introduced, to set off the colour of the face, and for the advantage of the features ; instead of which, in other times, a fine head of hair, consisted in the beauty of its natural abundance, over which it was deemed sufficient to pour over some perfume, to render it oily and shining.

We have not now the same ideas of beauty as the ancients had. They admired low foreheads, and eye-brows meeting together, as charms in the countenance ; now, though the eye-brows should be well arched, they should be separate. Nothing is more beautiful, according to our ideas, than white teeth, with a fine enamel. There are countries in India, where black teeth and white hair are admired : women take great pains to rub their teeth with certain

herbs, which turn them black, and to whiten their hair with waters destined to this use.

Can any thing more plainly denote the perversity of imagination than the above examples ? There are, however, some yet more ridiculous. The Chinese think it an honour to them to have long, hooked nails, a custom which we regard as the most dirty.

Such are the effects of imagination : it is a kind of fire which animates us, which flatters and deludes us, often at the expense of our own better feelings. Vanity creates it, but reason judges it. Often does imagination give herself up to those flights which degrade her, as much as they degrade nature, and which inspire disgust, rather than pleasure : all that she creates bears the stamp of a model ; let it therefore, be that of nature, and what constitutes real beauty will precede it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

YOUNG HOPE'S DREAM.

An American Indian Ballad.

BY T. W. KELLY, AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE LEAVES."

Awaken, fair maid ! for the moments fly fast ;
Arise, dear, and bid a farewell to thy home ;
With life, our love, truly and fondly shall last—
Then awaken, fair maid ! through the forest we'll roam.

To thy lone, leafy bower, by young Hope am I led ;
Thou art meek as the dove that inhabits yon grove ;
From thy mild eyes what sweetness of light dost thou shed,
As we sit fondly talking of rapture and love.

Thy rose-tinted cheeks, every maiden's excel,
And thy lips like the coral of ocean's deep cave ;
Or the pink in the breast of some Indian shell,
When freshen'd and brighten'd by summer sea's wave.

Thy form is the cypress that scorns all compare,
Like the hyacinth's flow do thy dark tresses curl ;
Thy complexion like lilies is spotless and fair,
And thy teeth of pure whiteness, outrival the pearl.

Oh, come, then, my love ! let us stray through the trees,
While the moon sails high in the clear blue sky :
And the stars shine bright, while the scented breeze,
The clear stream ripples in passing by.

The glow-worm's green bower shall be our retreat,
Our couch strew'd with rushes, wild berries our fare ;
The crystalline fountain our drink ; ah, how sweet
Would the course of life run, love, if thou, love, wert there !

The green leaves thy curtain, shall shade thy repose,
The soft moss of wild forest-trees be thy pillow ;
And thy lover shall watch, dear, and guard thee from foes,
While thy slumber is soothed by the lake's moaning billow.

And oh ! there shall be for each wandering guest,
A seat where green branches hang pendently swinging ;
Beneath which the birds from their wild fig-tree nest,
Are all the day long in sweet harmony singing.

Within the green bowers, sweetly Time shall take flight,
In the sunshine of bliss and in nature's wild home ;
In affection's true bond, love, our hearts shall unite ;
Then, waken, sweet maid ! through the forest we'll roam !

THE YOUNG WIFE'S HARP.

Is marriage an enemy to the polite arts? thought I to myself, as I beheld, in the drawing-room of the youthful and pretty Mrs. Vernon, a splendid harp, adorned with all the brilliant devices of the nineteenth century, but put up in a solitary corner, where it seemed placed merely as an ornament, and not as a memento of the talent which once existed, but was now little thought of and no longer cultivated. I approached the instrument with regret, so well adapted to female beauty, and lending such fresh attractions to her native charms, and my eyes immediately discovered that more than half of the strings were broken, and what remained of them twisted round their supporters, testifying, but too evidently, a determined neglect, a voluntary forgetfulness.

As I returned to my seat with a sour look, and a slow step, Mrs. Vernon began to smile. I am always regarded in society as rather a cynical observer: but was I wrong to appear dissatisfied with a young woman laying aside those studies which had constituted all the charms of her youth, had procured her the most flattering success and the sweetest entertainment of her leisure. I was about to speak, but I was interrupted immediately. Carelessly stretched on an immense sofa, the feet reposing on a soft cushion, which a fine, mossy carpet sustained, surrounded by several female friends, all disposed to speak in her defence, Mrs. Vernon looked at me with an air of triumph, and like a new kind of improvisatore, she, with the most rapid eloquence, made use of every argument in her own favour. "The duties of a mother, of a young mistress of an establishment, were so multiplied, and took up so much of the day, that it was impossible to devote a minute to the arts; and those talents, too, which it had cost so much pain to acquire! A young married female does not mix in the world so much as when she was under the care of her parents; the circle of friends who applauded her efforts, could no longer hover round her; custom condemns her to more solitude, and obligatory visits deprive her of those moments she might give to improvement! Then who was to listen to her? A husband, immersed in business, his head full of calculations and projects, applauding her solely, from complaisance, and yawning when she played her best pieces of music! her parents, whose enthusiasm for the arts had grown cold, as they increased in years, or from being long unaccustomed to their display!"

Murmurs of applause followed this oration of my amiable adversary, and the signs of affirmation given by the heads of her companions, too soon convinced me that the harp, the piano, and the guitar were every where abandoned; that every house, where the master was married was become the image of a *Thébaïde*; that the muses, those sweet companions of our lives, were banished! I felt an emotion of misanthropy, and before I spoke again, with the endeavour of counteracting the effect produced by Mrs. Vernon, I said, mentally: poor, mistaken parents! you give masters to your children; but think of the success of their accomplishments in future! See how your attentions are requited, and your hopes fulfilled!

"You have exaggerated the troubles attached to a married life," said I, "Mrs. Vernon. Do you want a crowded audience to listen to the most harmonious melody; do not the sounds from your harp produce more delight than those applauses which strike the ear, without giving

it any enjoyment? Are you now in that situation when emulation is requisite; without which your progress would have been imperceptible? Now, the talents you acquire will be for yourself, alone; they will be a charm for that solitude of which you complain. A husband refuses to express his admiration—chuse the favourable moment! The sound of your harp will be heard by him; your voice will charm his ears, if but for an instant: he will wish to hear those airs again, some parts of which have, perhaps, obliged him to lay down his pen, to pause amidst his calculations, though he sits in silence in his closet! Then your triumph is certain. And, on some future day, you may, perhaps, be able to teach your children what constituted the peculiar charm of your youth. You will behold the supple fingers of a graceful daughter, wandering over those strings, and see her talents unfold, without pain, under your tuition. In her childhood you will have softened all her little troubles; her light steps, as she dances before you, while you play, will make you smile at her native agility; and if you are ambitious of higher rewards, those friends, and those parents, whose approbation you seem to disdain, will always applaud you, when they behold such a happy result from your studies."

Mrs. Vernon was silent, and her friends were the same; were they convinced by my reasoning? I know not. But this I do know, that my advice had a very good effect. The next visit I paid, on my entering the drawing-room, I cast a look unperceived at the harp; I saw that all the broken strings had been replaced by new ones: therefore, I indulge the hope that this charming talent of my young friend is not totally consigned to oblivion. MENTOR.

THE LOVE-LORN SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

"Oh yes, I will love thee,—yes, love though rejected,
Like Adam, when sadly from Paradise driven;
To gaze on his home, he turned lone and dejected,
So I could gaze on thee, my Eden, my Heaven!"—

KELLY.

A shepherd youth, like those beheld in sweet Arcadian dreams,
Was melancholy musing on the bank of murmuring streams;
Full bright the fields, and bright the skies, and sunny was the day,
Yet still the shepherd fraught with grief and melancholy lay.
In sooth, he was a love-lorn youth, his heart's best hopes were dead,
And all his brightest visionings for ever they were fled;
But still with pangs of hopeless love, the youthful Damon burn'd,
And still his proffer'd vows of love, the cruel Phillis spurn'd.
For Colin too had urged his suit, and Colin's wealth was great,
And his was much above the humble shepherd-lover's state;
His glare of gold caught Phillis' light and inexperienced heart,
Alas, poor girl! she could not see its fierce, tho' hidden smart!

A romping girl was bounding o'er the field of gayest green,
 Arrayed in sweetest smiles, and dress of bright and glitter-
 ing sheen ;
 Her heart was full of happiness, and merry was the song,
 Which fell from rose-bud lips of hers, as blythe she passed
 along.

It was the cruel Phillis, who, a garland to entwine,
 For Colin's brow, and offer at his gay and golden shrine ;
 Tripped o'er the fields, and culled the flowers, the fairest
 and the best,
 To form the wreath wherewith the wealthy Colin would
 be blest.

She starts,—a sigh falls on her ear, as eagerly she strove
 To pluck a bright blue violet to gem the wreath of love ;
 The trembling flower fell from her hand,—she motionless
 became,
 Another murmured sigh was heard, and then her faithless
 name.

Fix't to the spot, the spell-bound maiden tremblingly
 remained,
 She knew the voice !—"Twas his whose love her fickle heart
 disdained !
 Unconsciously she turned her eyes of melting blue around,
 And there beheld the love-lorn youth stretch'd lifeless on
 the ground.

A sudden pang struck to her heart,—its purest thoughts
 returned,
 And now proud Colin's proffered love, disdainfully she
 spurned ;
 With eager haste the maiden flew, and Damon's hand she
 prest,—
 'Twas cold,—she gave a poignant sigh, and sunk upon his
 breast !

The sigh of woman's penitence was never breathed in
 vain,
 The magic tones of Phillis' voice flashed wild on Damon's
 brain ;
 Upstarting from his hopeless trance, he gazed on that loved
 face,
 And swift the fond and trembling girl was clasped in his
 embrace !

Jan. 12th, 1830.

LAURA PERCY.

A VISIT TO THE HAREM OF THE AGA, AT DAMIETTA.

The Harem of the Aga was situated on the banks of the Nile, in a garden, according to the Turkish style (that is to say), on a square patch of ground, planted round with trees. I was accompanied by a female, the wife of a Portuguese physician, who knew something both of the French and Arabic languages, and who was to act as my interpreter. We were received, on our arrival, by a black eunuch, richly habited, who introduced us into a very simple apartment, in which was no other furniture but a large and elegant divan. He left us in order to announce us to his mistress, and soon after we saw the two wives of the Aga appear, accompanied by two of his daughters, and about twenty young slaves. The two ladies, as well as the daughters of the Aga, sat down beside me ; the slaves remained before us, arranged in a half-circle, standing with their arms crossed over their breasts, and preserving the most respect-

ful silence. Not one of these females could speak any other language than that spoken by the Turks, which obliged us to take another interpreter, who, in his turn, understood only the Arabic and Turkish languages ; so that what I uttered in French was to be first translated into Arabic, and from the Arabic into the Turkish language, and I could not make myself understood but by the help of three languages and two interpreters.

It may easily be imagined that our conversation did not easily get forward, for we depended entirely on the goodwill and the talent of our interpreters. At times the *quid-pro-quo*s, produced by bad translating, were truly comical, and excited so much mirth among us, and caused such peals of laughter, as soon put us quite in good humour with each other. She, who appeared the oldest of the Aga's wives, preserved the gravity of her countenance ; while the other, who was much younger and of a lively and *piquante* appearance, repeated with extreme volubility the most insignificant questions, and was occupied in examining, with much attention, the most trifling particulars of my dress. She asked me several questions concerning the females of my country, of which she seemed not to have ever formed the slightest notion ; and when I told her that our husbands had only one wife and no slaves, they all looked at one another, and knew not whether to approve or blame such a conduct.

The eldest daughter of the Aga was a female of remarkable beauty. She did not seem to enjoy a good state of health ; an extreme paleness contributed much to her interesting appearance : she resembled a drooping flower which had been injured by the scorching winds of the desert. I perceived that she was very tenacious of life, and had an idea that I could prescribe some remedy for her, and she questioned me on that subject.

It is a singular circumstance that the Orientals all nourish the opinion, that Europeans, without any distinction, are instructed in medicine and in necromancy, two sciences which they are generally disposed to confound together. In Lower Egypt, it often happened that we were called in to visit a female almost at the point of death, or arrived at that desperate state when only supernatural succour could save her. Without much skill, it is easy to acquire the reputation of a great physician, and he who accompanied us in our voyage had the happiness of performing some unlooked-for cures in seemingly hopeless cases, and by following the system of Doctor Sangrado, and the most simple remedies, might be attributed the success, aided by their powers over the imagination, always so active in untaught minds.

Almost all the slaves of the Aga were from Syria, Circassia and Georgia, so that I had the means of judging of those beauties, so highly celebrated, without doubting they are deserving of the fame they have required. In the meantime, I can assure my charming countrywomen, in strict conformity to truth, and for their consolation, that Europe can, certainly, find many equal, and superior beauties, to those of Asia. Those who were now before me had a more captivating air, and their features were full of grace and regularity ; but, what most excited my admiration, was their hair which descended below the waist, in waving and natural curls. They all wore their national costume, which formed, among the whole group, a charming variety. They had not adopted the Egyptian manner of having their tresses, which always disfigures, instead of setting off, the countenance. Their teeth were wonderfully beautiful, both for

enamel and whiteness ; but their faces were devoid of that freshness, that brilliant colouring which render youth so charming. They had all a languishing air, and I did not find among them that *embonpoint* I had been led to expect. Perhaps their solitary and monotonous life, and the climate of Egypt, have contributed to tarnish the splendour of their beauty.* The climate of Egypt, though not unwholesome, has a destructive influence on the women and children of Europe.

Refreshments were brought in on a small cedar table, very low, and ornamented with some pretty designs in mosaic of ivory and mother-o'-pearl. The collation consisted of sweatmeats, cakes made with honey, fruit and sherbet. During this time, the slaves burnt incense in silver censers, and threw, frequently, rose-water among us. Two others placed themselves beside us, and every time that I had eaten or drank any thing, they passed a coarse napkin over my lips, this, though coarse, was embroidered with gold.—Others, with fans, drove away the myriads of insects which the pastry and fruit had collected round us. Every one seemed to have her particular employment. When the repast was finished, they invited me to pass the evening with them, and to take the bath ; but, having already tasted that oriental pleasure at Cairo, I refused their obliging invitation.—After going over the house, which contained nothing curious, I took leave of them, and distributed among the slaves a few pieces of gold coin, in which they take great delight.

THE MEADOW,

A PASTORAL FRAGMENT.

On my return to my native country, I was traversing the valley through which I had passed about six weeks before. The same flocks were browsing there, and nothing appeared to me to have undergone the least change ; I looked around, however, for a young herdsman, who, at that period above mentioned, had given me, with much intelligence of manner, some instructions on the roads I should have to take in crossing the mountains : he was not now there ; a young maiden seemed to have taken his place, and I asked her some questions concerning my late guide. As she cast her eyes languidly upward, she said, " Oh ! we are yet expecting him. Alexis had a habit of always placing himself under that single willow, which you can see there on the brink of the river ; at that place the grass is very much worn away, and there is but little left, but it is coming up fresh, and very soon it will be as thick as it is in the meadow, if Alexis does not come back ; there it is, that every morning, Margaret used to take him his daily meal, which she prepared herself, in a basket ; she sat down, and rested herself by him, on a green bank which he had made, and when she returned to the farm, he always accompanied her till he saw her safe on the road.

" About a month ago, Margaret fell dangerously ill ; Alexis, every evening, brought home the flock earlier than usual ; and as he entered, his first enquiry was after Margaret ; when he was informed that she had suffered much during the day, he mournfully cast up his eyes, and retired

* We are surprised to find this remark ; all the Asiatic females are devoid of colour ; they have, however, generally recourse to art ; and few ladies of royal Harems are without rouge ; those belonging to the Emperor of Morocco, use it in profusion.

Note by a Traveller.

without speaking a word ; at another time, his agitation appeared more violent, he would forcibly clasp his hands together, so much so, that we could hear his fingers crack ; his breath was oppressed, and he respired with great difficulty.

" Margaret died.—When Alexis entered, he found every one in tears ; he turned pale, and when he was informed that Margaret was no more, his head sunk on his bosom, but he did not weep. The next day, as usual, I went to the meadow ; I found Alexis standing by the river side ; his hands clasped together, he seemed to be profoundly meditating. I went close up to him without his seeing me ; he was talking to himself, I listened :—' My happiness,' said he, ' has past away like that water ; like that, it has flown, never to return.' He was then silent. I addressed him several times, without his seeming to hear me ; at length he slowly turned his head. I offered him the basket, and placed it near him. At that moment the grass gave way under him, and we heard a part of the earth, at the edge of the bank, fall into the water : ' Take care,' said I, ' the river is deep in that place.' ' I know it,' said he, ' no one can get out again.'

" At night, Alexis did not appear at supper ; we waited a long time for him : ten o'clock struck, and yet he did not return. We dreaded least some misfortune had befallen him, or the flock ; I took a lantern, and, accompanied by two persons belonging to the farm, I went to the meadow. Notwithstanding the night was cold and rainy, we perceived the flock dispersed. We called Alexis, no one answered. We went to the willow where he was usually to be found—he was not there ; the basket I had taken him in the morning, stood just where I had left it. At length, by the light of our lantern, we saw something white that the wind seemed to raise up at intervals ; it was the straw hat belonging to Alexis, hanging on some briars. On the damp soil was the print of feet, but we could trace them no further than to the place where I had left Alexis in the morning."

R.

SERENADE.

BY T. W. KELLY, AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE LEAVES."

Its weary eye, day calmly closes ;
Night, on her throne of azure stars,
Reigns lone ; each mortal heart reposes
To fancied sounds of soft guitars.

The hallowing beams of the young moon, now
Silver the hues of each flow'et bright ;
A chaplet, dear, I will wreath for thy brow,
For lovely thou'lt look in the fair moon-light.

The breath of the woodland breathes, how sweet !
And softly sighs the rippling sea !
The nightingale's love lorn-lorn strains now greet
All nature around, shall they not greet thee ?

Oh, speak one word, and that lute-like tone,
I will deem, as it spells the listening air,
Some lay from Elysian gardens flown,
Sweet promise of bliss still awaiting me there.

Oh, let my fond lay speak my love to thy heart,
Impress all my hopes, all my fears on thy mind ;
'Till my answering passion a fragrance impart,
More sweet than this wild wreath now flings on the wind.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF DANCING.

The study and knowledge of the fine arts are, undoubtedly, the most agreeable occupation of mankind, and the most delightful of all recreations from their cares and labours.

We find, by our researches among distant ages, that singing and dancing are not less natural to human nature than speech or gesture; and that these, as it may be said, have been the instruments which have given birth to them.

Music and dancing have a powerful ascendancy over our physical faculties, and over our spirits; they electrify and agitate our intellectual powers; and we find that dancing, the legitimate sister of music, is as ancient as the creation of the world.

The primitive Christians had their dances and their public spectacles. In the fifteenth century, Italy produced Bergonzo de Botta, who rendered his name illustrious by the superb *fête* of music and dancing which he gave to Galéas, Duke of Milan, on the marriage of that prince with Isabella of Arragon. The Italians were the first who gave settled rules for the movements of the feet, the body, and the arms. This took place towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century. At length, taste and experience established rules for attitude, movements, and steps, to the cadences of music.

In our days, the dancing, the pantomime and elegant magnificence of public spectacles, have been brought to a high degree of perfection. The Italian dancing is generally applauded by all the civilized nations of Europe, and the public spectacles of Italy, while they were the admiration of foreigners, have been taken by them as models.

The Spaniards were the first who danced after the Italian manner; they joined to their dances a multiplicity of leaping and cabrioling, accompanied by castanets. In the end, they rendered their dances still more complicated, and in bad taste; while, in Italy, the art still maintained a certain dignity and decency. The *Fandango* and *Bolero* are the favourite national dances of Spain; the former comes from the dance called *Chica*, introduced into Spain by the Moors.

In the *Fandango*, which is now the same as it was many ages ago, a young girl takes in her hand two castanets, made of hard wood, and to their sprightly sound she very gracefully moves her feet. Her partner, a young man, holds a *tambone de basque*, according to the ancient rules of this dance, but this is no longer in fashion. Both dance alternately, imitating the movements of each other. The *Bolero* is also of Moorish origin; though these dances have something voluptuous in their expression, they cannot be regarded as either *impious* or *profane*, according to the character once given them by the refined Castilians.

National dances, in general, express the most innocent pleasure, joy, and delight, without excluding a certain simple degree of gallantry, such as the *Tarantula*, the provincial country-dance, the *Russian dances*, the *Scotch*, the *Allemande*, and the *English country-dance*. All these are popular, and justly celebrated. But, under the burning climates of Africa, America, and Spain, it is love which first taught the natives to dance: their dancing designates passion, while the modern dances of civilized nations are regulated by the rules of morality and delicacy of taste.

Of all the modern dances, the Neapolitan *Tarantula* is the gayest and most diversified. There is, however, much expression concealed under it, similar to the *Fandango*,

and we may regard them both as a mixture of the Spanish and Italian movements. The dance of the *Tarantula* is lively and voluptuous; its attitudes, and the music which accompanies it, bear the impression of the inventors. It takes its name from the venomous spider found in the Two Sicilies, in Asia and in Africa; those persons who have been bit by it in the dog-days, can only be cured of the melancholy effects produced thereby, by leaping, and keeping in continual and violent motion, till they sink down, exhausted by extreme lassitude, produced by strong transpiration.

The female, in this dance, tries to attract the attention of her partner by her agility, and the expression of the most tender glances. They fly each other, pursue, and come together again. Their gestures are expressive of coquetry, love, and inconstancy. Sometimes they join hands, and throw themselves in each others' arms. If the man kneels down, the woman dances round him; their looks express hope and pleasure. The *Tarantula* may be regarded as the type of the Calabrian dances.

Catharine de Medicis might be regarded as the ornament of the French court, and to able men in her reign the moderns are indebted for their ballets.

In the reign of Louis XIV. the French dancers became the models for other countries. Beauchamp was then ballet-master at the Opera in Paris. Noverre next appeared, and by his talents and knowledge brought the art to perfection. Since this time, Dupré, Vestris, and the elder Gardel, disputed the palm of dancing with their rivals.

In our own more modern times, where shall we look for superior dancers to the younger Vestris, Laborie, Deshayes, &c. ? and, among the females, Fanny Bias, Bigottini, and many others, have done honour to the science of dancing.

Dancing is particularly suited to youth, and especially to females: according to the opinion of that celebrated navigator, Captain Cook, it is also a healthful exercise for sailors. Tissot, in his works, declares dancing absolutely requisite in colleges, as being not only of great advantage to the constitution, but that the minds of the young students being engaged so much in profound study, require recreation from those mental labours.

This accomplishment is certainly requisite, even indispensable for those who keep good company. The manner of entering a fashionable circle, that of gracefully receiving the different guests, with a certain agreeable ease; the manner of saluting any one; that of walking, are all those essentials which instruction in dancing alone can give.

Although the balls and dancing assemblies in society do not require that skill and forced labour which is requisite to be observed in theatrical dances, yet an awkward and ridiculous manner of dancing must be carefully avoided; for it is better to be a simple looker on, than a bad dancer: forasmuch as this art adds grace to a well-made person who is naturally agile, so does it sit ill on one who is ill-made and heavy. Ladies ought always to dance with grace and delicacy, and such care augments their charms: they should never raise their feet too high; the head should be upright, and the chin very slightly raised; the countenance should appear gay, and the shoulders falling.

Waltzing came originally from Switzerland; the Germans then eagerly adopted it, and it became their national dance. It is now much in use in England, France, and Italy.

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

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VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—PLATE THE FIRST, AN EVENING DRESS, OR BRIDAL DRESS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 58, SPANISH, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE SECOND, A BALL DRESS, TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND TWO FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE THIRD, A DINNER DRESS, TWO BALL DRESSES, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE FOURTH, TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE COURT OF FASHION.

Hail! to the radiant rainbow scene!
Hail to the REIGN OF FASHION'S QUEEN!
Whose gorgeous glories swift arise;
Like dazzling dreams of Paradise!
The harp shall be heard in the golden halls,
Where children of Fashion are meeting;
While the dew of its melody flashingly falls,
The raptur'd ear joyously greeting!
The lyre shall resound o'er the long-hallow'd ground,
And it's harmony, spell-like, shall murmur around;
And beauties shall throng, with the magic of song,
To gem the fair train that is floating along,
In the stream of delight to the dazzling domain,
Where FASHION in glory is holding her reign!
Hark! The chords are resounding,—the harp's sweetest
notes,
On the light wings of zephyrs enrapturingly float;
And the rich COURT OF FASHION, replete with delight,
Is bursting with extatic joy on our sight!
Swiftly the clouds from her star-throne are rolling,
To music of songs that her minstrels are trolling;
Swift fly the clouds, and as quickly disclosing,
Our QUEEN in her gem-studded bower reposing!
Her banner of radiance is floating on high,
While delighted is flashing her soft blue eye;
Fondly, enrapturing glances beaming,—
And wildly her dark raven tresses are streaming!
On her brow shines a pearl, white and pure as the hand,
That wields the potential and magical wand!

Around her gladly congregate,
The wealth and splendour of the state;
And smiles of beauty richly gem,
Like rubies on the diadem!

Hail! to the great imposing scene,
That floats o'er young hearts like a rapturous dream!
Hail to the glories of brightest shewn!
Hail to the COURT OF FASHION'S QUEEN!

Themes of rapture gladly rise
From her subject votaries;

Tribute lays are first begun,
By votaries of OSSULTON:
Then come, wanton, wild and gay,
Followers of CASTLEREAGH:
Others that *their* claims refuse,
Join the dashing beau DE ROOS!
ANSON, honoured be that name,
Is Fashion's own *Grand Chamberlain*:
STUART WORTLEY, "*dark as fate*,"
Reigns, *Chief Minister of State*.
CHESTERFIELD, *Lord of the Boudoir*,
FITZCLARENCE, *Minister of War*:
WORCESTER, as *Chancellor*, reveals;
MOUNTCHARLES is *Keeper of the Seals*:
AND DEVONSHIRE, the good and great,
Rules, *Lord High Treasurer*, in state!
Clerk of the Council, GRESLEY writes
The Oracles, our QUEEN indites!
SHELLEY, her *Courier*, to impart
Her dictates to each anxious heart;
—SAM ROGERS, full of mirth and sport,
Is *Jester* to the radiant Court;
(His jokes are always worth relating),
The STANHOPEs are the *Lords in Waiting*!

How vain the pen essays to tell,
The radiance of each blooming belle;
The gems of beauty and of birth,
That make OUR WORLD a heaven on earth!
Chief of the chief, bright EMILY appears,
The pride and pleasure of unnumber'd years!
And lovely GRANTHAM, like a sprite of bliss,
From other worlds, irradiating this!
Then VERULAM in richest splendour bright,
And UFTON, aerial spirit of delight!
LYNDHURST, with aspect noble and commanding,
HOPE!—and the beauteous *debutante* Miss BRANDLING!
Majestic JERSEY, in attractions pride,
With laughing NEWBURGH romping at her side!
Such are the brilliants that splendidly gleam,
In the rainbow COURT OF FASHION'S QUEEN!
And such are the beauties that wait on her reign,
Shedding beams of rich brilliancy o'er her domain!
Welcome, her witcheries entrancing,
Spells of rapture wildly glancing:—
Let the harps be strung, and the joy-songs sung,
And homage devout flow from every tongue!

F

Come, to the gorgeous diamond throne,
Where the blue-eyed QUEEN reigns in glory, *alone!*
Bring your tributes, with rapture fraught,
And bow at the shrine of FASHION'S COURT!

THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

" 'Tis not the ermin'd robe, the jewell'd crown,
The gilded sceptre and the couch of down,
The host of guards, the courtier's bending gait,
The palace pomps, the pride of costly state,
Which earliest win, or which the soonest move
A kingdom's reverence and a people's love :
But 'tis a generous potency of sway,
A rule as open as the cloudless day,
A noble feeling, and an assiduous care,
A heart that listens to his subjects' prayer,
And so directs the hospitable hand
Which scatters blessings o'er its suppliant land :—
These, more the outward shews adorn, the throne,
And these belong to *him who rules our own!*"

CAREY.

Although it would be very satisfactory, because most congenial to our feelings, frequently to witness its truth, it is still most encouraging to hear that the general health of his MAJESTY is exceedingly good; and that since verdure again begins to reign, and the land and waters are no longer bound up with the frost, he is enabled to resume his usual excursions.

It is satisfactory to know, yet, at the same time, grievous is it to feel, that many ebullitions of bad heartedness, not to assert of party spirit, may, in all probability, deter the Sovereign from commencing, as soon as he may otherwise be inclined to do, the pageantries of state, and the beneficial events of court ceremony and parade; still, we trust, his great mind will shake from it all feelings which tend to any delay in the advantageous occurrences to which, in anticipatory conviction of their being so truly calculated to benefit the town *and its trade*, we, upon all convenient occasions, are anxious to refer. It is not because the sight of a congregated nobility, arrayed in the most splendid costumes which wealth could procure, taste and fancy select, skill and ability fashion, is goodly to behold; but it is, that the procuration, the *making up of such costumes*, the *apparalling such equipages*, give employment to the *manufacturer and the tradesman of our country*. When they are severally engaged in their useful or intricate professions; where *payment is made to talent, remuneration to honest industry, the industry and the talent of our native soil*, then shall it go well with all; and politicians be compelled to cease their carplings relative to our distresses being "universal" or "partial." Let his MAJESTY consider this, and we shall again become a *happy*, as we ever shall be, we trust, a *united people*.

THE LIFE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

" Here, too, is honour due and fairly paid,
Since we can mark these PRINCES justly pass
Adown the road of life, and jostling those

Who do become their fellow passengers,
But, like good hosts, we meet across our way,
Refreshment tender to the pilgrim host."—S.

Of the ROYAL FAMILY, the personage who is probably engrossing most of public attention, just at this period, is Prince LEOPOLD, since no less than the Sovereignty of Greece appears destined for, or has been offered to him. As, however, we have not, in this place, much in common with the politics of monarchs or ministers, the circumstance and rumour is mentioned as a cause for expressing regrets at any probability existing of so great a supporter of the elegant amusements and recreations of life, as is the Prince, being lost to the fashionable world; even though his influence be the means of benefiting a country once radiant with the glory of arts and arms, but now sunk and withering beneath the vassalage of ignorance, obstinacy, and superstition: others may be spared, but he of Saxe-Coburg, in our estimation, cannot.

Of the generality of the members of the Royal House little of public interest, at present, presses upon us; rides, drives, calls, and occasional family rather than extended banquets, appear, as yet, to fill up the measure of their holiday hours; indeed, the same causes which detained *beau* and *belle* to their chambers and fire-sides, namely, the inclemency of the weather, must have operated to imprison Royalty to its palace, and restrained its influences to a comparatively restricted compass. The filling of the town, however, the influx of families, the softening dawn of the weather, the increase of amusements, and the share of patronage expected from them, will, without doubt, cause our Princes to commingle in fellowship with those who are admitted to their society; and, to increase the splendours of Fashion, by becoming themselves the leaders and chief ornaments of it.

ON DITS OF FASHION.

ANOTHER ALMACK'S! We understand, and our able cotemporary, *The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion*, represents the report as authentic,—that the establishment of another Almack's in this metropolis has been proposed by a noble lady, of considerable distinction in fashionable circles. The proposition arose from the circumstance of Willis's rooms not being sufficiently extensive to entertain the desired number of distinguished people of *ton*, who, in consequence, find it so difficult to procure admission there. The establishment of "another *Almack's*" would remove all the inconveniences that are at present experienced, and would, moreover, open a new source of gratification to the fashionable world. We fear, however, from certain hints which we have heard of the *irresolution* of the noble proposer of this project, that it will not be carried into execution; it is, however, to be hoped, that some other individual among the *élite*, will encourage so desirable an establishment.

The MAZURKA will be the chief novelty at *Almack's* this season, where it is expected to divide fashionable attention with the far-famed gallopade, if not entirely supersede it. The *beau monde* are certainly highly indebted to his grace of DEVONSHIRE, for the introduction of so many agreeable dances, and which have become so popular. The *Mazurka*, like its predecessor, is of German origin, and was first introduced to this country by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, at

an entertainment given by him at Brighton, where it was received with enthusiasm; it has since become universally popular.

The spirited Lady MARY DEERHURST, is riding about the public streets of Rome, attired in a Turkish dress, with full trowsers; attended by her daughter, in similar costume. Her ladyship continues frequently on horseback for sixteen hours in the day, and absolutely astonishes her attendants by her unfatigued perseverance. It will be recollected that this lady eloped with Viscount DEERHURST, and that a few years after their marriage they were legally separated; since that period Lady MARY has lived in Italy, enjoying a splendid fortune, and characterized by many singular peculiarities.

MERIC LALANDE is dividing the attention of the Lombards with Madame PASTA; the admirers of each vocalist have formed themselves into parties, and the rivalry is carried to an extreme height. LALANDE has made a decided hit in the character of *Elisabetta*, in Rossini's opera of that name, and consequently the enthusiasm of her admirers is great. We are anxious for the appearance of this eminent singer, that we may, *ourselves*, judge the merits of her performances. She is detained at Milan by a very peculiar and *interesting* circumstance.

The opera begins to have a very gay and animated appearance as the numerous fashionables return to town for the season. We have noticed, at some of the late performances, the amiable COWPER family, including the agreeable little Lady FANNY, who seems destined to make as many conquests in after years, as her beautiful sister Lady EMILY: the TANKERVILLE'S, FITZROY SOMERSET'S, Lord and Lady WORCESTER, Lady SEFTON and her charming daughters, the fascinating Lady AGAR ELLIS, Lady GRANVILLE and daughter, Lady GLENGALL, Lady GUILDFORD, Lady WESTMEATH, Lady BLANCHE HOWARD, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lords ARTHUR and MARCUS HILL, and other eminent *distingues*.

We can encourage no expectations of HEINFITTER for the opera, as we understand that she intends going to Italy for several years; we, however, think the latter portion of this communication rather apocryphal. MALIBRAN will be in town in the course of the month; she is at present delighting the Parisians by her exquisite performance in *La Gazza Ladra*. She will appear in that opera, we believe, upon her appearance in London, in rivalry to Miss PATON.

SCRIBE is translating Lord GLENGALL'S comedy of *Follies of Fashion*: MARS, we hear, is to play the character so ably delineated at Drury Lane by Miss MORDAUNT. SONTAG is travelling upon the continent, giving occasional concerts. It is said that she has applied for a *divorce*, being united to the Count DE ROSSI by a civil contract only: if this report is authentic, SONTAG is soon tired of her "blushing honours." Little NINA SONTAG is at Berlin, where she has been some months, studying for the stage. From the agreeable talents which this pretty little vocalist appeared to possess when she appeared in London, we anticipate much from her steady devotion to study. Lord GLENGALL is at present engaged upon another comedy, which, we understand, is to be brought out at Covent Garden, his lordship being desirous of giving both theatres the benefit of his exquisite talents. VELLUTI is playing at *Brescia*; he appeared in his favorite part in *Il Crociato*. PAGANINI is expected in Paris; he is at present staying at Frankfort. Some fearful insinuations have lately been cir-

culated respecting this celebrated violinist and his late wife, which we are happy to learn are altogether false.

The young and handsome Lady POWERSCOURT is *sermonizing* at Brussels, literally so; a great number of people assemble to hear her religious lectures, which she delivers with all the fervour of inspiration! The service commences with a hymn by her ladyship, accompanied by herself on the piano-forte: then comes the *sermon*, which lasts from one to two hours, and concludes with another hymn, in which all the congregation join. We extremely regret that such valuable talents as her ladyship possesses should be so misapplied.

Sentence of separation has been passed in the Consistorial Court between Lord and Lady ELLENBOROUGH; no opposition was offered on the part of her ladyship, and the case has been carried into the House of Lords, for the purpose of procuring a divorce. The same sentence was also passed in the case of Mrs. CALCRAFT, the *ci-devant* Miss LOVE.

Masquerades must revert to their former system, and be confined to the upper classes, or the mass of low and abandoned people now poured into them must be coerced to an abstinence from personal violence and depredation, from which even the last Masquerade was very far from being free. The admissions to the old Masquerades, at the Pantheon, were two guineas, which, considering the then value of money and the habits of the people, may be considered equal to four guineas at present. But these tickets were *bond fide* sold, and whilst the few hired characters performed their parts separate from the company, no professional persons were admitted gratis, except those of the highest rank for wit and humour, and whose good conduct made them welcome guests at the houses of people of fashion. It was then that Masquerades were frequented by such men as Charles Fox, Sheridan, General Fitzpatrick, the old Dukes of Devonshire, Beaufort, Dorset, Bedford, Rutland, and Ancaster, his present Majesty, and his royal brothers, with Colonel Doyle, Captain Halliday, George Hanger, the Berkleys and Barrymores, and Hewardine, the prince of Bacchanalian Apollos. The Margravine was sure to have her splendid *Coterie*, whilst the lovely Duchess of Devonshire was the admired of all beholders, attracting the attention of Fox, and the wits and gallant spirits of fashion. Delpini conducted the Carnival part, whilst such eminent theatrical characters as Foot, Edwin, Bannister, Suet, Kelly, Henderson, and Vestris, with two or three of the principal dancers, and the chief singers, not omitting Mrs. Billington, and Lady Hamilton, poured forth their humour, their wit, and their harmony, till the scene was one of enchantment. Some few stray characters would gain a stealthy entrance, such as Major Semple; but Townsend was on the alert, and even the young nobility, the Seymours, the Benticks, and Beaulerks, who quaffed too much of the nectar, evinced their spirit, and played their pranks.

There is a new magazine opened in Regent Street, No. 274, where they produce many articles of dress in the best taste, at a most reasonable rate. Our readers will thank us for this indication, which will enable them to view the very remarkable figure of a Doorga, of the size of life, executed with such truth as to deceive every one into a belief of its reality. This statue, for which a high price has been offered, will in itself repay a visit.

The English Opera House is proposed to be re-erected in sufficient time to open by the 1st of July next! Mr. BEAZF-

LEV has undertaken to accomplish this difficult task. Although we have the highest opinion of Mr. Beazeley's abilities, we consider that it would be more prudent if the English Opera company were to perform at some other theatre during the ensuing season.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a very pretty little poem (with the initials C. G.), upon the subject of the tale of "*Rosalie, or the Lovers of Florence*," (published in the last number of the "World of Fashion,") highly complimentary to the abilities of the writer, and flattering to ourselves. We extremely regret that we have not room for its insertion; and beg to inform our fair correspondent, that it will be our earnest endeavour to render the *tales* we intend publishing in our future numbers, worthy the distinguished appellation of "beautiful," with which she characterizes "*Rosalie*."

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

La Migraine.

THE husbands of Paris are at this moment in despair; a disorder has broken out which defies the skill of the most experienced physicians, and what is very singular is, that wives only are subject to this terrible malady, which in England is called the sick head-ache, and in France has the name of the *migraine*.

It is very well known that common head-aches, hysterics and swoonings have had their day; and have been found very useful in the management of certain refractory folks called husbands: but it gave a lady some trouble to sham (beg pardon, the word slipped from my pen,) any of these disorders. The first required a dark room, a head tied up, and the Lord knows how many different kinds of remedies, from vinegar and water, up to the prescriptions of the best, because the most expensive physicians in Paris. Here hysterics tore the pretty frames of the fair practitioners of them, to pieces; and a swooning fit exposed a lady to be drenched with cold water, or to have her dress destroyed by her husband's inconsiderate hurry to bring her to herself.

But the *migraine*, the dear, convenient comfortable *migraine*, gives a lady no trouble at all. Thus it may be termed the queen of maladies; the aim at once the most agreeable, and the most terrible that can be employed against a husband.

We know that there are beings violent and indelicate, who being pretty well instructed in feminine arts, flatter themselves never to be conquered by them. Nevertheless, after all their efforts, all their reasonings, they finish by succumbing to the magic of these three words, "I have the *migraine*."

If a husband complains, if he hazards a reproach or observation; if he strives to oppose the power of that matrimonial malady, he is lost. His wife will never be without the *migraine*.

Imagine a young wife, reclining on a Grecian couch, her head languishingly laid on one of the cushions, her arm hanging down; a book at her feet, and a glass of *ptisan* before her. Now figure to yourself, her husband walking up and down with a stern air, and every time he turns upon his heel, the pretty patient shews him, by a slight contraction of her eye-brows, that the least noise fatigues her. At last, he calls up all his courage, and

enters his protest against the trick which he knows she is playing him, by this bold question,

"But have you really the *migraine*?"

At these words the young wife raises a little her languishing head, raises an arm, which falls again feebly on the couch; raises her eyes to the ceiling, and then turns them upon him, with a look of suffering, while she protests, in the feeblest tones, that she never was so ill in her life.

What can the husband answer? morose, churlish, suspicious as he may be, still he cannot help saying to himself, "But if she is really ill?"

Thus, most husbands evacuate the field of battle peacefully. The triumphant wife sees from the corner of her eye, her conquered spouse steal off on tiptoe, shutting the door as softly as possible after him. Thus the *migraine*, true or false, is instituted in the house. Then this convenient malady begins to play its part in the domestic affairs. Woe to the husband whose wife knows how to make a right use of it. She is sure with that resource alone to make her husband do what she pleases. The *migraine* takes *Madame* when it will, or when she will, and as often as she will. There are *migraines* of a week's duration, or of ten minutes; it is sometimes periodic, at others intermitting.

There are husbands, yes, incredible as the thing may appear, there are husbands even in France, who grumble at their wives going out alone. The wife, if she has common sense, does not contest the point, but she is suddenly seized with the *migraine*, she goes to bed, her chamber is darkened, the house must be kept profoundly quiet. The husband goes out, firmly believing that the *migraine* will keep his dear spouse at home. On his return, he is told she is absent. Presently she comes in as blooming as a rose. He begins to question, to reproach her, but his mouth is stopped by

"I was forced to send for the doctor, he ordered me to take exercise, I have done so, and now I am quite well."

If *Monsieur* would enter the chamber of *Madame*, when they are not upon the very best terms, her *femme de chambre* stops him with "oh, Sir, *Madame* has the *migraine*, I never saw her so ill in my life," and if the ill-bred husband will absolutely enter, the abigail places herself between him and the door with, "Indeed, Sir, the doctor says positively that *Madame* must not be disturbed."

There are various remedies, such as new carriages, diamond necklaces, Cachemire shawls, &c. &c., which may afford temporary relief in the paroxysms of this disorder, but unfortunately there is no radical cure for it. Thus, we must again repeat, woe to the husband into whose house it once finds entrance, he is its slave for the rest of his life.

They talk of the credulity of John Bull, but truly it is nothing compared to that of his Gallic neighbours, that is if *Monsieur* really believes what we are going to cite from a fashionable French Journal. Mademoiselle Sontag refused many brilliant offers before she accepted that of the Count de Rossi. The English ambassador, Clanwilliam, (these people will never learn to spell proper names) was among the number of her rejected adorers; it is well known that he bought a tooth brush, which belonged to the goddess of his idolatry, for which he gave the moderate price of 1,000 francs (40*l.*) He has since then very satisfactorily accounted for such a crazy proceeding, by going completely out of his senses.

A meeting of the most elegant women in Paris has lately been called to check the increase of WALL FLOWERS in ball-rooms. Several able speeches were made, and many methods proposed and rejected before the meeting came to the following resolution :

"Considering the gravity of the circumstances, and the disdain that the most agreeable men in Paris have this year affected for dancing, we are induced to come to the following resolution :

"In the hope that French courtesy so well known and so much renowned, will never permit a polite man to refuse the request of a lady : We reverse the old customs of the ball-room, which are neither suited to the exigencies of the times, nor to the march of intellect which so pre-eminently distinguishes the age, and we resolve that in future the ladies shall chuse and invite their partners."

A ball is not considered stillish without a *galop*, *galoppe*, or *galopade*. There is a perfect rage for this sort of dance, as there was in their time for *walse*, *marché*, *la russe* or *mazurka*, *la sauteuse*, *le cotillion*, &c.

Madame Pasta is engaged for some times at the theatre of Verona. The price of places is raised one-third for every night that she plays. Honours of all sorts have been showered upon her since her arrival in that town. A band of military music, and a crowd of brilliant equipages met her at some distance from the town, and accompanied her into it, in triumph. What absurd folly !!!

The Ball given at the Opera for the benefit of the poor at Paris was magnificent. The entrance and stair-cases were covered with carpets, and the choicest flowers were placed on each side. The King paid the expenses of the ball. It is difficult to give an idea of the extreme splendour of the scene. The boxes were full of ladies dressed with the utmost elegance. The pit was covered over, and joined to the stage; benches were placed at equal distances, with large intervals for dancing, and all round the theatre there were vacancies for the company to promenade. The orchestra was at the end of the stage; there was also another orchestra in an adjoining hall for dancing. Servants were constantly employed offering refreshments to every body. From the boxes the sight was very curious; it presented a moving scene of all nations congregated; there were persons of almost every class—peers, deputies, officers, tradesmen; English, Russian, German, and people from all parts of Europe. Some young females from Egypt, in rich dresses, promenaded amongst the crowd *en fracs* and tight pantaloons: they appeared quite enchanted with the *fête*; in fact, the tales of the Arabian Nights do not depict a more splendid ball. At half-past one o'clock the orchestra in the hall played some airs of the *galop*. The promenaders gave space and formed a passage for dancing, and the *galop* commenced with extreme gaiety. The DUKE DE CHARTRES was amongst the dancers. The ball was continued until between three and four o'clock in the morning.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Behold the bride in star-light lustre shine!"

MICKLE.

"Alas! they sink at length into the chilly grave."

MASON.

We have this month the pleasure to record, first in our list of smiles and tears, a matrimonial union between

JULIA, third daughter of Sir HENRY TICHBORNE, Bart., and the gallant Lieut.-Colonel TALBOT, of the third regiment of Foot Guards, and cousin to the Earl of SHREWSBURY. The nuptials were solemnized at *Tichborne House, Hants*, first by the Right Rev. Dr. BRANSTON, Roman Catholic Bishop, and afterwards by the Rev. SAMUEL STREET.

JOHN SAVILLE, Earl of MEXBOROUGH, Viscount POLINGTON, of *Longford*, quitted his earthly habitation, for another in the brighter world, on Wednesday, the 3d ult., at *Methley Park*, near Leeds. The family of the SAVILLES have resided in Yorkshire since the early part of the twelfth century. The whole of his Lordship's real and personal property has been bequeathed (with some trifling exceptions) to his only son, now Earl of MEXBOROUGH.

We have now to record a nuptial compact, which, from the very amiable qualities of the parties, may certainly be distinguished as a most happy one, not merely in the common acceptance of the words, but literally and truly so. CHARLOTTE MARY, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the late G. CORNISH, Esq., of *Salcombe Hill, Devon*, a young lady who is the delight and ornament of her family circle, has been united, at Salcombe, to the Hon. FREDERICK JOHN SHORE, second son of Lord TEIGNMOUTH, a gentleman whose merits appear to deserve the great honour which has been conferred on him.

At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, the lovely ROSINA NEILD, youngest daughter of the late JOSEPH NEILD, Esq., of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, has been happily united to the gallant Captain PATTON, of the 12th, only son of the late Admiral PATTON, a warrior who has often distinguished himself in the service of his country.

But the voice of joy must be superseded by the sighs of sorrow for the lamented demise of the Right Hon. Lord HENRY SEYMOUR, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Marquis of HERTFORD. His Lordship died on the 5th ult. at *Norris Castle*, in the Isle of Wight, an edifice which he spent many years in completing, and to which he retired in the early part of his life, after sitting but a very short time in Parliament. Although his Lordship preferred the seclusion of country life, to the pleasures and festivities of town, he had capabilities for a much more noble sphere of action. He was schoolfellow to the celebrated Mr. CHARLES FOX, and so very highly were his abilities thought of then, that his preceptor preferred him infinitely before the above-named politician.

It is now, with painful and peculiar feelings, that we record the decease of a nobleman, high in the favour of his MAJESTY, and respected and esteemed by all who had the honour of his Lordship's acquaintance. We allude to Lord GRAVES. It is not our province to seek into the occurrences of private life, nor to withdraw the veil from family affairs, which are so closely connected with this distressing event, for the purpose of repeating tales already too widely circulated. For some time past his Lordship had experienced a very delicate state of health, and the scandalous reports he continually heard repeated, added to the receipt of some disgraceful caricature prints, unfortunately produced that mental irritation which led to the melancholy event. We repeat, that it is not the province of *our work* to allude to any other circumstance connected with this lamentable occurrence, but we may add, that we have reason to believe every member of his Lordship's family are plunged in the deepest grief—one, particularly, is inconsolable for his loss.

The Hon. CHARLOTTE ARBUTHNOT, aunt of Viscount Ar-

BUTHNOT, has also quitted this sublunary scene, much lamented and universally respected. At *Fulford Park*, near Crediton, the Countess of St. GERMAINES also has ceased to belong to this troubled world.

We have the pleasure of stating, that the amiable Marchioness of LONDONDERRY has given birth to a daughter, at the Noble Lord's mansion, *Holderness House*, Park-lane.

The Lady GEORGINA RYDER, at Bath, and the Lady of Lieut.-Col. MARLEY, at the Earl of CHARLEVILLE'S, in Cavendish-square, have given birth to sons.

A variety of matrimonial unions are stated to be upon the *tapis*, among the most distinguished of which, we have the pleasure of giving publicity to that of Miss MELLISH with Lord EDWARD THYNNE, brother to the Duchess of BUCCLEUGH, which is expected to take place in the course of the month. Miss M. is in the immediate expectancy of 12,000l. a year, though at present her fortune averages only about 3000l. It is also said that the amiable granddaughter of the venerable Bishop of NORWICH will be led to the altar by Lord STEWART, eldest son of the Earl of CASTLE STEWART; and we also understand, that Capt. F. SPENCER. R. N., will be united to the amiable sister of the Marchioness of EXETER, Miss POYNZ. It is also said that Miss STEWART WORTLEY will be led to the altar by the Hon. Mr. TALBOT.

PARTIES AND BALLS.

"The splendid festivals of our splendid world."—MALLET.

The fashionable season has commenced with a degree of spirit which serves to encourage the most brilliant expectations; the *stars of the beau monde* are rapidly returning to the metropolis, where pleasure and festivity once more enjoy the delightful reign. The Dowager Marchioness of SALISBURY gave her first party for the season, on Wednesday 10th ult., at which upwards of 60 distinguished fashionables were present. Among the assemblage we had the pleasure of witnessing the Neapolitan and Bavarian Ambassadors, Lady and Lady EMILY COWPER, Lady COWLEY, and the Hon. Miss WELLESLEY, Hon. STEWART WORTLEY, Earl and Countess of VERRULAM, and Lady CATHERINE GRIMSTONE, the betrothed of the agreeable Lord MONSON, Earl and Countess of CLARENDON, and Lady ELIZABETH VILLIERS, &c.

On the same evening the doors of *Ashburnham House* were thrown open to an elegant assembly, upon the invitation of the Princess LIEVEN. A splendid dinner-party had been entertained by the Prince on the preceding Sunday. A brilliant ball was given by the Princess on Wednesday, 17th ult., at which many of the most distinguished fashionables assembled. Quadrilles were the chief attraction; indeed, we believe they were the only style of dancing introduced during the evening.

A musical *souée* was given at *Chandos House* on Monday, 8th ult., which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned considerable conversation in the fashionable world. The Duke of WELLINGTON has entertained several distinguished parties at *Apsley House*. A select party were entertained by Lord SEFTON, in Arlington-street, on Wednesday, 10th ult.

We must not omit to record the splendid festivities that have been celebrated at *Warwick Castle*, and its vicinity, upon the occasion of Lord MONSON, son of the Noble Earl and Countess of WARWICK, completing his twenty-first

year. The entertainments were of a nature that will long be remembered in the neighbourhood of Warwick Castle, and in all surrounding parts of the country.

Magnificent festivities have also attended the coming of age of W. MERRYWEATHER, Esq., at *Kempsey*. The varied entertainments concluded with an elegant fancy ball and masquerade; and theatrical representations, by Captains BURROUGHES and WILDE, Messrs. COSTLEY, MERRYWEATHER, and SIMONS, and Mrs. WILLIAMS, a lady of great dramatic talent.

THE DRAMA.

"The DRAMA is the most refined pleasure of a polished people."

Semiramide was the first performance at the KING'S THEATRE, which threw open its doors for the season to the fashionable world, on Saturday, February 5th. We attended a repetition of this opera, on the ensuing Tuesday, but the thinness of the audience, and the very mediocre nature of the performance, created *ennui* and dissatisfaction. BLAIS in *Semiramide* was very ineffective; she made a great noise certainly, and threw her mantle about very furiously, but we sought in vain for the beautiful expression, the powerful grandeur and the delicious melody of that unparalleled representative of the Assyrian queen, the star of whose genius, will not, we are told, irradiate our present season. Madame PETRALIA made her debut in the part of *Arace*, a performance which does not give much promise for the future; her *Giorno d'orrore* with Mademoiselle BLAIS was a complete failure. SANTINI, the new bass, is a singer of considerable power, his *Assur* was forcible and effective, both as regards his singing and acting the character; he delivered the defiance to *Arace* with great spirit, and obtained much well deserved applause. Among the audience we recognized the newly united couple, Mr. MAXSE, and the late Lady C. FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY.

DONZELLI has been giving a very fine performance of *Otello*, with the *Desdemona* of BLAIS, who displayed much more feeling and ability in this character than in *Semiramide*; she gave the beautiful aria *Misera qual tumulto*, with brilliancy and sweetness, and her performance throughout was extremely promising and praiseworthy. We must reprobate the practice of calling for the chief performers after the opera, to receive the applauses of the audience; on this evening, it had a very ludicrous effect; DONZELLI and BLAIS, after being "done to death" behind the curtain, start at once into life, and instantly appear smilingly before it, to the admiration of a delighted audience!—Leaders of fashion, "reform it altogether."

The ballet department is very inefficient; ATHALIE, FREDERIC and PERROT, are good dancers, but we want better; they can be procured. JULIA VARENNES has reappeared, after a long absence; she is the only one in the company deserving of particular notice.

DRURY LANE.—*La Fiancée*, with the whole of AUBER's very pretty music, has been produced at this theatre under the title of *The National Guard, or Bride and no Bride*. LISTON, FARREN and Madame VESTRIS sustain the principal characters with spirit and effect. Miss BARTOLOZZI has reappeared, but with very equivocal success; she ought to apply more devotedly to study. SINCLAIR

sings some pretty airs very pleasingly. The opera has been very successful, and in consequence, it has been the only novelty of the month. The *Pantomime* maintains its successful career.

Mr. KEAN was compelled to retire from his profession for some days, in consequence of indisposition; according to custom, the audience were disappointed in *Othello* one evening, and WALLACK (a very clever performer), was compelled to sustain the character. Mr. KEAN, has, however, re-appeared, and has played *Richard* and *Shylock*, to crowded audiences; Miss PHILLIPS sharing the applause with Mr. KEAN in the *Merchant of Venice*, by her admirable performance of *Portia*.*

COVENT GARDEN.—A terrific melo-drama under the startling appellation of *Robert the Devil*, has been produced here successfully. G. BENNETT plays the character of the hero, and a most ferocious and fearful personage he makes him; so powerfully indeed does Mr. BENNETT enact the daring duke, that we sincerely advise any lady of a nervous temperament to debar herself the gratification of the performance; our own head aches at the mere remembrance of Mr. BENNETT's thundering roar. Mrs. VINING displays great ability; her statue scene is one of the finest exhibitions of the kind we ever saw. KEELEY is laughable, and Miss CAWSE very pretty, but she *knows* it. BAUNETT composed the music, which is appropriate and pleasing.

The principal attraction of the month, has been an adaptation by BISHOP to the English stage, of ROSSINI's *Gazza Ladra*, with Miss PATON for the *Ninetta*. Public opinion has already obtained for this delightful performance, the greatest popularity, and we have only to add our testimonials of admiration to the many critical encomiums that have already been passed upon it. The *Ninetta* of Miss PATON, is unquestionably the very finest musical performance of the English stage, and, with but very small exception, of foreign ones. The powers of voice which our vocalist develops, her beautiful modulation and sweetness of expression, her delicacy and brilliancy of execution, rise in powerful and fearful rivalry to the eminent abilities of MALIBRAN and SONTAG, and even challenging the competition of PASTA, *the divine*! In the most difficult and intricate passages of ROSSINI's music, the abilities of Miss PATON were eminently conspicuous; she executed every division of vocal expression with accurate and beautiful effect, and the delicious style in which she ran from the height of her voice down to its lowest note, was exquisite and excellent.

“ ————— Like a rich stream

That leaps and gushes from the mountain rock,
Bounding from stage to stage in progress pure,
Sparkling by starts, irregularly grand,
Until it sunk on its reposing base,
And mingled with the tide of harmony!”

Mr. WOOD is far more effective in simple ballad singing, (a style in which he is unequalled by the finest singers of

the day, and we make no exception,) than in the arduous intricacies of ROSSINI: his performance of *Adolphe*, however is very respectable. G. PENSION executes his music in a very scientific and creditable manner, and a Mr. MORLEY, who made a first appearance as *Delande*, appears to possess abilities of the highest order: he is, however, rather too pedantic; he has a fine bass voice, but he makes too great a *show* of the depth of which it is susceptible. The talented Miss H. CAWSE is an admirable *Petit Jacques*, and KEELEY a very humorous *Blaisot*. The two last-named characters are formed from the original part of *Pippo*, which our VESTRIS used to play so delightfully.

A farce, called *Teddy the Tiler*, is being played very frequently: the humour of the piece consists of an Irish labourer introducing himself to the apartments of a nobleman, attiring himself in his clothes, and being, in consequence, mistaken for his lordship. It is an agreeable trifle, and gives POWER an opportunity of displaying some very admirable acting.

The unfortunate destruction of the ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, at which theatre the French comedians had commenced their season with considerable success, precludes the necessity of any critical remarks. We may, however, observe, that the acting of POTIER excited the highest admiration, while LAPORTE and PELISSIE, IRMA, and ST. ANGE, contributed greatly to the success of the various performances. The principal dramas produced, were, *Le Centenaire*, *Le Conscrit*, *Antoine ou les Trois Generations*,* *Le Beneficiere*, *Le Ci-devant Jeune Homme*, and *Les Trois Quartiers*.

A very low and vulgar drama, of the Tom and Jerry school, has been produced at the ADELPHI, under the title of *The Heart of London, or a Sharper's Progress*. We understand the Lord Chamberlain's licenser of plays refused to sanction the performance of this drama, which was originally called *Newgate, or the Progress of Vice*; but an appeal being made to the Duke of Montrose, his lordship merely altered the title, and granted the required license. The piece depicts the most dark and fearful of human passions, and many of its scenes introduce the vilest classes of society. The acting is good, the delineation of Mr. YATES being particularly fine; but the drama itself is too revolting to obtain distinguished favor.

The Surrey has also produced a drama in which thieves and ruffians are the principal characters represented. This affair is denominated *Van Dieman's Land, or Natives and Settlers*. There is not much immorality, however, in this “extravaganza,” (as the managers justly term it) since by a very funny, but very agreeable dramatic license, all the felons that are introduced upon the scene, appear in the *demonium* to have been transported *innocently*! Now we are aware that this was the only resource of the author to bring his piece to any satisfactory termination, but at the same time he must have been equally aware, that he was penning a very severe satire upon English courts of justice. The scenery is good, and the acting tolerable. OSBALDISTON is not only the “terror of Van Dieman's land,” but of all the naughty little children in the vicinity of St. George's Fields; we understand that this performer's name is universally used by the nurse women in that elegant region, to frighten their tender charges to repose.

* From the highly interesting memoir of this fine actress, published in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE OF FASHION, for this month, we learn that she was born at Chelsea, in December, 1812, consequently is now only *seventeen years of age*. A detailed critical investigation of the merits of this young actress is appended to the memoir, which contains, also, much curious information.

* A translation of this piece is in rehearsal at Drury Lane. Mr. FARREN plays the character sustained by POTIER. We shall speak further of it in our next.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of blue *gros de Tours*. The *corsage* is cut very low, the back sets close to the shape, the centre of the bust is also plain, but the sides are disposed in folds; it is finished round the top with a full fall of blond lace, headed by a double quilling of blond net. The sleeve is of the double *béret* form, it is terminated by a fall of blond lace. The trimming of the skirt is very broad blond lace, disposed in waves; it is headed by a rouleau of the same material as the dress, interspersed with *nauds*. The hair is much parted on the forehead, dressed in a profusion of light full curls on each side, and very high behind. The *coiffure* consists of a bird of Paradise placed on the left side, and a superb bandeau of gold and pearls.

A BRIDAL DRESS.

A white lace dress over a white satin slip. The *corsage* is cut low and square, and made to set close to the shape. The bust is trimmed round with a double fall of blond lace, so arranged as to form *mancherons*. The sleeve extremely short and full is terminated by a double fall of blond lace, which reaches to the elbow. A large satin rouleau borders the dress, and is surmounted by a very deep trimming composed of satin, and edged with narrow blond lace. We refer to our print for the form of this truly unique and elegant trimming. The hair is dressed in very full bows intermingled with platted bands behind, and in large curls on the forehead. A superb lace veil is confined to the back of the head by a wreath of orange flowers, which is brought across the crown of the head, and mingles with the bows of hair. The necklace, bracelets, and earrings, are of massive gold.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—NO. 58.

SPANISH.

The very name of the country from whence this costume is taken, conjures up a host of opposite ideas. We recall the tilts and tournaments, in which her sons distinguished themselves by their magnificence, and the chivalrous bravery with which they hazarded life and limb to obtain the smiles of their lady loves; and while we contrast Spain as she then was, great and powerful in Europe, with her, as she now is, degraded from her rank among nations, we ask ourselves whether the degeneracy of her children may not be said to be their misfortune rather than their fault. The dress that has thus for a moment diverted our thoughts from the duties of our office, is composed of a short petticoat of black silk, made excessively full, and finished near the edge of the skirt by a platted silk trimming of a very dark shade of grey. Over a cambric

bodice, made very full, and coming nearly to the throat, is another of purple silk, ornamented in front with green riband. A short loose sleeve over a long cambric one, the latter fastened at the wrists with riband. Bows of riband are also attached to the upper sleeve, the long ends of which are fastened to the cambric sleeve nearly at the elbow. The apron, from each side of which depends a long end of riband, is also of white cambric. The hair is fastened up with bows of riband behind, and a small black silk hat is brought very low upon the forehead, and fastened under the chin. The buskins are of the palest yellow leather, laced with green.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the *coiffure* of the evening-dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of FIG. 3.

FIG. 3.—The hair is very much parted on the forehead, and arranged in a profusion of large curls, which fall low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is disposed in two butterfly bows on the summit of the head. A large bouquet of fancy flowers surmounts the bows, and a single flower placed underneath one of them falls on one side at the back of the head. A bandeau of emeralds set in gold is brought low upon the forehead.

PLATE THE SECOND.

FIRST FIGURE.—A BALL-DRESS.

A Chambray gauze dress over a satin slip to correspond; the colour is bird of Paradise. The *corsage* is draped and very low. The *ceinture* fastens in front with short bows and long ends, finished with feather fringe. Full short sleeves with most tasteful epaulettes of blond lace. The skirt is trimmed in a very novel style with the material of the dress, and three large roses, which correspond in colour with the gown, ornament the front of the skirt; they are placed on detached parts of the trimming; one rose, with a cluster of buds, is placed on the left side of the bosom. The hair is dressed uncommonly high behind, and adorned with a single rose surrounded with a profusion of buds and foliage.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.

A white crape dress, *corsage à la Caroline*; it is elegantly finished as well as the *mancherons* with embroidery in coloured silks. The skirt is trimmed with a broad *bias* of white crape cut in the drapery style at the upper edge, and finished with one deep fold of white satin, and two smaller ones of bird of Paradise colour. A wreath of flowers is embroidered on the *bias*, and immediately above it a large bouquet ornaments the centre of the dress. Head-dress a *béret* of striped satin gauze, brought down

3



*Newest Fashions for March, 1830.
Ball and Evening Dresses.*



Newest Fashions for March, 1830.
Evening and Bridal Dresses.

Costumes of All Nations. N^o 48.

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*Finest Fashions for March 1830.
Dinner & Ball Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for March 1830.
Evening & Fashionable Head Dresses.*

in a point on the forehead, and the fulness of the front looped in the centre with a large rouleau of the same material. Gold-earrings and bracelets.

A SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *Velours d'Ispahan*, of a bright cherry colour with a very light black pattern. *Corsage à la Marino Fuliero* over one of white satin with a full tucker of blond lace, which stands up round the bust. The under sleeve is of white satin, the upper ones are lined with satin and looped with cameos. The skirt is bordered at the upper edge of the hem by a rouleau. The hair is dressed in large curls on the temples, and high bows on the summit of the head: it is ornamented with rose colour riband beautifully embroidered in silver, and silver *esprits*.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the above head-dress.

FIG. 2.—A green velvet turban spotted with gold. The material is arranged in voluminous folds, in the centre of which is placed a bird of Paradise, whose plumage falls gracefully to the left side.

PLATE THE THIRD.

DINNER AND BALL DRESSES. FIRST FIGURE—A DINNER DRESS.

A dress of *gros d'Orient*; it is a dark cherry red, with a mixture of black; the corsage is arranged in drapery across the bosom by a richly wrought gold clasp; a trimming of the same material goes round the bust, and is disposed in three deep points upon each shoulder. Long sleeve of white *gaze de Paris* over a short white satin sleeve, of extreme fulness; the long sleeve is arranged *en bouillon*, by white satin bands and *nœuds*, which confine it to the arm in three places. The skirt is trimmed *en pattes*, which are corded with satin, and arranged in a wreath at the upper edge of the hem. Head-dress a white satin hat; the crown is ornamented with ostrich feathers and *nœuds* of white gauze riband; a single *nœud*, with one very long end, is placed on the inside of the brim.

CENTRE FIGURE—BALL DRESS.

A white lace dress over white satin; the corsage is full, and trimmed round the bust *à l'enfant*. Lace sleeve, of the oriental form, over an extremely short satin one. White satin ceinture, with long pointed ends, finished with blond lace: the trimming of the skirt consists of a single lace flounce, of uncommon depth. Head-dress, a rose coloured crape hat, one side of the brim of which is cut out in large *dents*, through which the feathers that trim the crown protrude; there are two white ostrich plumes placed in different directions round the crown; *nœuds* of black and rose colour gauze riband ornament the inside of the brim.

SECOND BALL DRESS.

A dress of white *gaze de Chambéry*, over white satin; corsage *à la Madame*; the lappels are edged with narrow blond lace, headed by gold guimp; a row of blond lace stands up round the corsage, and a very full fall of rich blond lace terminates the *béret* sleeve. A gold fringe, with a white and gold open-work head, encircles the waist; the head forms the *ceinture*. The trimming of the skirt is an embroidery, in vine leaves, of dark green and gold. *Coiffure à la Madame*; the flowers which ornament it are a mixture of gold and silver.

FASHIONABLE HEAD DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Back view of figure 2.

FIG. 2.—A pink crape *toque*, adorned with gauze ribands and ostrich feathers, of a corresponding colour. The part next the face is formed of *rouleaux* interlaced.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the dinner hat.

FIG. 4.—A back view of the bust of the second ball dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.—(a back view of the next figure.)

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—(centre figure.)

A dress of rose-coloured crape over a satin slip to correspond. The *corsage* sits close to the shape behind; it is disposed in drapery folds across the bosom; they are fastened by a *cameo*, to which is attached two rows of gold chains, that extend to the *ceinture*. White satin *béret* sleeve, of excessive fulness, the lower part of the sleeve is rose satin, it is tight to the elbow, from whence it rises in four points over the upper sleeve. A single fall of very rich blond lace forms the trimming of the skirt. The head-dress is composed of Persian gauze, figured with gold; it is arranged in two *ailes du moulin*, and adorned with two birds of paradise. Ear-rings, &c. &c. massive gold. Sable boa tippet, the ends of which are united by the head and tail of a serpent in gold.

THIRD EVENING DRESS.—(a back view of the whole-length figure.)

FOURTH EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *Vert Americain satin royal*, the *corsage* has a very little fulness across the bosom, which is arranged in a few small plaits, by a rouleau of the same material, placed longitudinally; the bust is ornamented with a fall of blond lace, disposed *à l'enfant*. *Béret* sleeve, terminated *en manchette*, with blond lace to correspond with the bosom. The trimming of the skirt consists of rouleaux arranged in *dents de soie*, they are interlaced in a very novel manner. The head-dress is a velvet *béret*, the colour is *rose du Par-nasse*; it is ornamented with a mixture of silver rouleaux, white gauze riband, and white ostrich feathers.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the head-dress immediately above it.

FIG. 2.—A turban *à la Juive*, of gold tissue, the colour is crimson, ornamented with a bird of paradise, the plumage of which, rising from the centre of the folds in the back, waves over the left side of the turban.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the head-dress above it.

FIG. 4.—A *béret* of blue gauze *du Japon*, ornamented with draperies of the same material, finished with silver fringe; these draperies adorn the crown in such a manner, that one falls considerably over the brim, the other is pendant from the back of the crown. A full *nœud* of gauze riband is placed under the brim on one side, and six long curled ostrich feathers decorate the crown.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1830.

Again inconstant goddess we do homage at thy shrine, and record those ordinances to which thy lovely votaries conform with a zeal and devotion worthy of thy sacred cause. Yes, each day thy magic influence is more strongly

felt, and in this increase of thy power, it is but just, that we, who were the first devotedly to uphold it, should experience as we do by the increasing sale of our work, the reward of our zeal in thy service. Thanks to thy gracious inspirations, our pages can never be deficient in novelty and interest, admitted as we are into thy temple, thy very *sanctum sanctorum*, in Cleveland Row, where surrounded, and even in despite of *notre sagesse*, dazzled by thy magic invention, we can hardly tell amidst so many *merveilles de la mode*, which to select for the gratification of our fair subscribers.

Mais commençons avec le commencement.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The most novel carriage-hats have the crown in the form of a helmet. One of the prettiest is of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with the same material, and an intermixture of blond lace; the *nœuds* are alternately of satin and blond lace, in the form of *ailes du moulin*.

Bonnets of the *demi capote* form are in great favour, one of these composed of bird of Paradise coloured satin, and trimmed with an intermixture of white feathers, gauze riband, and blond lace, struck us as remarkably elegant and becoming.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—This is not the moment for new dresses in this department, but taste and invention have given much novelty to the trimmings of mantles and pelisses. Some of the first, composed of satin, are elegantly finished with velvet, and fastened down the front with satin bows of a very novel form, or gold ornaments. Others have the mantle cape and collar bordered *en rouleau* with swansdown. A good many pelisses that have the *corsage* made in the habit style, are also trimmed with this delicate fur. Some velvet ones are tastefully adorned with black satin rouleaus, and black blond lace; there is nothing more elegant than this style of trimming.

DRESSES.—Velvet, satin, and crape are the materials most in favour in full dress. The bodies of dresses continue to be cut very low, and are in general much ornamented. The large sleeves of satin or velvet dresses are always of blond lace, or rich gauze, and made extremely wide, or if the long sleeve is of the same material as the dress, it is nearly tight, and surmounted by an epaulette *à la belle Paule*, or a sleeve in *béret*, or double *béret*; the greater number of the *béret* sleeves are finished with blond lace.

The tunic form continues in the highest favour in grand costume; a superb dress of this kind is composed of white crape, trimmed round with gold fringe; a Grecian border embroidered in gold serves as a head to the fringe. The under dress is in white *gros des Indes*, embroidered round the bottom in a Grecian border to correspond with that on the tunic, but much deeper.

BALL-DRESS.—Never were the fair votaries of Terpsichore attired with such splendour, taste, and invention as at present. Crape, tulle, and various rich gauzes are the materials employed for dresses. Blond is much used to ornament the *corsage* and sleeves. We have seen some dresses which had the back part of the bust, and as far as the shoulder in front trimmed with blond lace, it is set moderately full round the back, but excessively so on the shoulder, where it fastens with a cameo, diamond, or pearl *agraffe*.

We select the following from a number of beautiful trimmings. A dress of vapour crape embroidered just above the hem in a wreath of flowers and foliage of different

shades of green; the flowers and leaves are bordered with a narrow gold *filet*, which corresponds with their stalks that are also of gold.

The trimming of a white crape dress is composed of bouquets of leaves, embroidered in granite silk, and intermingled with branches of jessamine, embroidered in silver.

A blue crape dress is bordered just above the hem, with three twisted rouleaus of blue crape and silver. Three double bouquets of foliage united in the centre by a silver ornament adorn the skirt. One is placed just above the right knee on the trimming, and the two others at some distance above it in a bias direction. Flowers, and a mixture of flowers and ribands, are also very generally used for trimmings. A beautiful white tulle dress of this latter description is finished round the edge of the skirt with a row of rose-colour riband, embroidered in white; a *biais* of tulle reaches above the knee, where it terminates with a satin rouleau. The ceinture is of embroidered riband, and from each side of it, at some distance from each other, two long ends of riband, terminated by *nœuds*, are pendant: bouquets of roses are inserted in the *nœuds*; the *béret* sleeve is also finished by three bouquets of roses placed horizontally.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Turbans have lost nothing of their attraction this month; the most novel as well as beautiful are of gold or silver gauze; they offer a perfect imitation of Indian and Persian gauzes. Turbans of the Oriental form composed of these gauzes, are in great favour, they are called turbans *à la Sultane*.

Crape, velvet, and satin seem to be nearly in equal favour for dress hats; one of the most elegant that we have lately seen, has just appeared; it is of azure blue velvet, with a low crown, and a brim entirely round and very much turned up on one side; the plumage of a bird of Paradise disposed *en aigrette*, was placed under this part of the brim, and a corresponding *aigrette* ornamented the upper part of the crown on the opposite side. A hat of rose colour crape is adorned in a singular but very tasteful manner, with the plumage of a bird of Paradise; placed upon the brim on the left side, and under the brim on the right is a bouquet composed of seven marabouts.

Blond lace caps continue in favour; there is an endless variety in their trimmings. The cauls of several caps are formed of twisted riband, arranged in a kind of net, the meshes of which are sometimes large enough to suffer bows of hair to protrude. We must observe that the crowns of some turbans are arranged something in a similar manner.

Bérets are also in great favour; some are adorned in the most costly manner, others are without any ornament. A very elegant one has just appeared composed of black velvet, and decorated with two wreaths of roses; the one went from the left temple across the inside of the brim to the right side, the other was placed opposite to it.

The ball head-dresses consist of wreaths of feathers, which when properly placed have a bewitching effect. *Coiffures* composed of blond lace only, or of blond lace intermixed with flowers and gauze; gauze riband, which mingled with flowers or feathers, forms the most fascinating head-dress imaginable.

The colours most in request are rose, vapour, azure blue, and various shades of green, citron, and lavender.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS & BONNETS.—Many walking bonnets are now composed of *gros de Naples*, and lined and trimmed with silk plush. Velvet bonnets are still in favour; those for the morning walk are generally trimmed with the same material, only it is always arranged in *navade*, but this month they are of a more moderate size, and fewer in number than last month.

Capotes of white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed with an intermixture of the same material, and white satin are also in request for the promenade.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Notwithstanding the severity of the winter is now over, our *élégantes* seem unwilling to lay aside their mantles; cloth and velvet ones, however, are beginning to be laid aside; those of Cachemire and satin are more in favour. Many of these are lined and trimmed with swansdown. A still greater number are trimmed, but not lined, with this fur. The trimming is always very broad. Mantles of striking colours, either embroidered or printed *en colonne*, or else those with a plain ground, and an embroidery of palms, or arabesques, round the border, are most in request. We have, however, seen upon some very fashionable women, mantles trimmed with the skin of the Russian fox.

Dresses for the promenade are either of velvet or satin; the favorite colours are deep blue and *grenat*. The trimming is generally a very broad band of velvet, if the dress be satin; if it is of velvet, then the trimming is Chinchilla.

We have seen, in three different quarters, ladies in black satin or velvet pantaloons, trimmed with a band of Chinchilla or sable.

Muffs are still in request, and *boa* tippets are universally adopted. Many *élégantes* have gold clasps at the ends of their *boas*, in the form of the head and tail of a serpent.

DRESSES.—The materials for half-dress are, with the exception of gold and silver stuffs, and trimmings, quite as elegant and expensive as those of *grande parure*. The pelisse form continues most in favour in half-dress. We have seen some white satin dresses of this description, which were trimmed up the fronts, and round the bust, with a wreath of vine-leaves, in various shades of green floize silk; this trimming was of uncommon breadth, and disposed in a serpentine direction; it produced a very striking effect.

Velvet, particularly *velours d'Ispahan*, and striped satin of a new description, are in great favour in full dress. Plain velvets are not so much worn as those that are painted in natural flowers, or embroidered in gold. A most magnificent dress of this last kind was recently worn by the Duchess of Berry, at a benefit given at the Opera for the poor of Paris; it was of black velvet, thickly embroidered in small gold flowers. The bust was trimmed with a wreath of gold foliage, a similar trimming bordered the *déret* sleeve, over which was one *à la Marino Faliero* of the most superb blond lace. A large wreath of foliage surmounted the hem.

The dress of the Marquise de Bethizy, one of the Duchess's ladies of honour, was much admired; the colour was *rose du Parnasse*; the material is of a new description, striped alternately in satin and *gros de Naples*. It was trimmed immediately above the hem, with long satin

leaves of the same colour; they were finished round the edge with a light embroidery in silver, and arranged in such a manner as to form a species of wreath. The corsage and sleeves were adorned by blond lace draperies, fastened by superb *agrafes* of pearl, and a bouquet of roses embroidered in silver in the centre of the bust.

A new style of bridal dress, brought into favour by the cold weather, seems likely to continue. The dress is made high and with long sleeves, but the bust and sleeves are ornamented with blond lace in such a manner as to give the robe quite a full dress appearance. A young bride of high family has lately made an innovation in the bridal *coiffure* which hitherto has been a lace veil (latterly always of English point) and a garland of orange flowers only. The orange flowers of Mademoiselle de ———'s garland, were slightly tinged with rose colour, and the foliage was in pearl.

Fancy black is now very little worn, nevertheless, one dress of this description was much admired, some evenings since, at an elegant *soirée*; it was of black tulle, embroidered in rose colour chenille, and worn over a rose colour satin slip.

Among the materials most in favour in ball dress, is the *gaze de Saint Vallier* and *de Chambéry*. Many of the dresses at the late ball given by the dauphiness were of these materials. The dresses at that ball, and the one afterwards given by Mademoiselle d'Artois were distinguished by extreme simplicity, it being understood that the court reserves its magnificence for the arrival of their Sicilian majesties.

Private balls continue as numerous as ever, but there is no decided style of ball-dress. Simplicity and splendour seem in fact equally in favour. The *gaze de Chambéry* is in particular request with very young ladies; these dresses are trimmed either with satin rouleaux, chenille fringe, or else a single bouquet of flowers placed as high as the knee, and corresponding with a *bouquet à la jardinière*, which is placed on the left side of the breast.

Flowers composed of feathers are coming much into favour for trimmings, particularly for ball dresses; they have a light and beautiful effect.

A very elegant style of trimming for ball-dress, and one that is in much favour, is an embroidery in white silk of two different shades; these trimmings have very much the appearance of silver.

Lord Stuart's late ball is allowed, even by the French themselves, to be the most splendid that has been given this season in Paris. We shall cite a few of the dresses that were the most distinguished either for their taste or their magnificence.

An English lady had a dress of white *Palmyrienne*, embroidered just above the knee in a large wreath of vine leaves in white silk of two shades; the sleeves were *à la Donna Maria*, separated by an enamelled armet, with a diamond clasp; the draperies of the corsage were looped in front, and on the shoulder with *agrafes* of diamonds.

A dress of rose-coloured *gaze de Caroline* was adorned at the upper edge of the hem by a wreath formed of two rows of rose-colour and white marabouts; they were divided in the middle by a *torsade* of pearls, the corsage cut very low was edged by a small rouleau of marabouts.

A white crape dress was trimmed just above the knee with bouquets forming pyramids, embroidered in floize silk, amethyst colour; the leaves were embroidered in gold. This *melange* had a beautiful effect.

A morning dress of *gros de Naples*, the colour is a new shade of green, the corsage made *en habit d'homme*, has a broad velvet lappel, leaving the *chemisette*, which is either of very fine lawn or else cambric, very much seen. The lappel is cut round the edge in *dents* of a new form. The sleeve, of a novel and singularly graceful description, is finished round the arm-hole with a row of velvet *dents*, forming an epaulet. Very deep cuff, also of velvet, cut round the top to correspond with the lappel. The trimming of the skirt is also velvet; it is narrower than they have been worn, and is cut in deep *dents*, of a similar shape to those which adorn the corsage and sleeves. An apron is an indispensable appendage to this dress: it is narrow and short, not reaching quite to the knee; it either corresponds with the dress, or else is composed of that beautiful material called *foulard*. In the first case it is trimmed with fringe, in the last it has no trimming. The braces of the apron form a V in front, and an X on the back of the corsage; they are edged either with very narrow fringe or blond lace. The small round pockets are trimmed to correspond with the braces.

Two dinner dresses are also, from their novelty and elegance, well worthy of description. The one is composed of satin, the colour *pensee*, the corsage cut very low, is ornamented round the breast with satin, disposed *en pelerine*. This ornament is cut to resemble foliage, and is edged round with a triple *metre* of narrow blond lace. The trimming is much broader on the shoulder, where it is set in full, and forms an elegant finish to the long sleeve à l'*Amadis*, which is also finished at the wrist with a narrow blond *ruche*. A wreath of foliage, corresponding with the bust, but very large, borders the hem.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Turbans in plain or Japanese velvet, are much worn in full dress; they are so arranged as to suffer the bows and braids of the hair to be seen, and are either adorned with ostrich feathers, or with one or two birds of Paradise. They are also sometimes superbly decorated with jewels. This was particularly the case at the late benefit given at the opera for the poor of Paris. The turbans and *bérets* were principally composed of velvet or satin embroidered in gold, silver, or colours imitating precious stones. Many *bérets* were adorned with two *esprits*, one of which was placed under the brim, the other above it. At the basis of the long *esprits*, upon some velvet turbans, were placed bouquets of diamonds.

The hats were the smallest that have yet appeared, some might be almost taken for *bérets*; they had the brims much turned up in front, and ornamented with a single feather, which was placed under the brim, and fell back towards the crown.

Whether the head-dress was a turban, a *béret*, or even a small hat, it was generally worn over a bandeau of a rich description, fastened in the centre of the forehead by a clasp of diamonds or precious stones.

Head-dresses of hair were also very numerous, flowers or pearls ornamented them in general. Many were surmounted by one or two birds of Paradise.

Wreaths of flowers separated in two tufts, or one very large flower, are much used to adorn the hair in ball dress. *Chaperons* in ostrich feathers, marabouts, or flowers, are also much in favour, as are likewise bouquets of silver flowers mingled with coloured feathers.

Nœuds of gauze riband intermixed with flowers of gold and silver, disposed in *ailes de Moulin*, are also in favour.

Though our *élégantes* continue to have their hair dressed

very high, they do not display its luxuriance so much as last month; it is still arranged in bows and platted bands.

A new style of *coiffeure*, and one that is very simple, has been remarked for its singularity; it was composed of tortoiseshell combs, with open worked galleries. The combs had the form of butterflies' wings. Placed behind the large *nœud*, at the back of the hair, they surmount it: there were three on the left, and two on the right side.

All head-dresses are made very high. Feathers prevail at balls; some are placed on the hair attached by diamonds or precious stones, but the greater number form a sort of crown; many of these consist of marabouts, intermixed with flowers. After feathers, of which the head-dresses more particularly of young ladies are made, flowers are much worn. Velvet turbans *en Japonise*, or *crêpe* crape, or the Jewish turbans of white crape, are fashionable. Many turbans have a gold fringe falling over the shoulder, surmounted by *esprits*. *Bérets* are almost exploded. The most admired flowers for the hair are wreaths of white roses, placed to the right à la *Grecque*; or a double *dalia* on the summit of the head.

JEWELLERY.—The setting of precious stones has this year attained a high degree of perfection. Nothing can be more light, rich, and elegant. It is no longer those heavy combs, those massive diadems, whose magnificence was at once clumsy and in bad taste; it is an ingenious assemblage of topazes, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, which, set with an exquisite art, produce wreaths, *gerbes*, and *faisceaux* of flowers, such as ought to adorn the forehead of a pretty woman. Nothing can be more beautiful than an *agrette* which has just been mounted for the Duchesse de R. All the precious stones we have mentioned, are there found united in their different shades, and arranged in a manner which perfectly represents the tail of a bird of Paradise. A wreath of flowers, in white and rose diamonds, is to be worn very low on the forehead, accompanies that superb *agrette* which crowns the summit of the head.

We must notice, also, a splendid *parure*, in diamonds; beside the diamond *agraffes* which loops the sleeves of a dress, made à la *Marino Faliero*, the draperies of the corsage of the dress were fastened in the centre of the bosom, by a diamond clasp, to which was suspended a small chain of diamonds, which passing under one side of the *ceinture*, was attached to a beautiful little smelling bottle.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At balls and in full dress our *élégantes* wear gloves embroidered round the top in a garland of flowers in coloured silks.

We have seen fans, the mounts of which were formed of looking glass. This little mirror, small as it is, it sufficient to repair the disorder the waltz or the galop produces in the head-dress of a lady.

The Duchesse de Berry has been seen in full dress, in slippers made in the style of the antique buskin. Thus this sort of Grecian *chaussure*, is likely to be generally adopted by the Parisian *belles*; it will, however, only suit those who have a pretty foot: that of the Duchesse is distinguished for its beauty, and its uncommon smallness.

We still see pocket handkerchiefs that have a purse in the middle; it is formed by a string that surrounds an embroidery in the centre; but these handkerchiefs are not in such favour as those of cambric, embroidered in gold; they are now made so expensive, that one may really call them *bijoux*.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

LXIX.—English Earls.

GRAHAM,—EARL AND BARON GRAHAM.

(Duke of Montrose in Scotland.)

This noble family is descended from the celebrated *Græme*, who, in 404 was General of the army to Fergus II., king of Scotland, and governor of that kingdom in the minority of his grandson, Eugene II., when he fought with the Romans, defeated the Britons, and in the year 420 forced his way through the wall erected by the Emperor Severus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, as the utmost boundary of the Roman Empire; which wall, while it continued, retained the name of *Græme's* or *Graham's Dyke*. This distinguished person married a lady of the royal family of Denmark, and was the progenitor of all the *Grahams* in North Britain. About 1214, *William de Graham*, the direct ancestor of the *Dukes of Montrose*, obtained from William, King of Scotland, the lands of *Charletan* and *Barrowfield*, near *Montrose*, and the lordship of *Kinnebar* in *Forfarshire*; under William's successor, *Alexander II.*, he obtained a charter from *Henry de Græme*, his cousin, of the lands of *Clifton* and *Clifton Hall*, in *Mid-Lothian*. In the same reign, his eldest son, *Sir David de Graham*, obtained from *Patrick, Earl of Dunbar*, a charter of the lands *Dundaff* and *Strathcarron*, in exchange for some lands of *Sir David's* in *Galloway*. He died about the year 1270, leaving issue by the daughter of *Robert*, and sister of *Malise, Earl of Strathern*, three sons, *Sir Patrick*, *Sir John*, and *Sir David Graham*. *Sir John* was a great hero and patriot; the constant and bosom friend of the gallant *Sir William Wallace*, Governor of Scotland; next to *Wallace*, *Sir John* was esteemed the bravest Scotchman of his times. He was killed, fighting gallantly in defence of his country's liberties, at the battle of *Falkirk*, in 1298. Another of *Sir David's* sons lost his life, fighting for the liberties of his country, at the battle of *Dunbar*, in 1296. *Sir David's* grandson, was carried among other nobles, a prisoner to England, by *King Edward I.*, but soon after released. *Sir William Graham*, Lord of *Kincardia*, married *Lady Mary Stuart*, daughter of *King Robert III.*, widow of *George, Earl of Angus*, and of *Sir James Kennedy*, of *Denuze*, ancestor of the *Earls of Cassilis*. *Alexander*, his son, died before his father, leaving issue two sons, *Patrick* and *Alexander*; the eldest of whom succeeded his grandfather in 1424. After the murder of *James I.* of Scotland, he was appointed one of the lords of the regency, during the minority of *Jame II.* He died in 1465, leaving issue *William Lord Graham*, who was Ambassador to the court of England, in 1466: he married *Lady Anne Douglas*,

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daughter of *George*, fourth Earl of Angus, and died in 1472, leaving *William* his successor. He was succeeded by his son, who was

First Earl of Montrose.—He adhered to the party of *James III.*, against that of his nobles, and was a commander at the battle of *Bannockburn* in 1488, whereat the king lost his life. In return for his loyalty, *James IV.*, created him *Earl of Montrose*, on the 3rd of March, 1503. The Earl was with *James IV.*, and many nobles, slain at the fatal battle of *Flodden-Field*, 1503. He was succeeded by *William*

The Second Earl.—His lordship was appointed Governor to *King James V.* by the regent, *John Duke of Albany*. He was succeeded by his grandson, *John*, the third Earl, whose son *John* was fourth Earl, who was Ambassador from *James VI.*, to several foreign courts. He married *Magdalen Carnegie*, daughter of *David, Earl of Southesk*, and by her had issue,

James, the first Marquis of Montrose and Fifth Earl.—This nobleman strongly attached himself to *Charles I.*, who created him *Marquis*, and appointed him, in 1644, *Captain General* in Scotland; but on his advancing from *Edinburgh*, to strengthen the King, he was met at *Phillipshaw*, near *Selkirk*, by *Major General Lesley*, and in a battle fought there, on September 13th, 1645, was totally defeated. The *Marquis* escaped to the Highlands, and embarked for France, in 1646: having procured a supply of money from Denmark and Sweden, he got together five hundred men, with arms and ammunition, which he sent from *Hamburgh* to one of the *Orkney Islands*, and in April, 1650, he followed immediately with one hundred officers. From thence he landed at *Caithness* with his regiment, secured a certain castle, and collecting his friends, a battle took place, in which he was defeated by *Colonel Strahan*, and condemned by the Scotch Parliament; he was hanged on May 21st, 1650, at the cross, on a gibbet, thirty feet high, for the space of three hours; then beheaded and quartered, and his head fixed on the *Tolbooth* prison. After the restoration of *Charles II.*, his majesty reversed the sentence; his scattered remains were collected, and buried with great solemnity, in the cathedral church of *St. Giles*, in May 1661. He was succeeded by his son *James*, who was

Second Marquis.—On the return of *Charles II.*, he was restored to his honours and estates: he married *Isabel Douglas*, daughter of *William*, seventh Earl of *Morton*, widow of *Robert*, the first Earl of *Roxburgh*; and had issue a son and a daughter; his son, at his father's death, became third *Marquis*, and married *Christian*, daughter to *John Leslie*, Duke of *Roths*. He died in 1684, and was succeeded by his son *James*,

THE FIRST DUKE OF MONTROSE.—To which dignity he was advanced on April 24th, 1707: he married *Christian Carnegie*, daughter of *David*, third Earl of *Northesk*, and by her had issue; but only one son, *William*, survived him, who, on the demise of his father, which took place in 1741, became

The Second Duke.—He married in October, 1742, *Lucy Manners*, daughter of *John*, the second Duke of *Rutland*,

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and by her had James his heir, and other issue. His grace had succeeded to the English honours of Earl and Baron Graham, of Kelford in the county of Northumberland, by the death of his brother David in 1731. The Duke died September the 23d, 1790, and was succeeded by his son,

The Third and present Earl Graham in England, (Duke of Montrose in Scotland.) His grace was born on the 8th of February, 1755. He married on the 1st of March, 1785, Jemima Elizabeth, daughter of John, Earl of Ashburnham, by whom he had issue, a son, born September 4th, 1786; her Grace died fourteen days after, and the child on the 29th of April, 1787. The Duke of Montrose married, secondly, on July the 24th, 1790, Charlotte, sister to William, Duke of Manchester, by whom he has issue, four daughters and two sons.

The motto of this ancient and noble family, is *Ne oubliez*—"Do not forget."

A LESSON FOR THE CURIOUS.

Inconsistent mortals that we are! How often, when reading the numerous spring advertisements of "Memoirs of Lady Spangle," of "Theophilus Wrangle," "The Traveller Mangle," edited by Herbert Dangle;—how have I exclaimed: What folly! What selfish, narrow-minded vanity, to suppose others can be interested in the peculiar turns of mind, that stamp the events of life; the different shades formed by the varying outline of individual character—No, 'tis the grander features; struggles, thrilling alike through all the pulses of human nature; these alone should be recorded. This I have said and more: yet now, I am writing of myself. One comfort, my apostasy will not be known. Though in constant intercourse with the world; affording it a due proportion of amusement and food; (at the rate of five meals a day, for comment) though present at Almack's, and invited to Holly Lodge—still I shall never be detected here; and the circumstance I am going to relate, may afford a topic of conversation, in the hour of need, to some stripling of fashion, who feels he must speak to Miss Lennox, and knows not exactly what to say.

My father, descended from a noble Scottish House, having spent his best years in the active duties of a soldier, returned to his native valley, with an ample fortune—a sun-burnt brow—a wounded arm, and a faint hope of recovering the health he had lost in the service of his country. Before many months had elapsed, he was introduced to a young English widow; they met often and called themselves friends—the day of parting came, and they found themselves lovers—

After a delay only sufficient to allow of Mrs. Lennox's visit to Northumberland, (where she had lately resided), and her return to Scotland, they married;—I was their only child.

"Their union gave evidence to one great truth, that in every draught of human happiness, there must be some alloy. From the period of my birth, my mother sunk into a melancholy depression, the more remarkable as contrasted with her former cheerful disposition and active mind. Yet this sad change, though destructive of my father's comfort, had no power to subdue his affection; neither did the selfishness of imaginary ills, diminish the devoted grateful love she felt for him. The time approached, when this support must fail; and, on his death-bed of pain, the keenest anguish sprung from the reflection, that he left her to suffer alone.

When roused from the first stupifying effects of grief, my mother seemed fully sensible of her increased responsibility as my only parent: yet, mingled with many proofs of tenderness, there appeared such an anxiety and restless watchful care, that young as I was, scarce thirteen, I could not help feeling, she would have been much happier if I had never existed. To a girl of susceptible feelings, this idea would have been fraught with misery; but I was naturally light-hearted, content to taste the surface of enjoyment, and leave the turbid mass below, without any attempt to analyze it.

Three years past on, my mother was now often absent from home; on one occasion, nearly a fortnight, but no one presumed to question, or arraign her conduct, she had established a character for eccentricity, and might now act as she pleased, (the toll once paid, you are free of the road). Towards the end of July, she suddenly announced an intention of passing some weeks at Scarborough: any change would have been delightful to me—all was bustle and preparation, the drawers were emptied—the trunks were packed—the neighbours called, and the maids took leave of their sweethearts.

On the morning before our departure, my mother sat with me in a summer parlour, opening to the garden; one of the servants called her from the room, she had been writing, and, as the door closed, a draught of air, shook from her portfolio, a piece of paper, it was folded, but not like a letter; of course, I could not possibly intend to open it, still, there was no harm in looking at the outside, as it lay on the ground before me; I looked, and looked, 'till I worked myself into a fever of curiosity, it was so very oddly folded! a second breeze moved it close to my feet; one moment's hesitation—ah, little did I think, that on *that moment* hung my earthly destiny,—it was decided; I opened the paper; at the top appeared a slight pencil sketch of our cottage, and underneath, twelve lines of what, by a long sketch of courtesy, might be termed, third-rate poetry, (I thought it far superior to Pope's) describing the sorrows of absence, and the anxieties of unrequited love, signed H. M. and addressed to E. L.—

Here was a discovery! again I read, there could be no mistake—it was intended for me; for, although my mother's initials were the same, the writer alluded to the extreme youth of his beloved, and her ignorance of the feelings she inspired. Now, Mrs. Lennox was forty-three, and had been thrice married—the case was plain, I had a lover, and she meant to keep him at an awful distance. I had just time to replace the precious document before her return; she locked the desk and put the key in her pocket.—"Ellen," she said, after a moment's awkward pause, "I cannot walk with you to-day, but, I wish you to go down to the village, as we intended." "Yes, mamma," I replied, and certainly meant to go; presently, I heard her tell the servants, that she should be out for more than an hour, and from my own window saw her leave the house. I stole gently down into the garden, it was so pleasant; perhaps, at that very moment H. M.—. was taking another sketch; perhaps, he would introduce my figure, all in white, under the verandah, and I watched there, 'till it was too late to go to the village. Listless, excited and weary, I sought the shelter of a favorite oak; and sunk on the turf beneath its spreading branches; behind me was a field that led to the road; in front, a thick shrubbery. I had sat only a few minutes, when two figures crossed the field, opened the garden gate,

and walked slowly towards the little grove before me. One was my mother, her companion, a tall man; ere I could distinguish more, the trees concealed them from my view, but their voices were heard approaching, in earnest discourse.

"Henry, you are not equal to this exertion—you are not, indeed!" she said, "Rest here awhile." And he sat down on the bank close to me.

I held in my breath, lest any moving leaf should betray me, and stooped forward to listen.

"You have saved my life," replied the stranger, "how can you embitter it thus?"

"Mordaunt, you know my distress; it is cruel to reproach me!"

"I do not reproach you; I have borne very long; but I can bear no more."

My mother seemed deeply affected, for his voice was almost choked with emotion. She did not, however, interrupt him, and, by a violent effort, he tried to speak again.

"Whilst I could see her, though only for an hour—whilst I could only hear the sound of her voice, and watch her distant form—you know I never urged you further; but to tear her thus away, without allowing me one word of comfort—to force me to remain, when I have no strength to bear the separation.

"For God's sake be composed, Mordaunt, you know I love you with a mother's love; nothing can ever break the tie that binds us; if you wish it, go with us, Henry; I consent. To-night, at supper, you shall see her."

Something was answered, but I heard it not; for, at that moment, he turned, and I looked, for the first time, on the countenance of Harry Mordaunt.

Twenty years have now past, amidst the changing scenes of a busy world; and I have tried to think, that over-excited feelings stamped it on my memory with ideal charms; that others might equal or surpass it; yet there it stands, unrivalled in its own manly beauty, its noble high-minded intelligence. I looked on him it would be my duty to love; on him who was to be the guide of my youth, my friend, my protector—my husband!

A thousand new undefined, overwhelming feelings, shook my bosom, and forgetting the thick screen that separated us, I hid my face, lest he should see the burning blushes.

Perhaps no pretty girl's heart ever reached the age of sixteen, without some idea of matrimony; but in mine it had been associated with many others. A curricule and greys—a fire in my room—diamond ear-rings—(long ones)—and some few things beside, equally unromantic; thus, when the reality was suddenly awakened, the total revolution of thought may be easily imagined.

Mordaunt arose, the conference was ended; again the promise renewed, "At supper you shall meet."

I watched his tall figure, as he crossed the orchard; once he looked back, my mother waved her hand, and then moved slowly towards the house. With anxious caution I crept from my hiding-place, gained my own chamber, locked the door, and falling on my knees, gave way to the uncontrollable rush of tears, that seemed to save my heart from bursting. By degrees, this agitation subsided; the image of Mordaunt—the recollection of his love—of my mother's fond affection for us both—of all the happiness that awaited us, rose pure and distinct before me, creating an atmosphere that youth delights to breathe in. The clock struck nine, and reminded me there was

only one hour more. Trembling and hurrying, I began my toilette; the pins were all crooked, the strings all broke; at last, attired in my best white frock, and all the trinkets I possessed, I ventured down the stairs. My mother met me in the passage; there was no light to distinguish features, but her voice betrayed great confusion.

"Ellen, my love," said she, "I will come directly, go into the parlour."

I did, and sat down; when next I rose, it would be as a betrothed bride! Fear again assailed me—the blood rushed to my cheeks—I leaned down on the table, and listened. She was gone to fetch Mordaunt—footsteps approached—she returned—alone; and taking the seat opposite mine, she attempted to eat; the effort was vain, and soon abandoned. Though my emotion could no longer be concealed, her own prevented her from remarking it. Neither did she seem to notice the change in my dress. After struggling a few moments longer, she swallowed a glass of wine, and rose to quit the room.

I followed, and laid my quivering hand upon her arm, the touch awakened all her tenderness—"Ellen, my child," she said, fondly embracing me, "can you forgive your wretched parent!" "Oh, do not talk so," I exclaimed, "forgive me mamma, for I know it all;" and I sunk upon her bosom. "Impossible!" she cried, "who dared to tell you?" "Oh I have done wrong, very, very wrong, but don't be angry now—not now, dearest mother!"

"Tis well!" she replied in a tone of solemn energy, which to my excited feelings sounded fearfully impressive.—"It is the will of Heaven to spare me the shame and trial of confession; come then my child, and we may still be happy." I still clung to her, as she advanced to the door of the room where we had sat that morning, how she entered, I know not; for Mordaunt was there—and by his side, a female form, whose beauty surpassed all I had ever seen, or imagined: his arm was round her waist; and his eyes—one glance, I saw; it was sufficient—and with a loud scream, I fell senseless to the ground before him.—

Hours must have past, for it was near daylight when I awoke, that lovely being was sitting by my couch: again I closed my eyes; and prayed, that they might never open more. There was a whisper: my mother came forward,—"speak to us Ellen!" she said, but I turned away; a soft downy pressure was upon my hand, and a voice, like the pitying sighs of the seraphim, breathed "my sister," "hush Editha, she cannot bear it now." "Yes, I replied, whatever there is to say, say it now. I can bear it very well—and compelling myself to look steadfastly on them both, I prepared to listen.

My mother sat down on the bed, and thus began:—

"It was three years after my first husband's death, that wishing once more to see a lady who had shewn much kindness to me in early youth, I left Editha with a sister of her father's at Alnwick, and proceeded to Scotland. There I first met Colonel Lennox, and for some time allowed myself to enjoy his society without fear or anxiety; but this state of feeling was not to last: one day, our mutual friend spoke of the marriage of her only son, and ended with a hope that he would be a kind protection to the lady's children; when Lennox with a warmth, nay violence of manner, exclaimed against the young man's folly, declaring, that no earthly inducement should make him accept the thankless office of a step father, - to my surprise (and horror, for I could no longer deceive my own heart,) I found that he considered me childless.

"That very evening, I received a letter informing me that Editha's aunt was dead—the next day, I resolved to return to Alnwick.—Colonel Lennox called, and offered me his hand.

"I will not attempt to palliate my guilt by pleading the strength of the temptation: long, very long, I struggled against it; but again we met; again he urged me to be his; the voice of duty became fainter and fainter; till with the usual sophistry of passion, I convinced myself that for his sake, I ought not to reveal the truth: I did not: and we married. Full was the retribution God demanded: each hour of my life was embittered by anxiety and self reproach—a word, a look, the most trifling incident, the most casual expression, had power to overwhelm me; whilst the confiding tenderness of my husband only added to the sufferings it endeavoured to alleviate. Another cause of misery was the feeble health of Editha, which I entirely attributed to my neglect; and the desertion of her childhood to the mercenary care of strangers: when, in spite of all, she grew in health, and strength and beauty; instead of indulging a mother's fondness, or a mother's pride, I could only gaze for a moment, and then, tear myself away—but Heaven has wrought its own just purposes; turning my error into the instrument of her future happiness.—Young Mordaunt found her in her humble home: not daring to marry the daughter of a peasant; unable to conquer, or conceal his love; he resolved at least to spare her the pangs he endured, and left the neighbourhood without the consolation of one parting word. The *mind* had triumphed; the *body* sunk under the pressure of grief and agitation. A dangerous illness was the consequence, which Editha had just heard of when I came to visit her; affection at once burst every restraint, every selfish precaution. I drove to the house of Mordaunt's father; confessed the truth, and never left the unconscious sufferer till health and reason were restored,—from that period, he has resided near our cottage; and poor Editha has at last found the shelter of a parent's roof. From day to day, I have intended to undeceive you, but my courage always failed; Mordaunt's entreaties have prevailed on me to let him accompany us, and consent to their immediate union." I heard her to the end; and as I lay in weakness, and weariness, and shame; I vowed to conquer my rebellious spirit; and bury the fatal error in the depths of my own aching heart. Heaven has enabled me to keep that vow: I received my future "brother;" and in my presence, was the day of marriage fixed: decked as a bride's maid, I attended the ceremony, I heard the kiss of rapture,—I received the brotherly salute,—the congratulations of friends and enemies. (What rich mother with two handsome daughters is in want of either?) Nay more, I have sat at Mordaunt's table, whilst he laughed at my indifference to his sex's admiration; and told me, 'twas lucky he knew Editha first, or he should certainly have tried to overcome it. No mortal has ever guessed the truth; and for myself—a few more years will pass away, the pillow of death is a resting place to the weary—and the heart aches no more—in the grave.

SONG.

Forsake thee,—no! I would not dare,
So base a creature be, love;
No, by the shining heavens, I swear,
I'll ne'er prove false to thee, love!—

The sun which beams in splendour bright,
A darken'd orb shall be, love!
And yield no more its radiant light,
Ere I prove false to thee, love!

Forsake thee,—no! the roses bloom
Shall leave its native tree, love!
And breathe no more its rich perfume,
Ere I prove false to thee, love!
The darkling night shall chase the day,
Its reign eternal be, love;
The world shall wreck and pass away,
Ere I prove false to thee, love!

TO ANN ———.

Oh! never may thy bosom know
A sadder hour than this is;
May innate pleasure's unbought glow,
Still wait on all thy blisses.

Be thine the happy heart's light throb,
Distress through life unknowing;
Ne'er may grief's tear, nor sorrow's sob,
Disturb thy bosom's glowing.

Fair woman's eye should know no tear
But that which rapture borrows;
Her bosom ne'er should heave with fear,
Her heart ne'er sink with sorrows.

I dearly love to see the smile
Her rosy cheek illuming,
To know that not one thought of guile,
Is there to check its blooming.

J. M. LACEY.

MUSIC'S LIGHT.

Tell me the theme that minstrel's love,
When summer suns are glowing,
And from its heavenly source above,
The inspired verse is flowing.

'Tis the thund'ring charge,—the rush of war,
'Tis the bloody path of vict'ry's car,—
The struggles of the brave!
Where freedom's standard proudly rose,
Where patriots triumphed o'er their foes,
Or died upon her grave!

In halls that blaze with festive light,
He wakes a livelier measure;
Of revels gay, and ladies bright,
The tourney's pride and pleasure!

And when by some neglected stream,
The minstrel sits in the pale moonbeam,
O'er his harp the breeze is sighing:—
While the whisper'd tale of lovers' pain,
Who lov'd too well, and lov'd in vain;
Is mournfully replying!

THE LOVES OF RUDOLPH AND ALBERTINA.

A MYSTIC TALE.

DURING the course of conversation at a cheerful evening party, its subject turned on second sights and apparitions. Though in matters of the kind there can hardly exist a greater sceptic than myself, I must own, that the following narrative of counsellor L—, acted so powerfully upon my mind, that for some time I remained uncertain, whether I might rank it also among the fancies of a diseased and heated imagination.

"Early on a serene summer morning," thus Counsellor L— began his narrative:—"Rudolph of H—, one of my most intimate college friends, whom, but a few days before, death had robbed of his betrothed Albertina, entered my chamber. I shook him cordially by the hand, and mentioned to him my surprise at his visiting me at so very early an hour; but Rudolph continued silent: only a scarcely perceptible smile waved over his lips; he approached the window, struggling, as it seemed, to subdue his feelings, and pensive cast his looks upwards to heaven.

"O, how in a few days the depth of his grief had altered him! The once so powerful form of Rudolph, appeared ready to sink with debility, melancholy was visibly depicted in all the features of his pallid countenance, and the fire of his eye was extinguished. When I, however, reflected on the blessing he had lost in his beloved Albertina, I no longer wondered at the rapid transformation of my friend.

"Albertina, in the full enjoyment of the blooming luxuriance of life's vernal season, was adorned with beauty, and the most enchanting sweetness of disposition; every virtue dwelt in her heart, which glowed with enthusiasm for the noble, and the sublime. With wealth also, and with all the comforts that so largely conduce to the heightening of our terrestrial happiness, she was bounteously endowed by Heaven. As Rudolph possessed in no less a degree these auspicious qualifications, it is more than probable, that the most generous and beatified affection, would have cemented the union of this amiable couple.

Very near, indeed, were the lovers now to the goal of their wishes, as their espousals had already been solemnly fixed by Albertina's parents, when suddenly an annihilating scarlet-fever laid the languishing rose, the lovely bride, upon a bed of sickness, where, after a few days, she expired in the arms of her lover, bedewed with the tears of his heartfelt anguish and despair.

"Whilst I was engaged in these reflections, Rudolph had left the window, and drawn near to my writing desk. On it lay the elegy which I had begun to compose on the death of Albertina. He read the poem apparently with the keenest emotion, for his tears trickled down upon the paper; but when he came to the following lines,—

"Above the grave, in yonder sacred dome,
Where brightest lights in distant orbits roam,
Where angel spirits to full bliss retire,
Will Albertina still a holy love inspire—

A sudden tremor seized his weakened limbs; he fell sobbing and speechless on my breast. From my eyes also started a flood of tears, as I stood supporting my weeping friend.

"When he recovered, I was the first to break silence, and wishing to turn his attention from the object of his mournful thoughts, proposed a walk, in the hope that the grand

display of universal nature, might, in a degree, disperse the gloom that overwhelmed his saddened mind. But he made a motion with his head to signify his objection, clasped my hand, and drew me to him on the sofa. A singularly quiet calm seemed suffused over his whole being, a gentle smile sat upon his lips, though tears continued to glisten in his eyes. He now broke at last his long, and to me afflicting silence."

"My dear friend, I have seen my beloved, have seen my Albertina."

"I was struck with violent terror, conceiving these words to be the sure signs of a total aberration of his mental powers.

"Believe me, I have seen her," pursued he. "Yesterday evening, after you had gone home, I found no rest in my chamber; a secret impulse drove me out. Whither I directed my steps you may easily guess. I wandered too and fro, amidst the dark gloom of the whistling acacias and the weeping willows, which surround the church-yard. Yet not quite alone; the most devouring grief was my attendant; the ardently beloved image of Albertina hovered round me. Then as the west-wind blew, waving the foliage of the blooming and fragrant branches, I imagined I heard in their solitary rustling, her own sweet melodious voice.

"The moon diffused its modest gentle light over the whole vicinity, and the tombstones of the church-yard, involved in its silvery radiance, saddening met my eyes. Only occasionally, was it obscured by some gloomy cloud, which, like a dark and evil spirit flew past, under the canopy of heaven. A solemn silence reigned around. Holy shiverings thrilled through me. O that I also might now slumber in thy realms, thou sombre mansion of the dead, said I, softly. Then loud sounding from the church's lofty tower, which, like some terrific giant, raised its head towards heaven, the clock tolled twelve. A sudden terror, mixed with awe seized my whole frame; it was now too late for me to return home, the city gates being closed. I determined, therefore, to spend the remainder of the night awake, on the grave of my Albertina. Accordingly, I proceeded thither, and throwing myself on my knees before it, began to pray with the utmost fervour, bathing with my tears the flowers, which in the morning I had strewed on the fresh hillock, and which now exhaled their sweet perfume towards me."

"Rudolph uttered these last words in a melancholy voice, and pressed convulsively my hand,—I listened with anxious attention."

"Suddenly the earth," continued he, "seemed to tremble under me, I leaped up, and staggered a few steps back from the hillock, but turning my eyes towards it,—O heaven, what did I behold there? The grave was opened, and over it, Albertina was hovering in a celestial form. An inward horror chilled my very heart, but the, with magic brightness, enveloped apparition smiled so benignly on me, that I resumed the courage to gaze upon her with unaverted eyes. Thrice she made a sign to me with a palm twig, which she bore in her right hand. With impassioned and unspeakable longing, I felt myself attracted towards her, subduing the horror, with which my limbs still trembled, I advanced towards Albertina, and strove, in the plenitude of my love and affliction to clasp her in my arms; but she floated a few paces back, darting a sterner look, and pointing with the palm twig upwards to the star-bespangled heavens."

Disheartened and overcome with still greater horror, I

was on the point of sinking to the ground, when I heard these gentle accents, which sounded like the music of the spheres. "Tremble not my Rudolph, before me, tremble not, my beloved." Albertina made a motion for me to follow her, and we sank slowly down into the grave, which immediately closed over us with a low hollow rumbling."

Here Rudolph paused a few moments, but I could not entirely restrain the dread I felt in his presence. My former opinion, that he was labouring under the sad influence of mental derangement, was grown into a frightful conviction.

"My poor, poor, unhappy friend," exclaimed I, unconsciously.

"Unhappy, do you call me?" interrupted he me hastily, I was unhappy, but ever since I enjoy the certainty of following soon my Albertina, I am so no longer." He then proceeded with his relation.

"Silently we walked through a long dark passage, I heard the rustling of Albertina's garments, but all horror had now forsaken me, though my foot often tottered in the deep obscurity, an invisible power seemed to support my steps. At last, we approached nearer and nearer to a faintly glimmering light, which continued to grow gradually clearer, and when we reached the end of the porch, surrounded us with its brightest beams. Before my eyes blazed a thousand suns, myriads of stars sparkled around us, my whole existence was changed, I seemed to have laid aside the sluggish weight of the body, the earth gave way from under my feet; light and hovering by the side of Albertina, I felt myself borne on high by some invisible power to that infinite space, in which the numberless brilliant spheres of heaven perform their stupendous revolutions. It was not till then, that I perceived myself enveloped by the same shining splendour that beamed around Albertina's angelic form. I cast a look down towards the earth, it sank every moment deeper and deeper beneath, till, losing itself at last in the boundless fabric of the world, it entirely vanished. Albertina observed the tears of dismay that flowed from my eyes, and in the sweetest accents said, direct not your thoughts back to earth; there above, my beloved, is our country."

"Our waving flight was ended; and we now walked through an immeasurable hall, encompassed by the bright sparkling of the clearest diamonds. The wondrous play of light, shewn in the rosy tint of evening clouds, now in hues of the softest kind, and now in colours of the highest brilliancy, floated before my astonished eyes. Vapours of sweetest balsam streamed towards me, which I imbibed with unspeakeable voluptuousness. Most exquisitely melodious notes resounded from afar, and pervaded my palpitating heart with extreme felicity.

"These harmonious sounds proceed from the heavenly choirs," whispered Albertina to me, with a gracious and benignant smile, as she observed the rays of ecstasy flash from my eyes.

"I then found myself suddenly in a space enlightened by a thousand glowing suns, the dazzling splendour of which was such, that I durst scarcely raise my head to view them. Above the star-bedecked clouds, suspended, hung the golden radiance of the sun, round which the magic colours of heaven's high bow harmonious rolled. Around stood numberless cherubims, with shining ethereal wings, and with golden harps in their arms, from which they drew the most melodious sounds; and, in the wide expanse, the end of

which could not be observed, were seen thousands and thousands of aerial forms, walking hand in hand, and crowned with celestial wreaths.

"Welcome, thou pilgrim from the earth, to us here in the land of the blessed!" exclaimed a voice; and, as with shy timidity I raised my eyes, a brilliant cherub stood before me. "Dark is the road," continued he, "that leads from life to death, but here, above the grave, shines forth the light of eternal life: with this, receive entire oblivion of all earthly troubles, in order that thou may'st henceforth live entirely blessed in the kingdom of celestial love." At these words I felt a gentle breathing on my forehead; blissful transports glowed over my whole soul; in heavenly ecstasy I sank down. But soon I found myself again raised; and, with my beloved, wandered now in the plenitude of happiness, through the wide expanse of eternal joy.

"O, what a grand, a glorious dream!" pursued Rudolph, after a long pause, during which a fresh lustre shone in his eyes.

Joyfully I sprang suddenly from my seat. "Only a dream, then; was it only a dream?" exclaimed I; and, when Rudolph had answered my question by a slight inclination of the head, the words *heaven be praised*, in the fulness of my heart, escaped my lips: indeed, to see myself mistaken in my belief, that my friend's words were the effects of delirium, afforded me the greatest satisfaction. It was only his disordered and strongly excited imagination that, in the dream, conjured up the apparition of his beloved Albertina.

"Yes, my dear friend," said Rudolph, "what I told you was only a dream—but a dream on the mound of my Albertina's grave. There, when I last laid myself down to bathe the earth and the flowers with my tears, I must have fallen asleep. Not till this morning, a few minutes ago, was I waked by the sexton, who came to the church-yard to dig a grave."

Rudolph, who now had likewise left his seat, paced several times up and down the room; he then stopped facing me, and smiling said, "Surely, my dear friend, I shall soon follow my beloved; O, how sweet it will be to slumber by her side."

It was only now that I perceived Rudolph's clothes were wet with the nocturnal dew; I felt the deepest concern, the most sincere compassion, for my much-afflicted friend, whose singular dream forced upon my mind a secret presentiment of his approaching death.

It was now the ninth night since Rudolph had in his dream seen the apparition of his beloved; and I was sitting by his bed-side, to which a burning fever had confined him. During the most violent paroxysm of delirium, he was constantly talking of Albertina; yet I still hoped that the united endeavours of the most skilful physicians would not prove unsuccessful. In this hope I was particularly encouraged this night; as, according to the declared opinion of the physicians, he had passed the dangerous crisis, and had dropped into a refreshing sleep. All around me was quiet. The night-lamp diffused its dim light through the sad chamber, and I was myself in a kind of middle state, between waking and sleeping. The clock struck twelve, when Rudolph awoke from his slumber. With staring eyes he looked at me, and softly said, "Do you hear nothing? O, do you not hear those angelic notes?"

I strove to rub the sleep from my eyes, and listened with the utmost attention, but no sound could I hear; around us reigned an awful solemn silence. Without once turning

his eyes. Rudolph, continued looking towards the side of the room where, from the wall, hung the picture of his beloved Albertina, adorned with an immortal wreath.

"Do you hear nothing?" said he again, in a more elevated tone of voice, extending his arms in that direction, and raising his head with what remaining strength he could command. Though I conceived this to be merely the natural consequence of the wandering state of his mind, yet an unaccountable singular horror, came upon me; for I certainly imagined I did perceive a gentle noise, resembling the rustling of garments. Still were Rudolph's arms stretched towards the same direction, as if he wished to embrace some dear object; his eyes glistened with joy.—Some moments passed; he then exclaimed, in a low and almost broken voice, "Callest thou, Albertina?—I come." He sank slowly back upon his pillow, cast on me one more glance, expressive of the most pure and gentle serenity; and, with a scarcely perceptible waving smile about his lips, for ever slept the sleep of death. A shrilling sound proceeded from the harpsichord that was in the chamber, which seemed to have sprung all its strings, and yet, as I afterwards learned, every chord remained entire.

Terrified and trembling I fell upon the lifeless body of my friend. At length, having summoned all my fortitude, I closed his eyes.

In the cemetery sleeps Rudolph now, by the side of his beloved Albertina.

THE ISOLATE !

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,—
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest."—MOORE.

One beauteous summer's eve, a minstrel girl,
Tuned her sweet lute before a peasant's cot;—
But as she played, tears trickled down her face,
And sadly told a broken-hearted tale,
As plaintive as her minstrelsy! The good old man
Beheld with sympathy the artless scene,
And thus the girl addressed:—

Peasant.

Minstrel, why that pensive brow,
Why those notes of sadness?
What deep cause of grief hast thou,
To blight thy young heart's gladness?
Why those looks so wild and fearful,
Why that throbbing heart so full?
Why those eyes of blue so tearful,
Splendourless and dull?
Has the canker-worm
Of grief coil'd round thy heart?
Will joy ne'er return,
To foil its venom'd dart?
Is thine home laid desolate,
By our reckless foe?
Art thou lone and isolate,
In this land of woe?

Is thy little fragile bark,
Alone on the world's wide sea?
No pilot to guide thee through billows dark,
Nor beacon to blaze for thee?

Minstrel.

Alas! I once had home and friends,
Nor feared the world's alarms;
Reposing all my hopes and fears
In a tender husband's arms.
Then all was joy and happiness,
And flashing mirth shone o'er me;
But like the fairy dream of bliss,
The vision fled before me.

My true love went to the field of fight,
The foe's proud threat'nings scorning;
But the warrior whose eye beam'd with glory that night,
Lay cold in the death-sleep ere morning!

And the foeman spread the red fire-brand
O'er the spot which my childhood had cherish'd;
And 'mid the shouts of the tyrant-band,
My ill-starred parents perish'd!
And I am left an isolate,
By our reckless foe;
Cheerless, lone, and desolate,
In this land of woe!

Peasant.

Child of misfortune, thy sorrows give o'er,
For thy heart-broken wand'rings are destined to end;
Thy soul shall be tortured with anguish no more,
For heaven has sent to the wand'rer a friend.
Welcome here, trembling daughter, in me thou shalt find
A father to cherish thee, e'en as his own;
Thy virtues may merit a fortune as kind,
And henceforth, my daughter, my cot is thine home!

The minstrel sunk upon the old man's breast,
And gushing tears her gratitude confess'd!

February 15th, 1830.

LAURA PERCY.

SONG.—THE MAIDEN'S REFLECTIONS.

Amynta admiring herself in a river,
Which, clearly and brightly, reflected each charm,
And grace that adorn'd, pure as nature could give her,
All at once felt her young heart deep struck with alarm;
An old ruin'd castle, long storied by fame,
Caught her sad eye, and prompted her thus to exclaim:
"Ah! what has avail'd thee, thou once mighty tower!
The frown that dismay'd in the day of thy pride!
The strength that resisted each perilous hour,
The brave hearts repell'd that for conquest have died?
Hadst thou yielded at once, what a beautiful pile,
Thou still hadst remain'd in the light of day's smile!
"Now, gloomy and lone, but a warning at best,
Art thou to each prudish or cold-hearted maid!
Whose soul for awhile may repel the soft maid
That Love has reserv'd, but at last is betray'd:
And thy ruin but tells, as the waves lave thy wall,
That the proudest of hearts and of castles must fall!"

T. W. KELLY.

TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND.

Geneva and Schaffhausen are like two doors to Switzerland, the one lying to the South, the other to the North. It is by these, that travellers meet each other at their entrance and exit. Novices who have all the inexperience and curiosity of freshmen and the more knowing, who have already acquired information by their recent tour. I never think on this subject without recalling to my remembrance a supper we had one night, last year, at Schaffhausen. There were a number of guests seated at the *Table d'hôte*, and when the repast was nearly ended, a young man entered with his knapsack thrown over his shoulder, and an iron-feruled stick in his hand; having the consequential air of one who was prepared for adventures, and who wondered at himself for the courage he felt to explore them. Each gesture—each movement seemed to say—"Is it not astonishing that I should be here, my bag on my shoulder, and stick in hand; I, who am a *Londoner*, I, the hero of the city and its gaieties?"—Scarcely did he allow himself time to make a slight repast, ere he resolved to set out, to see the fall of the Rhine before the evening closed, so once more throwing the knapsack on his shoulder, he quitted the eating room, with the air of a man who was about to commence some grand exploit, the effects of which was already depicted on his countenance.

We did not fail to laugh at this good young man, who already considered himself a hero, and was intrepidly prepared for adventure. Nevertheless, I believe, there is not any one who first enters Switzerland, without having the same ideas; nor is there any one in London, who, if a journey thither is spoken of, that does not picture to himself precipices and torrents, something in fine so beautiful and desirable to behold, yet so replete with danger, that there is as much courage as pleasure in braving them. I have been at Bern, on the eve of a journey to *Thun* and near the entrance of the Alps at Oberland, I have seen young women who applauded themselves before hand for the perils they were about to brave, and the miserable hovels they should be obliged to sleep in. What pleasure (when it is not common) to sleep in hard beds—to diet on bread and milk—to walk on foot, supported by huge iron painted staffs—and who knows? to have the happiness, perhaps, of encountering a snow storm, on the mountains! add to these, the awful glaciers—the craters—the avalanches—every thing that can frighten—every thing that can charm a young female, protected by her husband.—Even in bad weather, when the rain pours down in torrents, when the horses cannot stand against the storm, you will suddenly see one or two young people dressed in carters' frocks with their bags on their shoulders, but don't be deceived in them; it is the *fashionable* dress of the Swiss. The one is a Frenchman, the other, an Englishman, and they are about to assist a young German, (this country is a rendezvous for all nations), they stop the horses, they lead them by the bridle, they reassure the travellers. I have seen intrigues begin in the mountains, and end in the valleys. In this respect, Switzerland a little resembles an opera ball; every body meets there, speaks to his neighbour without knowing him, without enquiring his name, or even thinking that they shall meet again. It is, in fact, an *incognito*, or general discourse in the second person.

"Now let us follow a caravan departing for *Thun*.—Well! where are the precipices? Patience! ladies pa-

tience!" In the mean time we travel over a beautiful, finely gravelled road, resembling the walks in a garden, and enlivened by numerous light vehicles, which continually passing, reminds one of High Park, in the height of the season, rather than of a road conducting us to Avelanches and Glaciers; where we behold the Alps in perspective, ranged like an amphitheatre; and (over topping those white, or grey summits, whereon either the rocks are discernible, or the snow still finds a resting place,) appears the ice-crowned head of the *Jungfrau*. Thus far, every thing has gone on delightfully and without danger. We arrive at *Thun*. At this place the mountainous region commences, it is the pass of the Bernese Alps. Good God! what a number of carriages are here! ranged in file like an opera night! Descending from our conveyance we enter an hotel of the first rank; we sit down to a repast served with the greatest elegance. Behold a perilous journey began in so auspicious a way. "To-morrow however, to-morrow, will I hope bring us into some dangerous dilemma, and afford us both bad fare and bad beds." The next day we sail on the lake of *Thun*, in numbered boats like the London cabriolets, &c.; on landing the drivers of little low carriages croud about, and contend for the good fortune of taking us to Unterseen. From thence to Interlachen, are pleasant houses in view of the lake, which are let out in furnished apartments. In the evening on an extensive lawn at Interlachen, the company seat themselves in groups, listening to Italian singers, or musicians, which calls to mind all the customs of the Boulevard de Gand at Paris, even in front of the Alps.

Our expectations are not yet realized, we must go onwards to the valley of Lanterburn, a valley scarcely a quarter of a league in size. There rise some stupendous rocks, three or four hundred feet high, some pointed and bare; others covered with hanging woods, that cause your wonder how they are supported. From thence issue cascades of various forms, some flowing in immense sheets, and rebounding from rock to rock, others disporting in the air like fleecy clouds of diverse colouring.

In the midst of this valley, to finish the picture, see the snows of *Jungfrau*. Ah! *here at last* is Switzerland, with its horrors and deserts—here is nature in its savage state! Don't be too sure! Civilization has found its way even into this valley—into this crowded hollow. She numbered the cars which brought you hither—she smoothed the road over which you travelled;—she it was who placed young girls with their *bouquets* for sale, in your path, and the beggars who asked alms of you. She scaled the rocks, erected the balconies, and cut the steps by which you ascend so easily, and so near to the cascades, in order that this gorgeous spectacle might be viewed more satisfactorily. They have first and second platforms, and, above all, plenty of workmen and workwomen. The one cuts out the steps,—the other shapes the rocks; the one lends his support in your ascent—the other carries your staff. There are, also, some persons stationed at every resting-place, who offer you a cup of milk, or point out to your observation every thing worthy of notice; and some there are who only *look at you*, but all demand a recompense for their trouble. Do not falsely imagine that all the exploits of travellers shall be performed without order, as if directed by chance—as if the grottoes, the glaciers, and the cascades were first discovered by you. Ah, God forbid! those are things which the parishes *let out*; they have *auctions* for the grottoes—*leases* for the glaciers. No one can say a word against the

custom. The judicature has decreed it! Was this, then, the savage nature we came to see in all its perfection?

Let us admire it, however, and that commodiously, while the day lasts. At nightfall we return to the hotel. We sup: there is a fastidiousness, a studied elegance in these suppers, among the mountains. All the morning is passed in running from cascade to cascade. In the evening every one dresses with care, and above all, the women. They have a particular attire for these occasions. Familiarity is quickly established between people who have the same end in view, to amuse themselves; who have, during the day, seen the same things; who have already met at Interlachen, and who will meet again at Grindelwold, and at Mayringen. For, by travelling in caravans, they meet the same company every evening, during the five or six days that the tour of Oberland lasts. If any one chance to remain an extra day on the route, he becomes the member of another society, composed pretty nearly of the same class as the former, for all are alike made up of French artists, and the idle of *all nations*, and sometimes, unhappily, of German students. I say unhappily, for these Germans carry about with them, in their travels, the uncouth manners of the universities. If they enter an inn, they make themselves masters of the commons room, by means of their songs and their pipes. The ladies soon desert it, and the hotel then resembles some Inn at the period of the "Thirty years" war. Poor triumph this, of the middle age of civilization, but which pleases the imagination of the students: they joyously puff, under their gross mustachios, huge volumes of smoke; they believe themselves endowed with greater powers than ever. If the romantic spirits of these young people aimed at grace and delicacy, they would become Celidons, and assume the manners of *Astrea*; as they aim at strength and energy only, they are barbarians, and, on that account, expecting to have great characteristic vigour, they let their beards grow, in order to fortify and strengthen their souls. There are many things I prefer, in Switzerland, to German students; for instance, I prefer the rain. Rain, on the mountains leads to the most piquant scenes in the world. Sometimes you see a caravan pass, and at a glance you may tell of what nation the majority of the company is composed. If they are quiet and resigned; if every female is closely enveloped in her cloak, and not hurrying the paces of her mule, which, with its head bent to the storm, follows gently the path traced out by other travellers; if all are silent—none speaking a word of encouragement, neither laughing at the badness of the weather; if the men walk gravely on foot, sustaining themselves by their great staffs, with the air of people who are accomplishing some unregretted duty—by these infallible signs, you may swear it is an English company. The English appear to travel less for pleasure, than to satisfy conscience. While they take to themselves equally the honour of being the most knowing travellers and the best players at whist, they patiently support all the inconveniences of their journey; on this subject they are a kind of eastern fatalists. "God decrees it," says the Mussulman, when he meets with an accident. "What would you have," says the Englishman, overtaken by the rain, "when you are on your travels," and these are answers for everything. Is the caravan gay even to madness, or awkward even to absurdity? Do you hear them laugh till they shed tears, or scoldingly protest they will never come again to this cursed country? The caravan is French. Finally, has it

the air of defying the wrath of heaven, taking upon themselves the looks of heroes, and saying in a low tone to each other, they will see many more such ere they are much older—they are Germans.

Sometimes the three nations soaked with the rain, meet together in a shepherd's hut; then you may see the strangest mixture made up of methodistical resignation, extravagant gaiety and heroic magnanimity. These different feelings are given vent to, in exclamations of every kind. When a little familiarized to each other, they begin to relate the adventures of the day. Some lost themselves, and all at once discovered their route, after being shut up amidst ice and rocks; others who did not lose their road, felt a sort of pride in boasting of the care they took to mind their way. Every one, in fine, has met with his adventures. During these relations, the brand is burning in the chimney and lights up the cabin. The women seated near the fire, take off their cloaks and adjust their disordered dresses. The flame is reflected on their countenances and animated features, which the rain had paled. The men go from time to time to the door, to see if the sky is clearing. "It will be fine; for the weather is clearing in the valley," "oh! oh! a bad sign! It is when the mountains begin to shew themselves, that fine weather is coming. Is it not so?" On this subject the shepherd is consulted; but the shepherd, like a man of the world, unwilling to dissatisfy any one, answers "Yes" to all their questions.

At length, in spite of the rain, they set out once more, and arrive safely where they are to pass the night. It is, indeed, a novel scene, to witness the arrival of a caravan. Those travellers whom the bad weather has detained at the hotel, view with a sort of malignant pleasure, those poor souls who come down from the mountains soaked with the rain, and exhausted by fatigue. "That is the state we should have been in," say they, "if we had not had the sense to stop here." Don't envy them this pleasure, for it is the first they have experienced. I recollect having witnessed at Chamouny, the disaster of about twenty or thirty travellers detained by the rain. It was a curious picture; in the morning there was a general uncertainty as to its termination; deliberation took place in every corner of the hall. Should they go, or should they not go? Some one approached the window. Do you see Mont Blanc? No.—Oh! it will be a bad day. The guides are consulted, who declare it will be fine. The men at the Inn are of a different opinion; "the travellers may go if they like, but it will rain all day." In the mean while a party is formed of the resolute and the timid. The timid wait for twelve o'clock; at that hour, say they, we shall see how it will be. The resolute depart, carrying their heads erect, and some with umbrellas on their shoulders. At mid-day, however, the same rain, the same obscurity prevails: and then every one settles himself for the day. Some place themselves at the corner of the fire-place and read the Traveller's Manual, a singular collection of contradictions relative to Mont Blanc, and the *Mer de glace*. There are to be found absurdities in all languages; indeed to be insignificant, in comparison of the Alps, man needs only to write the thoughts which they engender. In the mean time, this book, with all its contrarieties, is not deprived, (who would believe it,) of some historical interest. The French revolution found means to leave its traces here as elsewhere. So that in 1794, its pages were filled with the reflections of the officers and soldiers, who invaded

Savoy, and who in passing, visited one of their boasted conquests—Mont Blanc. In later years, the administrators who went to govern Italy wrote therein. Finally, the year 1814 came, and this book, till then exclusively written in French, became a sort of polyglot collection: the English and the Germans here deposited their thoughts. This collection, the most tiresome in the world, became a sort of European journal or history of our own times.

On rainy days they dine early, for it seems to fill up the day. Thus, they sit down at table at four o'clock, at night the same debates arise. However, there is less ill-humour visible; the day is over, and every one has made his determination; perhaps during the night the weather will change, and it may be fine to-morrow, and every one retires to his room with the hope of seeing the sun-shine upon the snows of Mont Blanc.

If the first travellers who entered Switzerland, and who gave reputation to its lakes, its mountains, and its vallies, were to come again, and recommence their tour, they would be, I think, greatly astonished at finding the country so completely changed, and perhaps they would deplore it; perhaps they would say, they liked it better in its pristine state. Now interspersed with excellent Inns, and in its closest valleys meeting, with roads kept in excellent order, familiarized with the world, habituated to those tastes which produces attention from the idle, one part of Switzerland has lost its original appearance. Some of the Cantons are no longer, for four months of the year, any thing but public gardens, where Europeans of all nations flock—a home of entertainment for good company, if I may so express myself. The imagination, I acknowledge, may deplore this metamorphosis, but for myself, I am ready to applaud the change: for is it not a grand idea, that an honest citizen of London or Paris, may leave home on a journey of four hundred miles—see Mont Blanc, face to face, tread the *Mer de glace*, visit the wildest of the cascades, and return to his house without having disarranged any of his accustomed habits—is not this after all, one of the ends of civilization?

SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

“Touch, touch the chords,
Softly, gently gliding;
Love's own fond words,
In each note abiding;—

Touch, touch the chords!”—Young Daran gave commands,
Whilst golden harps were struck by minstrels' hands!

“Ah! gentle minstrel, cease that strain,
For me, love's accents breathe in vain:
My troth is pledg'd;”—the lady cried,
“And I must be a stranger's bride:—
In infancy my fate was seal'd,
And ne'er, oh ne'er can be repeal'd!—
Then wake no more that thrilling strain,
For me love's accents breathe in vain!”

“Say but to me, did happier stars combine,
Were Abra free, then Abra would be mine:
Turn but to me one look before we sever,
That look shall be my heart's blest light for ever!”

Deep blushes ting'd the maiden's cheek,
She sighed, yet strove in vain to speak;

But where's the language that may tell,
What the warm blush reveals so well?
A tear is from her dark eye stealing,
While Daran at her feet is kneeling!

“One fate alike our hearts must prove,
Denied the bliss of mutual love;
Within this ring is a bridal token;—
(He moves the spring, and the rubies open)
See Abra, see, the bride I'm doomed to wed,—
Will she reluctant to my arms be led?”

The maiden rais'd her tearful eyes,—
What means that start of glad surprise,—
That glowing cheek?—She sees how fair,
Her own sweet smiles are pictur'd there!
Now clasp'd to Daran's faithful heart
She feels they never more shall part!

And when the minstrel wak'd again
The golden harp to love's fond strain,
She said not it was breath'd in vain:—
“Touch, touch the chords!”—Now *Abra* gives command,
Let rapture wake beneath the minstrel's hand!”

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

(Concluded from page 44.)

ON REAL BEAUTY.

In the works of art, as well as in those of nature, there is beauty; but it is a proteus which no one can bind? Cannot it be beheld with an unprejudiced eye, or must any one, to discover it, have that of a philosopher? Are beauties so scarce? No, nature has not yet worn out all her models. It is ourselves only who are in fault; it is the diversity of our tastes which merits accusation. In what, then, does this precious advantage consist? Is it in a majestic *stature*, or in a fine and delicate shape? Must it be sought after in large eyes, or in a small mouth? Does it consist in strong features, or in those which are delicate? It would be an injury against nature, who is bounteous in all her gifts, to believe that she had set bounds to her work by any one of these particular objects. She knows, when it pleases her, how to hide beauty under large features, and immediately after she makes it appear amidst those which are fine and delicate. She knows how to vary our pleasures in following invariable rules. It is in the symmetrical arrangement of the parts, and in the exact proportion there is to be found amongst them, in which the secret resides. By symmetry the object is separate without being divided. She counterbalances the ornaments, distributes them with justness, and gives to her work order, nobleness, and grace. With proportion she does more: she descends into the detail of every part; she compares them all, causes to be seen the respect they have to each other, and gives birth to that harmonious assemblage, which is pleasing to every eye.

It is principally to eminent statues which we owe our knowledge of the exact proportions which are to be found in the human body. Those great masters of the art have copied from nature, not as she most commonly presents herself, but as she ought to be. Some of the best made men do not possess every dimension in proportion, as could be desired, and it often happens that the arm or the leg on the right side, is not exactly the same size as those on the left.

It is in an union of proportion with symmetry, which forms what is beautiful; thus, to have limbs too long, a waist too short, a face too small, with features too large, such defects and superfluities are so many imperfections. We see persons who have every kind of beauty, taken individually, but when they are united into one body, become disagreeable. Such, for example, those persons who have large eyes, a very high forehead, and full cheeks, have often the misfortune of being displeasing. Nature, in bestowing on them her gifts, has kept away the most precious, namely, proportion. She has given them sufficient for the building a fine edifice, but it wanted a finishing hand. Others, on the contrary, have nothing very remarkable in detail, nevertheless, their features united, form a whole, which both pleases and delights.

Proportion is, then, the chief criterion of beauty; it is also that which develops it, in according to every feature what is requisite to render it pleasing. But if our bodies owe their elegance of form, and their principal splendour to the just measure of the different parts of which they are composed, symmetry does not a little contribute to give them grace and expression. It is this agreeable repetition which flatters, which deludes us, and without varying the objects, varies the subjects of our admiration. It accompanies each separate part, serves as their support, and diffuses around harmony, conspiring to enchant all our senses.

It is by following this rule of all-beauteous nature, that great architects have raised the most superb edifices; there all is symmetry; the columns are repeated, the chapiters, the entablatures, the pillars and the balustrades. Every part answers to its fellow; and the most perfect piece, if it is not put together with art, becomes an imperfection. Symmetry is, then, a law which follows nature in her most beautiful works; she offers to our eyes a double picture, and paints, in the most lively colours, the objects which she represents to us.

Since beauty dwells with proportion and symmetry, she is, then, every where to be found. The more taste we have, the more we reflect on the marvellous productions of nature, and can better appreciate the rules which we have prescribed. Proportion and symmetry are treasures which nature has bestowed on every climate, on every age and condition. We must not, then, figure to ourselves that those of distant countries have not the advantages of possessing beauty, or of not knowing in what it consists. Travellers assure us, that there are few countries where they did not see handsome men: some are more abundant in producing beauties than others, but all are capable of furnishing models. There are among the female negroes some eminently beautiful, and might dispute the palm of loveliness with the Georgians, if they were white.

Although, with proportion and symmetry, a beautiful body may be formed, it cannot be rendered agreeable, if the skin is not good: this is a covering which nature has formed, like that of fine linen, to be dyed in a variety of the most beautiful colouring. Sometimes it is a mixture of the lily and the rose; sometimes delicately veined with blue, and sometimes it is of a dark brown. It is with the skin that is united to our flesh, that the defects are hidden by a thousand little folds, which give to our features that shining polish that delights the eye. Nature causes them to represent, as best pleases her, every kind of shade. It seems that she has taken as much pleasure in varying the colour of the skin of men, as in diversifying their features.

We shall not undertake to decide on the beauty of the skin; this question will carry us too far from the end proposed. We will, therefore, only make a few slight remarks on this subject.

In considering the skins of the negroes, and in comparing them with those of the Europeans, on the report of anatomists, they have not the same polish and fineness, and the touch is more moist, and not so firm as ours. We are indebted to the illustrious Malpighi for having pointed out the true cause of the blackness of negroes, and the cellular tissue, which, as it is well known, is between the skin and the epidermis, or outward skin, and with which almost every part of our body is covered. This tissue, among the blacks, is more dense and compact; the scarf-skin is thicker; the tufts of nerves are less fine, less delicate, and not so near to the epidermis, which certainly diminishes the sense of feeling.

Let us consult nature: our face is but a picture, the beauty and splendour of which depends, in a great measure, on the assortment of colours. It is certain that black is less favourable than white to set off the colour of the cheeks, and the vermilion of the lips; the black of the eyebrows and the eyes shew much better on a white ground, and the colours contrast more advantageously. I do not, however, mean to depreciate the merit of a dark skin; even in blacks, when the white of the eye is very clear, the teeth of a beautiful white and enamel, there may be much attraction discovered; but how beautiful soever may be the skin of a negro, it is greasy, and never seems to have those advantages which are found in that of an European.

OF BEAUTY, INDIVIDUALLY.

Although proportion and symmetry are the two principal qualifications in beauty, it has, nevertheless, particular characters in one sex over the other. When a man is well made, he should be square built, have strong muscles, herculean limbs, and every feature well marked out. In a female, we look only for what is graceful; delicacy, a rounder face, and softened features. In one, we admire strength and nobleness; grace, delicacy, and elegance of feature are the heritage of the other.

Of all parts of the body, it is the face which most strikes us; it is a moving picture, whereon is painted the various emotions of the mind; all is life, action, passion; all its various expressions are so many different thoughts. The most mute portions of the countenance seem to speak, and all contribute to manifest the trouble or the tranquillity which succeed each other in our minds.

Our eyes are principally the images of our most pathetic emotions. They serve as guides to our actions, and throw light on the judgment of others.

Persons who are short-sighted, are deprived of many advantages, as well as those who squint; they are defects in the countenance, through which the soul cannot discover itself, which conceal all the thoughts, and render the handsomest faces disagreeable, therefore, people immediately judge unfavourably of such persons, whatever wit or merit they may be possessed of.

The eyes only please by their expression, which is more or less slow in being discovered, according to their quality or their colour. The chief colours of the eye are dark and light hazel, those of a greenish cast, blue, dark grey and light grey. When a black eye is closely looked into, against the light, it will be found to be of a yellow-brown,

or deep orange-colour, which we name very dark hazel. As the white is very clear, it sets off the colour of the iris, rendering it very bright. These eyes, which pass for black, are, consequently, the finest, as well as blue eyes; in regard to the opposition of their colour, with the white. Black eyes have more power and vivacity of expression; blue eyes have more sweetness.

The parts accompanying the eyes are the eyebrows. These form a kind of natural intrenchment, to protect the eyes from accidents, and to turn from them that moisture which may exude from the forehead, and to temper the light when it may be too glaring. The handsomest brows are black, well arched, and well furnished with hair: the eye-lids should be equally furnished with black eyelashes.

The forehead is the most elevated part of the head, and the most extensive; it is one which contributes most to the beauty of the face; it is like the crown to the rest of the visage, to which it gives, more or less, the charm of nobleness or of agreeableness, according to its different proportions. The forehead should neither be too flat nor too round, too narrow nor too wide; the hair should accompany it well both above and at the sides. It is a defect to the face to be bald, and have too much forehead, as it is equally disagreeable not to have enough. Nothing is more becoming to the face than hair well placed. It renders it smiling, pleasant, and serene; instead of which, when it does not come low enough on the forehead, or that it grows too near the eyes, as it is seen to do sometimes, it produces deformity, or hides one half of the natural graces, and changes the true expression of the physiognomy. The colour of the hair, also, gives more or less expression. Black hair is most estimated, and next in preference is light hair and chesnut-coloured.

The nose is the least speaking feature of the face; it acts only in the most vivid emotions of our passions: all its beauty consists in its exact proportions. The nostrils should be rather open, though they should not form a turned-up nose. A large nose is a deformity. An aquiline nose, which is regarded as the most handsome, is all fancy, since this form is only caused by the gristle having grown too large.

After the eyes, the mouth is the most expressive portion of the face, and often has the preference: it is the organ of those articulate sounds which form the links of society, the sounds of melody which charm the ear; and these advantages place us above all other living creatures. The beauty of this feature depends on its proportion, on the colour of the lips, the whiteness of the teeth, and the grace of its expression altogether. Thus, a mouth too wide becomes disagreeable; if it is too small, it cannot open wide enough to display the whiteness of the teeth or the vermilion of the lips; besides, when we cannot observe the proportion, the eye cannot find the charm which is produced by a well-organised and regular countenance.

The lips, which are the principal instruments of speech, are a great ornament to the visage: they should be well proportioned; those which drop down are ugly. If they are too thin they are devoid of all grace. Their vermilion, which is so much admired, sets off the fairness of the skin and the enamel of the teeth.

The cheeks are that portion of the face which have the least expression; however, the red and white which are found in them, render them more or less pleasing to the sight. Those which are pale are too uniform: a delicate

tint of red relieves them, and gives animation to the eyes. The cheeks are handsomest which are neither too full nor too thin; they give roundness to the face, and take nothing from the charms of the eyes and mouth.

The chin, the temples, and the ears serve to unite the features and the contour of the visage. The chin should neither be too long nor too short. The temples are very defective when either too much raised or too hollow. The ears should be of a proportionate size; those which are well edged, with the lobe fine, are the most estimated. These parts, however, do not contribute much to the beauty of the countenance.

The neck is the pivot of the head, its chief support, uniting it to the bust. The throat is an uniform part, and without expression. It should be of a moderate length, neither too thick nor too slender; a long throat separates the head too much from the body; a short one brings it too near to the shoulders, confines it, and hides a part of the graces attached to the bust.

The breast, or chest of a man, is square: in females, this part contributes greatly to their beauty. The chest is more narrow than that of a man, and the *sternum* more compressed. However, it is requisite that the flesh and muscles which cover it should be full and firm, not with any wrinkle, otherwise it will appear scraggy. The whole of the bust ought to be well made.

The arms, which are well symmetrized, and which are so frequently in use, are, in men, more muscular than in women; their's are rounder and more delicate; the hands are smaller and softer, and the fingers tapering.

The legs, which form the principal support of our machine, are neither handsome when too large or too thin. Where the ankle finishes, they should increase gradually in size to the knee. The calf of the leg should be of a middle size.

The foot, as it is shut up in shoes, and suffers continual friction, is not capable of attraction like the hand. It is sufficient that it should be neither too small nor too large.

Such are the proportions of a beautiful body, such are nature's rules in tracing the true characters of beauty. The inhabitants of the southern provinces of the Mogul empire, the Persians, the Armenians, the Turks, and Greeks, are well fitted with the attractions of the person. The Circassians, the Cachemirians, are famed for beauty. Georgia is fertile in handsome men.

Though beauty is constant in its principles, it is, nevertheless, varied in its character. The proportion does not present itself under the same form in every beautiful body. The Orientals, and especially the Turks, have long noses, eyes well set, large mouths, and long faces; they have some resemblance to the ancient Greeks: it is the same style of beauty as may be seen by antique figures. The Italians differ from the Greeks by their large eyes, a large nose, and strong features; they seem degenerate inheritors of the ancient Roman beauty. Among the French, the eyes are more round, the features shorter. Every nation presents beauty of a different style to the other*.

* A beautiful English woman, owing, we suppose, to the various conquerors of this island in former ages, is a lovely and charming compound of all the beauties of other nations.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—PLATE THE FIRST, TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE SECOND, TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND SIX HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE THIRD, THREE MORNING, DINNER AND EVENING DRESSES, AND TWO BACK VIEWS;—PLATE THE FOURTH, THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE EXCLUDED!!!

INTERCEPTED EPISTLE FROM LADY EMILY O——, TO MISS
GERTRUDE B——.

Dear Gertrude, how pleasing, and cheerful and bright,
Are the raptures which Fashion reveals to our sight;
How brilliant the joys of the new season rise,
Bursting proudly to life as each fading one dies,
And hallowing our region with resplendent glare,
Like the fire-fly's radiance of Italy's air.
My Gertrude, love, need I the pleasures relate,
That on Fashion's fair children so bounteously wait;
Need I dwell on the raptures so pure and divine,
That in fêtes, fancy-festals, and soirées combine,
Where the rich sounds of melody proudly are swelling,
The joys of each scene, so enrapturing telling.
Away float the clouds from their dusky concealing,
The richness and radiance of Fashion revealing;
The voice of enchantment 's again heard on high,
And delighted is flashing each beautiful eye
In the varied enjoyments of HERTFORD's domain,
In DEVONSHIRE's, where our Queen holds her reign;
Lady SALISBURY's card-parties;—LIEVEN's rich balls,
The splendid *antiques* of dear HOPE's marble halls.
And then my sweet Gertrude, you know, *entre nous*,
The train of *admirers* we have, fond and true,
At our feet sadly sighing the pretty old story,
And verse-making,—perfect *Improvisatore*;
The whisper of hope, and the soul-speaking glance,
As we tread the wild maze of the fantastic dance;
Our conquests how certain, how vast and complete,
When proudest of warriors fall slaves at our feet!
Oh! is't not delightful, my Gertrude, love, say,
To bear such rich conquests, in triumph away;
To hold in our fetters creation's proud lords,
Their valour quite humbled, and harmless their swords;
For sages that councils of kingdoms discuss,
And conquerors of nations, are conquer'd by us!
Have you heard what they say in a certain high set,
Who oft in debate on the subject have met,
How another great Almack's will very soon rise,
To silence the throbbing, and heart-heaving sighs
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Of such *gay très charmantes* who follow our throng,
But alas! compelled only to look on and long!
The project's a good one, and pleasing as bold,
For when new Almack's opens, good bye to the old;
I, for one, shall take wing, as our whole party may,
And float on the light wings of zephyrs away.
For new scene, to old ones we make our adieu,
The bird cries, *Ah ici!* and can we refuse?
Mamma has been saying,—you know dear, that she
Has a voice most potential in Fashion's decree,—
How the subject of many a stormy debate,
In that council whose judgments are fixed as fate,
Has been the sad traitors to our noble cause,
Becoming amenable unto the laws;
And that sentence on many has lately been passed,
The poor, lost EXCLUDED! condemned now and cast!
A punishment dreadful, for going astray,
Branded, utterly banished, and sent far away,
To some dark and dismal, and gloomy domain,
Never lit by the sun of our radiant reign.

Entre nous, my dear Gertrude, the first on the list,
Whose claims the great council prepared to resist,
It's hinted, and whisper'd (yet ever, how true,
Are the hints that proceed from, my Gertrude knows *who*,)
Was De M——y, still living on this side the sea,
Famed for whiskers, the dance, *et l'amour pour Miss E——*.
But alas, for him found out in time to prevent
Misalliance, and straightway to *Coventry* sent;
Poor fellow, condemned for such flagrant behaviour,
Excluded! and not one voice rais'd in his favor.

The claims of another fine foreigner, then,
Were raised, but as speedily put down again,
And naughty Prince S——, that wicked, vile man,
Fell under (and justly) the powerful ban;
Exclusion's dire sentence, the Judges decree
To him, and his victim, the poor Lady E——.

Then my lord of GLENGALL for a crime very great,
Was mark'd with red ink for an *excluded* fate;
Mamma says she spoke a good word in his favor,
But no one could answer for future behaviour;
And so he was sentenced for previous evil,
Which, I must say, I think was both *braque* and uncivil;
A——y the witty, for writing some lines
For the *epilogue*, shared in my Lord GLENGALL's crimes;
H

But it happen'd just then that the *Inquisitori*,
Were told of a strange and unfortunate story,
And moved to compassion, and merciful mood,
They would not blackball him, and so his name stood.

Then on WILL LOCK, the *preux* rose quite high the debate,
Some ladies not thinking his crime very great,
And the good Madame L—N, (her thoughts just the same,)

Said, the girl being willing, Will was not to blame;
His judges were not, I must own very harsh,
For some praised his *maintien*, and some his *moustache*,
And at length, in expressing such high admiration,
Will's claims were admitted with great approbation;
Moreover, but mind dear, be sure you don't tell,
A card too was sent to the fair Mrs. L—.

But the horses are saddled, and my faithful spark,
Is in waiting to *chaperon* me to the park;—
Adieu my sweet Gertrude, we must now and then
Bestow a few smiles on the despairing men;
Adieu dearest Gertrude, a farewell to thee,
Believe me your faithful companion,—E. C.

SUPREME COURT OF FASHION.

TRIAL OF LORD GLENGALL, FOR HIGH TREASON.

SUPREME JUDGEES,

EMILY, *Marchioness of LONDONDERRY*.

PUISNE JUDGEESSES,

Lady LYNDBURST, and Lady JERSEY.

Counsel for the Prosecution, Lady AGAR ELLIS, and Mrs. HOPE.—*Counsel for the Defence*, Lady CHARLOTTE BURY.—*Forewoman of the Jury*, Lady GRANTHAM.—*Jury*, Ladies BELFAST, STRACHAN, COWPER, WILLOUGHBY, STORMONT, CLANRICARDE, EUSTON, HERTFORD, TANKERVILLE, NEWBURGH, and MOUNTCHARLES.

This important trial attracted, as had been expected, a very crowded court, in the midst of which we caught occasional glances of some of the most eminent leaders of the *beau monde*, who were evidently suffering dreadfully from the extreme pressure of the crowd. Many ladies of distinction that had obtained places in a box, erected for their accommodation, were, however, taken from the court long before the trial commenced, in a state of complete exhaustion; those who remained being also in a very languishing condition. We heard it reported, that in the scuffle which ensued for places, a certain lady was unfortunately deprived of the luxuriant ringlets, that Brewster had sent home but a few hours before; but we cannot place any reliance in the rumour, being aware that her ladyship always imports her own curls from the continent. It was also insinuated that the *remarkable bloom* of Lady Isabel's (*Was-a-belle*, an irreverent wag observed) countenance, had vanished in a very surprising manner, but we cannot answer to the fact. It was some time before order could be obtained in court, the fair portions of the auditory being, as usual, characterized by extreme volubility, indeed the officers were at length compelled to threaten their removal from the court, which expedient had the desired effect, for the ladies began to take their seats, not however without some very strong expressions of disapprobation, upon being debarred their undoubted prerogative, the use of the *tongue*.

The Supreme Judgees now took her seat upon the bench, and the Jury entered the box. The noble prisoner was

immediately brought into court; upon his appearance, a loud murmur of indignation spread through the room; some of the ladies fainted, and many fans were broken; the noble Earl, notwithstanding, maintained a composed and equable demeanour, and bowed respectively to the judgeesses, the jury, and the audience.

The indictment was then read, charging the Earl of Glengall with conspiring to subvert the ancient realm and constitution of Fashion, and to render them a ridicule and mockery; revealing various state secrets, with which he, as one of the initiated and constituted authorities, had been entrusted, and publishing them to the whole world in a *five act comedy*, with divers other incidental criminalities, tending to destroy the peace, prosperity, and welfare of the *beau monde*.

The noble prisoner pleaded *Not Guilty*.

Lady ELLIS then rose to address the court; the vast assemblage was upon the instant hushed to silence; the fair portion, whose volubility gave strong symptoms of returning, towards the close of the indictment, now directed their whole attention to the bold and powerful speech of the distinguished counsel. Her ladyship commenced by taking a summary view of the law of Fashion as it related to similar crimes, and the punishment that had, from time immemorial, been awarded to traitors. Her ladyship then proceeded: "The present case, my ladies, you will immediately perceive, is one of the most flagrant enormity, the prisoner at the bar having been allowed an unlimited intercourse with the most influential members of the *beau monde*, and ministers of Fashion's reign, his crime is of a darker dye from the circumstance of his participation in the mysteries of *ton*, which he has now revealed: he has used the privilege with which he had been honoured to the basest purposes, and directed the jests of ridicule, and the finger of scorn, to those who had extended to him the hand of friendship. Yes, my ladies, he has revealed our faults and foibles to the broad glaring eye of day; he has assembled congregations of people, rough, uneducated, and unrefined, in a large theatre, to sport with our infirmities. The individuals that have heretofore been at your ladyships' bar, have merely spread their scandal through the circles of *ton*, and thus their crime was much inferior to that of the traitor who now tremblingly awaits the judgment of the court. I repeat, his is the greater crime; for has he not assembled individuals from every class, plebeian as well as patrician, in this great metropolis; people from Bethnal Green, and such far places, wholly unknown to your ladyship's, but from the published reports of some intrepid *voyageur*, as well as from St. James's Square! Has he not disclosed every infirmity of ours, to groupes of unwashed artisans, and others of the canaille, that your ladyships may perhaps have sometimes had the temerity to cast a glance at in the theatre—a horrid mass of people, thrusting their barbarous heads through the iron gratings of a gallery in the roof. My ladies, my ladies, I appeal to yourselves, is not the insult felt by every bosom? Does not your indignation rise at the mere mention of such atrocities? Yes, yes, I see the fire flashing in every eye, each bosom heaves with the burthen of the insult that has been offered to you. I leave the prisoner in your hands in the full confidence of a verdict that will strike terror to the hearts of every traitor that dare reveal the hallowed mysteries of *ton*!" Her ladyship sat down amidst the loudest cheering from all parts of the court.

Mrs. HOPE followed on the same side: her arguments

were merely to explain the law of Fashion, with which it is universally known, no lady in high life is more intimately acquainted. She then proceeded to call the witnesses for the prosecution.

Mr. STEPHEN PRICE, lessee of Drury Lane theatre, proved the production of a five act comedy at that establishment, written by the noble prisoner at the bar.

Judges Lyndhurst.—How was it received? *Witness.*—With enthusiasm. *J. L.*—Did the inferior portions of the audience seem to understand it? *W.*—Perfectly so, my lady.

J. L.—And to greatly admire it? *W.*—Greatly, my lady.

Mr. WALLACK, a performer attached to the establishment, was then called. He proved the enacting a character, called *Lord Splashton*, strongly reflecting upon the habits and peculiarities of the *beau monde*.

Miss MORDAUNT, a very genteel and lady-like young female, now entered the witness box; she proved the representing a character called *Lady Splashton*, also strongly reflecting upon the manners of the *beau monde*.

Mrs. HOPE.—“I have to entreat your ladyship’s attention to the evidence of this very material witness, doubting not, but that she will be able to prove some of the most flagrant libels, as well as the entire treason of the prisoner at the bar.” At the request of the fair counsel, Miss MORDAUNT gave a sketch of the character she had represented, and also repeated some of the most important speeches in the part. The feelings of indignation which this witness excited in court were very great.

Counsel for the Prosecution.—That is our case my ladies, we have other witnesses in attendance, but do not think it necessary to require their evidence.

The prisoner was then called upon for his defence; he immediately bowed to the court, and observed, that his Jury being composed entirely of the fair sex, he should leave his defence wholly to his counsel.

Lady CHARLOTTE BURY immediately rose. She commenced her defence of the noble earl, with some very sophistical arguments, which we rather think few of her hearers were able to comprehend; they clearly evinced, however, the capabilities of her ladyship for the service of the bar. The fair counsel endeavoured to shew, that an author, a *professed* author, who contributed to the literature of his country, ought never to be considered with any regard to his rank or importance in society. “It is the privilege of an author,” continued her ladyship, “to seek into every scene of life, for the purpose of conducting to the amusement of his readers, and I see no reason why he should be debarred the privilege of depicting what he has beheld in high circles, any more than he should be proscribed characterizing individuals in inferior life. Every class of the community have strong feelings of dignity, even to the very lowest, and as well may the individuals satirized in a previous drama of the noble earl’s,* rise in opposition, and drag him before *their* tribunal, as his present prosecutors endeavour to seek a verdict against him. Nay, my ladies, can any one among you say that you have not been pleased by the representation of the noble earl’s comedy? Then surely you will not return a verdict against him for conducting to your amusement. If he has playfully revealed some trivial follies, it is only that you may correct them, and render yourselves the most amiable, as you are

already the most lovely women upon the globe! (*Loud applause, which continued for some time.*) Yes, my ladies, I repeat, the little *ruse* of the noble earl, was only to awaken you to a just sense of your foibles, in order to their eradication, that your virtues might be manifested, and celebrated to the extreme parts of the earth, and that the name of English women, like the sun in the heavens, might diffuse its brilliancy unequalled, like the sun also, that is but one of its kind, and only *one*! (*Loud cheering, which was with difficulty repressed.*) This was the motive of the noble earl, and what is his reward? opprobrium and contumely! He is dragged to a court of justice, denounced as a traitor, and those whom he would honour have become his judges! My ladies, I anticipate an honourable acquittal; an honourable, and immediate acquittal; banish from your minds every thing you have heard to the prejudice of my noble client, and awaken to a just sense of his noble action. Should he unfortunately meet with your condemnation,—should he be excluded the pale of your society, debarred the joys of Almacks, and the smiles of *ton*!—should he, I say, be compelled to walk upon the earth a lonely isolate, misfortune may subvert his nature, your sentence *may* goad him to revenge, and who can tell what he may then reveal! (*A confused buzzing murmured through the court, the fair counsel paused, and the Jury in surprise, seemed wavering and indecisive.*) But away with such reflections, my client will be again restored to Fashion and all its joys; the hand of friendship will again be extended to him; again will he be received in your society, and fresh amusements will be given to you; like a gentle monitor he will whisper caution in your ears, and though the lesson may probably be at times severe, will not the motive be its excuse? Acquit him, my ladies, for he has your honor and welfare at heart. Acquit him, for he alone has the power and the will to render you esteemed and valued above all the foreign beauties that are boasting in their rivalry! Acquit him, and his after deeds will shew his penitence for past offending!” The loudest testimonials of admiration attended the conclusion of her ladyship’s speech, and which continued for some minutes. The Jury remained in consultation about a quarter of an hour, when the Forewoman, Lady GRANTHAM, delivered the verdict of *Not Guilty*, which was received with the loudest cheering. The friends of the noble earl immediately crowded round him to offer their congratulations, and he was subsequently introduced by the Supreme Judges to the Ladies Patronesses of Almacks, who were pleased to re-admit him to that delightful circle.

THE LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH.

To honour Majesty is the command
From pure and potent source; to hear
Of that we honour surely interest gives
In all who feel aright.—DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

At a period when, with this *greatest exception*, the whole of the *Fashionable World* is assembled in its richest dwelling place, and become busy in the cause of *that Goddess*, and those beautiful and animated priestesses of hers we have so often invoked; the cry is still “Oh that his MAJESTY would condescend to add the sunshine of his presence and patronage, so that there be not a single dark spot in the hemisphere, beneath whose rays we would bask for aye!”

* We presume the fair counsel alluded to the farcetta of the *Irish Tutor*.

But we do not think we are disloyal in decrying, in this instance, his retirement, and for his still clinging, with the fondness of a child for its mother, to the costly-clothed dwellings of Windsor, and the society of a few favoured subjects, when (as was the custom of his ancestors), we would have him give at least some portion of his time to his Capital and to the setting forward those courtly celebrations which, whilst they enhance the glory of the KING, must powerfully conduce to the benefit of the PEOPLE, giving *grace to the calls of Pleasure, on the one hand, and alacrity to the just claims of Trade, on the other.*

We, therefore, in all loyalty, trust that we have so far moved our ROYAL READER and MASTER as to induce his immediate presence among us; and his generosity to command those beneficial hilarities, which none but himself can so widely promulgate—none but his Royal Person so effectually conduct.

Of the ROYAL FAMILY, generally, little can be added; the absence of the Sovereign operating by *the force of example* upon their conduct also. We have little doubt but that they would do all the good they can; we have none that, now their feelings are addressed, they will accomplish that which they but delay, remembering that as

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its height, leads on to fortune,"*

so there is a time for all things, and that now is that "acceptable time" when the effect of their LEADING THE WAY would be the *most powerfully felt*, and their liberality *be the most beneficially exerted*; "and so we do commend us to their honour."

Before, however, we conclude, an anecdote, not without its interest or its aptitude to convey a lesson, may be mentioned of Prince LEOPOLD, whose alliance with our Rose of the fair state, now, alas! blighted, has advanced him from a Prince of BRABANT not only to a name among our own Royal Family, but, most probably, to the Sovereignty of an extensive empire.

When his Royal Highness came first to England, he resided in very humble Lodgings, and was frequently without the means of maintaining, as he wished, the authority of his station. Our LATE LAMENTED PRINCESS, hearing of this from the interpreter of the Prince, sent, as *from an unknown hand*, a sum of money to reclaim his present necessities; nor was it 'till years afterwards that his Royal Highness knew where to return his gratitude.

ON DITS OF FASHION.

LORD CHAMBERAIN'S OFFICE, March 25, 1830.—His Majesty will hold a Levee at St. James's Palace, on Wednesday the 21st of April, next, at two o'clock.

DRAWING ROOM.—The King will hold a Drawing Room at St. James's Palace, on Friday the 23d of April, next, at two o'clock, to celebrate his Majesty's birth-day.

The Viceroy of Ireland and his lady have determined upon excluding from their private dinners and balls all who have not been presented at the levee and drawing room.

We have reason to believe that Mr. MANNERS SUTTON will, in a short period, be introduced to the English peerage; his title, we understand, will be that of Lord LEXINGTON, which formerly existed in the Manners' family.

Noble Celibataires.—Those marked * indicate widowers, *affiances*, not *marrying men*, or at least, those of doubtful conjugation. Reversionary interests are not included.

Dukes.	HILLSBOROUGH	GRIMSTON
*DEVONSHIRE	*FIFE	ENCOMBE
ROXBURGHE	KERRY	ENNISMORE
Marquises.	ROTHERS	*Apsley
ABERCORN	OSSORY	DUNLO
*LOTHIAN	Viscounts.	DUNGLAS
GR HAM	MORPETH	ST. JOHN
DO RO	VILLIERS	*PALMERSTON
TICHFIELD	FORDWICH	CORRY
HASTINGS	MAHON	KINNAIRD
ST. MAUR	MARSHAM	CLEMENTS
Earls.	NEWARK	MONSON
WILTSHIRE	HOWICK	LILFORD
*CHESTERFIELD	SANDON	GARLES
BRUCE	ALFORD	PRUDHOE
YARMOUTH	RANELAGH	GARDNER
BRECKNOCK	BRABAZON	COLCHESTER
JERMYN	FINCASTLE	*FORRESTER
*DUDLEY	*MOLYNEUX	*PORCHESTER
STRADBROKE	ACHESON	*ALVANLEY
CASTLEREAGH	Lords	BFERHAVEN
CLANWILLIAM	ASHLEY	CROFTON
*HARRINGTON	NORREYS	CLONBROCK
*UXBRIDGE	OSSULTON	ELPHINSTONE

Lady GRAVES has lately been at Stone House, Kent, upon a visit to her daughter, the Honourable Mrs. CUTHBERT, whose union with Capt. C. we lately noticed.

We understand that Prince ESTERHAZY has imported an orchestra from Germany, for the purpose of giving additional brilliancy to his *soirées*. It has been often said that a man of fashion is nothing if not singular, and certainly many of our distinguished friends have hit upon strange expedients for the purpose of obtaining "dear, dear *notoriety*;" but with every respect for the taste of the noble foreigner, we consider it very silly to travel as far as Germany to procure that which may be obtained at his very threshold. We question whether the orchestra of Prince ESTERHAZY can equal what may be procured in England at but a tithe of the expense.

It is with considerable reluctance that we advert to a most gross and wanton outrage upon the delicacy of English females, not from any regard to the feelings of the perpetrators, since we consider them dead to every sense of shame, but from an unwillingness to introduce upon our pages anything that has even the most remote tendency to indelicacy. But so glaring is the offence that we are alluding to, and, thrust as it is, continually, before the eyes of the fashionable world, that it is our duty, our bounden duty, to brand it with the mark of disgrace, and, as the acknowledged organ of the *beau monde*, speak the general sentiment upon the subject. We allude to the disgusting display which is exhibited by the ballet dancers at the Opera—French figurantes, who having no shame themselves seem desirous of exterminating that beautiful charm of modesty, which is so resplendent in the character of the ladies of England. We trust that such disgraceful exhibitions, which are still persisted in, will be met with universal execration and contempt; the French people have long trespassed upon our proverbial good nature, but the period has now arrived, when, if we do not wish to

see the beautiful purity, characteristic of Englishwomen, sullied and destroyed, we should make a stand against the fatal innovation, and teach those people who dance for their daily bread, that we will not suffer our fair countrywomen to be put to the blush by their immodest exhibitions. It is not to be endured, that ladies of the highest rank in society should be thus insulted by a troop of creatures who display their abilities for hire upon a public stage.

DANISCHOLD, the long expected DANISCHOLD, has, at length arrived in town, and the *Mazurka* is consequently the prevailing attraction in the most distinguished assemblies. Everybody appears eager to engage the attendance of this distinguished foreigner, and really he seems extremely willing to accommodate every fair friend. We have had the pleasure of witnessing this *dieu de danse* thread the intricacies of the popular novelty, and, must confess, that no exhibition of the kind ever gave us more satisfaction. He seems to enjoy the true spirit of the dance, and with the most graceful and characteristic movements glides through its various figures; we can compare his achievement only with the triumphs of SCHWARTZENBURGH and the agreeable REDERNE in the famed *galopade*. Mrs. TOWNSHEND, we believe, is the best female dancer of the *Mazurka*. DANISCHOLD has, undoubtedly, established the *Mazurka* for the season, and every lady of eminence in fashionable circles appears anxious to be acquainted with its movements. A few morning parties have been established in our fashionable mansions, for its practice, it being a dance which requires considerable grace and facility. We believe the only professors who have been favoured by its acquirement, are the Misses PRINCE, of *Almacks*, and Berners-street, two highly talented and meritorious young ladies, whom we noticed in a previous number, as having promoted, in a great degree, the popularity of *la galopade*. We can confidently recommend the Misses PRINCE to our distinguished readers, as possessing the most eminent claims to patronage.

We have the gratification to state that SANTINI has, at length, appeared at the Opera with a clean face; we trust to have the equal pleasure of recording, in our next, the circumstance of his being better dressed. These foreigners, after all, are sad people till they are polished by English refinement.

The Ladies Beauclerks were never in greater beauty than during the present season; Lady Mary, in particular, appears to embody a portrait of one of the younger beauties illustrated by Vandyke. Among the *débutantes* of the year, Miss Cadogan is particularly noticed for the simple elegance of her appearance; a younger Miss Burdett is extremely admired; and the Miss Brandlings appear to realize all the expectations excited by our former announcement. Miss Welleasley, the daughter of Lord Cowley, is also much distinguished for her charms of person and address.

In reply to a statement put forth by a Sunday paper relative to the domestic position of a noble Duke, we are happy to observe that his Grace is at present living with his amiable Duchess in uninterrupted conjugal happiness. It is supposed that the assistance of Parliament will enable the family to cut off a ruinous entail; the difficulties arising from which have been the origin of the rumours in question.

It should seem that the *seduisante* Sontag still adds to her

other attractions that of being a spinster. Count Rossi, her alleged husband, has written to some of the French papers to deny the "soft impeachment" of ever having held any lordship over her but that of love! She arrived at Berlin a few days ago, and is now singing there. The Count is attached to the Sardinian legation at Brussels.

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

There is too much etiquette in certain stylish balls; it seems to be understood, that a gentleman is not to offer his hand to a lady of superior rank to his own: thus, the young and handsome ensign is obliged to *cede the pas* to his colonel, and the colonel in his turn gives place to the general. Those parties given by the *employés* of government are much pleasanter; during twelve hours, perfect equality is the order of the night, the clerk takes familiarly the hand of his *chef de division*, and the supernumerary dances with the niece of the secretary-general. Punch circulates with sirops, and sandwiches with ices, till the moment when the ladies seat themselves to supper. Each gentleman places himself behind his partner, (whom he has taken care shall be, if possible, the wife, sister, or cousin of one of his superiors in office,) and after having regaled her alternately with an elegant compliment, and a wing of a chicken, a jelly and a *calembourg*, leads her again to join the merry dance, till the morning sun warns them to separate.

The masters of some stylish houses have discarded suppers at their balls, and have introduced, instead, a style of refreshment which satisfies their vanity much better than it does the appetite of the dancers, each of whom is served with a *potage*, or a *rotie à la Canelle*, in a small china bason.

When a country dance is finished, a French gentleman no longer offers his hand to conduct his partner to her seat, he gives her his arm.

Several brilliant balls have been given in the week of the Carnival in different quarters of Paris. Some of them were remarkable for the superb manner in which the ball rooms were decorated. We have seen some hung with draperies of blue and yellow silk. Others in blue watered silk, decorated with a garland of roses placed in festoons, each festoon formed by a crystal lustre. We may cite also, the breakfast given after his ball, by the Count de S——, where, besides the most magnificent display of plate and china, the napkins were finished with gold fringe, and had the cipher of the count embroidered in gold.

The ball at the opera has given rise to several comic scenes, and to some droll mistakes: one of the most ludicrous, is that of the coachman of the *Duc de* —, who, from not understanding what the *chasseur* said to him, actually drove the duchess to the house of the duke's mistress; shewing very plainly by his manner, that he was well accustomed to go there. The duchess is outrageous. The duke has vainly attempted to soften her wrath, by presenting her with a most magnificent set of jewels. Nothing can pacify her, she declared in the first burst of her anger that the duke should never have a moment's peace as long as he lived; and so incessant are her attacks upon him, that it really seems as if she was determined to keep her word.

A ludicrous mistake has just caused a laugh in the *salons* of Paris, at the expense of the minister of war. While he

was at dinner with some friends, and declaiming pretty vehemently against the Dey of Algiers, a servant entered and informed him, that the Dey of Algiers was waiting in his Excellency's cabinet to see him. The guests, as may well be supposed, looked all astonished. The minister declared himself incredulous. The *huissier*, who brought the news was called in, and confirmed it. The unbelieving minister, without budging, sent him back to ascertain who it really was that wanted him. Presently he re-appeared, and with an air of consequence proportioned to the importance of the information, repeated, that the Dey of Algiers in person waited in the cabinet of his Excellency. M. De Burmont could no longer hesitate; he quitted his friends, entered his cabinet and found—M. Dedelay D'Agier.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The much talked of union between the Hon. T. L. CORRY, M. P. for Tyrone, and the Lady HARRIET ASTLEY COOPER, daughter of the Earl of SHAFFESBURY, was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 18th ult. It is with peculiar pleasure that we record an event that promises a perpetuity of connubial happiness. From the very amiable nature of the disposition of the youthful bride, of which a variety of instances might be adduced, we trust that we are not too sanguine in our anticipations.

The voice of sorrow, alas! overwhelms the accents of joy, and a family that so lately were engaged in the pleasures of fashionable society, now put on the garb of woe, inconsolable for the loss of the much esteemed Admiral SIR EDMUND NAGLE, K. C. B., one of the grooms of his Majesty's bed-chamber, who resigned his spirit to the Omnipotent being from whom it proceeded, on the 14th ult. at his mansion in East Moulsey. Sir EDMUND was in his 71st year. England has thus lost one of its bravest heroes, and society a valued member.

We will draw the veil over a scene of regret, and usher in a more gratifying theme, by the record of an event that has cemented two families in an happy union: the lovely MARIA EMILY, eldest daughter of the late Sir H. C. MONTGOMERY, Bart., has exchanged her maiden appellation for the warmer, and more cheering one, of *wife*. G. MUNTON, Esq., the youngest son of the brave and witty Vice Admiral Sir JOSEPH YORKE, Bart., M. P., has been blest with the hand of this amiable young lady.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the lamented decease of the Hon. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD, brother of the late, and uncle of the present Lord KINNAIRD. This much respected gentleman was principal partner in the banking-house of RANSOM and Co; at one period he was a candidate for Westminster, but was unsuccessful; he was also one of the sub-committee of Drury Lane theatre, when that establishment was reduced to ruin by mismanagement. It is not we believe, generally known, that poor Maturin was indebted to Mr. Kinnaird for the production of his powerful tragedy of *Bertram*.

We have to record the decease of the Lady AUGUSTA DE AMELAND, fourth daughter of JOHN MURRAY, Earl of DUNMORE. Her ladyship was married in April, 1793, at Rome, and again on the following December, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to his Royal Highness the DUKE of SUSSEX, by whom her ladyship has left a son, AUGUSTUS and a daughter AUGUSTA.

The past month, however, has not been so fertile in nuptial unions, as in promises for the future; we have heard of a great number of marriages that are on the *tapis*, but feel warranted only in giving publicity to those of the Marquis of CHOLMONDELEY and one of the Duke of BEAUFORT's daughters; Mr. TISDALL, son to Lady CHARLEVILLE and the accomplished daughter of Lady SARAH BAYLEY; Captain STANHOPE (Lady SOUTHAMPTON's brother) and Miss WARDE; Lord LOUTH and Miss BURTON, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. B.; Lady SARAH O'BRIEN, and the nephew of Lord CHATHAM; the nephew of Lord de DUNSTANVILLE, and the beautiful daughter of Sir R. PRICE. Mr. TALBOT, and the amiable Lady HARRIET RYDER.

A marriage is on the *tapis*, between Lord HENRY THYNNE, the second son and heir-presumptive of Lord BATH and Miss BARRING. The preliminaries are said to be adjusted of a marriage between Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Lady ISABELLA FITZGIBBON, the sister of Lord CLARE. A marriage is also said to be on foot between the son of Sir GEORGE NUGENT and Miss RIDLEY COLBORNE.

THE DRAMA.

"The DRAMA is the most perfect imitation of human life."
—HAZLITT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Mademoiselle BLAIS has succeeded in partially redeeming her fame from the depth to which it had fallen, from her failure in *Semiramide*, by some very able displays during the past month, which, although we do not feel ourselves able to award unqualified commendation, nevertheless exalts the reputation of the vocalist considerably. She has sustained *Ninetta* (*Gazza Ladra*) with great power and effect; but her performance is still far inferior to Miss PATON's, and unequal to those of MALIBRAN and SONTAG. SANTINI as *Fernando* was unable to dispossess us of our recollections of ZUCHELLI. Expectation had been strongly excited by the *talk* that had gone the round of fashionable circles, respecting the part of the *Podesta* having been composed by ROSSINI expressly for AMBROGI, but we were miserably disappointed; attempts have been made to qualify the failure of Signor A., but whatever may have been the cause, his performance was certainly decidedly *bad*. On the 6th ult., after a very clever performance of *Cenerentola* by BLAIS, the long talked of ballet of *Guillaume Tell*, was for the first time represented, and to a crowded and brilliant audience; among whom we recognized Count Danischioff of *Mazurka* fame, Prince Leopold, Duchess of Kent, Duke of Devonshire, Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Worcester, Lords Hertford and Aylesbury, &c. The new ballet, like AMBROGI's *Podesta*, completely disappointed us; we were prepared to expect an unprecedented exhibition, and beheld only a harsh and incongruous medley, the only redeeming point in which, was the scene where *Tell* shoots the apple from off the head of his child, which, it must be allowed, was cleverly and effectively managed. ROSSINI's music does not appear to be at all adapted for the nature of a ballet, and the compositions of other masters that were mingled with it, although judiciously selected, materially injured the effect. With the exceptions of VARENNES, ATHALIE, and PERROT, we have no one to commend among the performers; the *indecent* attire of the females completely destroying any degree of admiration we might have felt at their performance.

The revival of *Il Barbiere* has introduced SANTINI in a

new description of character, and in which there is every appearance of his becoming exceeding popular; his *Figaro* is one of the most able and talented assumptions upon the Italian stage. AMBROGI sustained *Bartolo* in a very effective manner. A singular story is in circulation respecting this performer. During his engagement at Naples, he was carried off by banditti, and detained for some days, during which he tried to sing the savageness from the Calabrian bears. Madame AMBROGI was allowed to depart, but the *buffo* was too popular to be spared, without considerable ransom. The *Rosina* of BLAIS was her finest performance of the season. PACINI's aria *Affin goder mi è dato*, introduced by her at the piano forte, was exquisitely sung, and met with a rapturous encore. MERCADANTE's *Elisa e Claudio* has been revived, but with very equivocal success; it is undoubtedly an imitation of the first style of ROSSINI, and CRIVAROSA. BLAIS has however, a fine opportunity for the display of her powers, and excites considerable admiration; her duet with SANTINI in the second act is excellent, one passage being given by Madame BLAIS with all the power of a genuine *prima donna*—

"Non prego per me—ma i figli,"

it is truly exquisite and excellent. AMBROGI will never be able to maintain his situation at this theatre.

DRURY LANE.—With a most exalted opinion of the abilities of POTIER, and with the highest respect for those abilities, we must nevertheless express our opinion, that FARREN has achieved a triumph over the great French actor in the performance of *Antoine* (or *La Rose*, as the character is called in the English piece), so chaste, so accurate, so highly finished a delineation as Mr. FARREN's cannot be excelled by any English or continental performer. POTIER's performance is fine and forcible, but the interest is not maintained in that minute and powerful style which characterizes that of Mr. FARREN, and we are confident we do but echo the opinion of every just critic who may have witnessed the rival performances, in ascribing the chief honours to the actor at Drury Lane. *Past and Present* is a very fair translation of the French piece, and is also ably sustained throughout. Madame VESTRIS has resigned her character to Miss MORDAUNT, an actress of great and original talent.

Would that we could pass over the distressing scene that occurred at this theatre on the 8th ult., when KEAN, the great KEAN, the announcement of whom for a new character was ever wont to be the signal of additional triumphs, exhibited most terribly the decays and infirmities which "flesh is heir to." In his prime, *Henry the Fifth* would have been an injudicious part for him to have attempted; but weakened and suffering under mental and bodily infirmities, it was a species of madness to appear in it. But he did appear, was hissed and laughed at, his memory failed him, and our great favorite was compelled to solicit the indulgence of the audience. We gladly pass over the humiliating scene; the disgrace of failure to a sensitive mind, must alone be a sufficient punishment for the errors which occasioned it.—A very excellent farce has been produced, called *Perfection or the Lady of Munster*, Madame VESTRIS sustains the principal character with great humour and ability.—Another successful farce, entitled *Popping the Question*, is being performed at this theatre, supported by the abilities of FARREN, Mrs. GLOVER, and Mrs. ORGER. A new *Harry Bertram* has appeared in the person of a Mr. ANDERSON, a gentleman who appears to possess considerable talent. He has been completely successful.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of the *Gamester* has been revived at this theatre for the purpose of introducing Miss FANNY KEMBLE as *Mrs. Beverley*, a character which that highly-talented actress sustains with all the truth and energy which characterized her exquisite performance of *Belvidera*. The popularity of Miss KEMBLE continues undiminished, and we are happy to find the public anxious to offer tributes of admiration at a shrine to which they are so justly due; we were among the first to recognize the splendid talents of our young actress, which have since so successfully illustrated some of the most difficult characters of the tragic drama. Her *Mrs. Beverley* is fully equal to either of her previous achievements, every scene being delineated with the most beautiful and finished effect; the jewels scene is a most exquisite specimen of the histrionic art, simply, but powerfully grand; but the concluding scene, is divine. Miss KEMBLE imparts an agonizing reality to the dreadful situation; a soul-thrilling effect, the remembrance of which can never be effaced from our memory. Mr. KEMBLE's *Beverley* is, unquestionably, his finest tragic assumption; it is an exquisite and original performance. The *Stukely* of Mr. WARDE is good, and Mr. ABBOT as *Lewson*, is respectable, we cannot award him higher praise.—Miss KEMBLE has appeared in the very inferior character of *Portia* (*Merchant of Venice*). The trial scene, we thought rather over-studied, it was however a fine and impressive performance; the lighter scenes also exhibited great talent.

HAYMARKET.—The French performances re-commenced at this theatre, and are continued with some success. *La Maison du Rampart* has been produced, but we like the English piece better. POTIER's *Solliciteur* is excellent, as is also his *M. Deschakumeaux*. LAPORTE's *Le Jeneuss* was rather over-acted.

SURREY.—*The Beggar of Cripplegate, or the Humours of Bluff King Hal*. A piece with the above affected title, has been produced at this well conducted theatre, with some success; it is, however, but an inferior affair, founded upon a story as old as the existence of melo-drama itself, and which has been dramatized in every possible shape. Mr. OSBALDISTON plays with spirit, and HUNT sings as loudly as ever he did, when in the chorusses at Covent Garden he used to drown the voices of his associates in his tremendous gush of melody; he is clever, but should use his powers more judiciously. *Van Dieman's Land* continues to be played with success. A lady friend of ours who had witnessed the representation of this drama, being unable at the moment to recollect the title, described it as "the place where so many wicked people are sent to," an equivocal expression, and certainly not very favorable to the prevalent spirit of emigration.

ENGLISH VAUDEVILLE, TOTTENHAM STREET.—We are happy to find this elegant little theatre meeting with the patronage which its able management deserves. ALEXANDER LEE displays abilities that were lost in the larger region of the HAYMARKET; he is really a delightful vocalist. MELROSE is also a very talented singer; this gentleman has lately made a decided *Aid* in poor EMERY's celebrated character of *Dandie Dimont*. ANNE TREE has abilities of a very high order, and the delightful WAYLETT irradiates the scene with the sun of her resplendent genius. Mr. PERRY and Mr. ROSS are clever comic actors, (the latter greatly resembling the late Mr. KNIGHT) and VINING, second to JONES alone. The minor characters are also ably sustained, and the chorusses are admirable.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's *Magazin de Modes* is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gaze de Paris*, over a white satin slip. The corsage, cut low and perfectly square, is edged round the bust with very narrow pointed blond lace, and is ornamented in the pelerine style, square behind, but pointed in front with the same material, edged with a triple fall of broad blond net, disposed in full plaits. This trimming is so arranged on the shoulders, as to form an epaulette of a singularly novel and graceful description; *béret sleeve* very short and full. A knot of rose and lilac ribbon, intermingled, ornaments each shoulder. The trimming of the skirt consists of a double row of bands and knots of white, rose-colour, lilac, and straw-colour gauze ribbon, interlaced. This trimming is set on at the upper edge of the hem, and is of considerable breadth. The hair is dressed very full on the temples, and in large but not very high bows behind; it is ornamented with bouquets of white lilac; one is placed in front, the other near the back of the head, on the left side. Necklace, ear-rings and bracelets, large pearls; the latter with gold clasps.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—(Back view.)

A white crape dress, over a slip of white *gros des Indes*; the form of the corsage is the same as that of the preceding figure, but the trimming of the skirt consists of gold bands, three of which surmount the hem; they are of different widths, and of uncommon richness. *Ceinture* of shaded gauze ribbon, fastening behind in bows and ends. *Coiffure en cheveux*, composed of blue fancy flowers, made of the barbs of feathers. Boa tippet, made of blue and white curled feathers, finished at the ends by tufts of the barbs of feathers. Pale blue slippers.

THIRD EVENING DRESS.

A dress of citron colour gauze, over satin, to correspond. *Corsage carrée*, and disposed across the bosom in drapery folds, which are confined in the centre by a Grecian brooch, of gold and rubies. Short full sleeve, terminated *en manchette*, with blond lace. *Ceinture* embroidered in gold, and fastened in front with a gold buckle. The border is trimmed with a single row of satin *bouillons*, laid on just above the hem. The hair is arranged in full bands across the forehead, and in perpendicular bows on the crown of the head. The bows are encircled by a gold bandeau, fastened in front by a ruby clasp; an ornament to correspond with that on the bosom of the dress is placed in the centre of the bands on the forehead. A large fancy flower appears to issue from the bows on the left side, and two *esprits* are placed among them.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Coiffure de Bal, (centre figure).—The hair is dressed full

on the temples, and fastened up in a large roll on the crown of the head; a few ringlets issue from its centre, and play loosely over it. A wreath of full-blown roses goes round the head.

Second Head-dress.—A black velvet hat, of a form perfectly novel; it has a double brim, which turns up in front; the opening between the two parts of the brim is ornamented with a *nœud* of white or rose-colour ribbon: the crown is low, and adorned with a similar *nœud* behind; a profusion of ostrich feathers ranged round the crown, droop gracefully over the brim.

Third Head-dress.—A back view of the preceding.

NOTE.—We have omitted a *Fancy Ball Dress* this Month, to give space for a greater variety of Spring Fashions. It is only on such occasions we shall defer that interesting portion of our embellishments, so peculiar to this publication, and which can only be given in it with any degree of novelty and accuracy, from the trouble we have taken to secure the best drawings of the COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.

PLATE THE SECOND.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of *Chambéry gauze*; it is of the new colour called *Duchesse*; the corsage cut low, and square behind, is of a very delicate height in front; it is bordered with narrow blond lace, and ornamented with folds, disposed *en demi-losange*; they are divided in the centre by a rouleau placed longitudinally. Blond sleeve, *à la Marino Faliero*, over the gauze one; it fastens *en feston*, with a *nœud* of blue ribbon. *Ceinture* of ribbon to correspond, fastened in front with bows and long ends. A wreath of blue flowers, apparently issuing from the *ceinture*, traverses the dress in a bias direction, as far as the upper edge of the hem, where it terminates. The trimming of the skirt consists only of the hem, bordered by a large rouleau of the material of the dress. *Coiffure à la Donna Maria*, ornamented with a *chaperon* of flowers, corresponding with those on the dress. A bouquet *à la Jardinière*, of similar flowers, is placed on one side of the bosom. Sapphire necklace, gold armlets, with sapphire clasps.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of blue *satén d'Ispahan*, the corsage cut very low, is elegantly finished round the bust with a mixture of the same material, and blond lace. *Donna Maria* sleeve, of white *gaze de Paris*. The trimming of the skirt consists of feather fringe, with a net work head: this is surmounted by a row of satin points; they are ornamented near the edge by a narrow rouleau. The hair is disposed in thick curls on the temples, and full bows behind; it is ornamented with bows and bands of white gauze ribbon, intermixed

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*Newest Fashions for April, 1830.
Evening Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for April, 1830.
Evening and Ball Dresses.*



Newest Fashions for April, 1830.

Morning & Evening Dresses.

Vestlace

for Rings, Pindem Band Buckle, in Cogula, Aut. by G. Coniglio, 13 Duke Street Manchester



*Newest Fashions for April, 1830.
Dinner and Evening Dresses.*

with wild flowers. *Ceinture en echarpe*, of blue gauze ribbons; it fastens in front with very short bows, and long fringed ends.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *rose de Parnasse* satin, trimmed round the bust with feather-fringe to correspond. *Manche d'Isabeau de Baviere*, excessively full to the elbow, from whence it is made to set close to the arm; a white satin sleeve worn underneath is just visible through an opening down the front of the arm, where the sleeve fastens by *nœuds* of rose colour satin ribbon; a double quilling of blond net terminates the sleeve. The skirt is finished round the border with a row of fringe. Head-dress a *béret* of *gaze de Japon*. It is embroidered in various coloured silks, slightly intermixed with gold; one end, which falls upon the neck, is trimmed with gold fringe, and a diamond aigrette is placed in front, at the base of a bird of paradise plume, which waves over to the left side.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view in a half-length of the ball dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the *béret* of the second evening dress.

FIG. 3.—A side view of the next figure.

FIG. 4.—A *coiffure en cheveux*; the hair is parted on the forehead, combed straight across it, and disposed in full curls on each side; the hind hair is arranged in three plats, one of which forms a full bow; the two others are wound round a *nœud* formed of notched ends of ribbon. A bandeau of ribbon goes from the *nœud* at the top of the head to the left side, where it is ornamented by a second *nœud*, which mingles with the curls. The ribbon is the colour of *rose de Parnasse*.

FIG. 5.—A head-dress composed of white gauze, arranged in the style of a *béret*, but so as to let the hair be seen on the crown of the head, where it is arranged in a full *nœud*, surrounded by braids interlaced. A profusion of long curled ostrich feathers ornament the *coiffure*, one of which falls on the left side.

FIG. 6.—A back view of the above.

PLATE THE THIRD.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of *violette de bois*, *gros des Indes*, the corsage is cut rather high and square across the bosom, but very low and partially wrapping over behind. Long sleeves of white transparent gauze, over a *béret* sleeve of the material of the dress; it is finished by a plain tight cuff of *gros des Indes*, and surmounted by an epaulette arranged in *dents de Scie*. The skirt is trimmed with the material of the dress in a singularly novel style, for which we refer to our print; dress hat of green *gros des Indes*; the crown is low, and the brim of moderate size; it is ornamented with white ostrich feathers, partly placed under the brim and partly round the crown, and *nœuds* of white gauze ribbon. A white gauze scarf, richly wrought at the ends, is carelessly tied round the throat.

EVENING DRESS.

Over a white satin under-dress, trimmed round the bottom with five rouleaux, is one of white gauze, sufficiently short to show the trimming of the other. The corsage sets close to the shape behind, but is arranged in full folds on the bosom, the centre of which is marked by a satin rou-

leau. Short sleeves of very moderate fullness, partially covered by a loose one of white gauze, cut round the border in a scroll pattern, and finished with rouleaux. This sleeve is as beautiful as it is novel. The skirt is trimmed round the border with rouleaux disposed *en feston*, each of the top points finished by a rose, *à cent feuilles*, with its foliage. A single rose is also inserted in the drapery of the bosom on the left side. The hair is disposed in thick curls on the temples, and full bows behind. A bandeau of rose-coloured gauze ribbon forms a diadem, which is brought low on the forehead. A bouquet of roses is placed above it on the left side, and a smaller bouquet is inserted in it just over the right ear. The *chausure* is *à la Grecque*; it represents the *colthurnes*, patronised by the Duchess of Berry. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. Gold bracelets, with sapphire clasps.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A crape dress over satin to correspond; the colour is a new shade of *vapeur*. *Corsage uni*, cut low and finished *en pelerine* with white satin, trimmed with blond lace; there is a double fall so arranged on the shoulders as to form an epaulette. Long sleeves *à l'imbécille*, of white *gaze de Paris*, over a *manche en béret*; the trimming of the skirt is a very broad feather fringe to correspond. Blue crape hat; the crown is trimmed with *nœuds* of blue gauze ribbon. A drapery of the same material partially crosses the inside of the brim, and is terminated by a white ostrich feather attached to the brim by an *agraffe* of silver richly wrought. The feather turns back upon the brim. Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A half-length back view of the dinner dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the hat of the second evening dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A *gros de Naples* high dress of a new shade of slate-colour, the corsage is *à revers*, and is finished as well as the fronts and skirt of the dress, *à la Tunique*, by a thickly twisted rouleau of two different shades of *gros de Naples*. The corsage sits close to the shape; the sleeve is very wide, it is ornamented in a new style on the shoulder, and terminated by a manchette of blond net. The *chemisette* is also of blond net, with a very full tripple quilling, of the same material, round the throat. Black velvet hat, ornamented under the brim with a band and *nœuds* of ribbon to correspond with the dress; the trimming of the crown corresponds, with the addition of two long flat ostrich feathers, placed in different directions.

EVENING DRESS.—(Centre Figure.)

A *jaune vapeur* crape dress, over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond. The corsage is ornamented in a very new and tasteful manner with the same material, trimmed with silver fringe. A single row of narrow scalloped blond lace stands up round the bosom, which is rather exposed. The *ceinture* is richly embrodered with silver, and terminated with a row of silver fringe. *Béret* sleeve, very short and excessively full. The trimming of the shirt consists of a single *chef d'argent* placed on the upper edge of the hem, and a bouquet of flowers partly in silver, partly coloured after nature, attached to the *chef* at the right knee, by a *nœud* of gauze ribbon of the colour of the dress, striped with

silver; a corkscrew roll of ribbon descends from the *naud* in a bias direction to the bottom of the skirt. The hair is dressed very full on the temples, and arranged high behind in bands and bows. A diadem of coquilla nut is brought low on the forehead. A bouquet of flowers is placed behind on the crown of the head, and another towards the front on the left side.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of the *demi negligée* form; it is of white *gros des Indes*. The corsage is made high, with a standing collar, and ornamented *en cœur*, with folds so arranged as to form pointed ornaments, which, surmounting the half sleeve which is open in the centre, and pointed on each side; long sleeve, of a very becoming form, very full at the upper part, and moderately so at the wrist; it is finished at the elbow by an ornament which hangs over in the Marino Fallero style, of the same material as the dress. The trimming of the skirt consists of a broad *biais* of the same material, which forms the border; a row of points issues from the upper edge of this trimming. The front of the skirt is adorned with a *biais*, which is marked at the sides, and in the centre by rouleaux. Black velvet cravat, fastened by a gold slide. Head-dress, a pink *gros de Naples* hat, elegantly trimmed with gauze ribbons and flowers.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIRST FIGURE.—A half-length back view of the Morning Dress.

SECOND FIGURE.—A back view of the fourth Figure.

THIRD FIGURE.—A half-length back view of the Evening Dress.

FOURTH FIGURE.—A *coiffure en cheveux*, ornamented with a *chaperon*, composed of white ostrich feathers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1830.

Once more, goddess of the ever changing mien, we the ministers of thy sovereign will, announce to thy expecting subjects, those decrees which they hasten to comply with. How different is the spirit in which thou art obeyed, to that which characterizes the subjects of other despots; they indeed serve their imperious ruler, but it is with fear, while thy faithful lieges are ready at the smallest intimation of thy august pleasure, to peril life and limb. Happily thou art now more lenient than of old; thou no longer sendest thy lovely votaries to the promenades, there to brave the winter's cold in muslin dresses; nor forcest them to destroy the natural grace of their shape, by *imperfect and prejudicial stays*, or rather *armour*, as are seen in shop windows, destructive at once to health and comfort. No, the costumes thou now presentest, are all easy, flowing, and graceful: such as are calculated to give the lie direct to that most treasonable declaration of the poet, "that loveliness is, when unadorned adorned the most."

HATS AND BONNETS.—The return of spring is announced by green for hats, bonnets, &c., which is associated or made up with white. We have seen some white clouded *gros de Naples*, lined with delicate green; green ribbons have, in the middle, a wreath embroidered in white. Some carriage hats are of emerald green *gros des Indes*, or watered *gros de Naples*; they are trimmed with ribbons and feathers of a different shade of green. Velvet hats are still worn by many *élegantes*. The most novel are those of green velvet, lined with granite satin, and ornamented with a bouquet of short feathers, half green and half granite.

We have already seen in Cleveland Row, some beautiful Spring hats and bonnets of changeable *gros de Naples*, rose colour and white, or blue and white. There are also some of citron coloured *gros de Naples*, lined with the same. These head-dresses have not only the merit of being novel, they are likewise singularly elegant and becoming.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—A few Spring mantles of emerald green *gros des Indes*, have been made for ladies of high fashion; they are not so wide as those worn in the Winter. The pelerines are excessively large, and quite square; they are bordered with an uncommonly rich and deep fringe; there are different shades of green in the fringe. A new and elegant wrap for evening parties, is a mantle of figured *gros de Naples*; the ground is light blue, with white flowers. The pelerine is excessively large, and bordered with blue fringe. A very elegant carriage pelisse is of changeable *gros de Naples*, citron and white; the collar and lappels are lined with the same. The collar is very open on the bosom, and extends much more over the shoulders than the lappels; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with black blond lace, and the pelisse fastens up the front with *nauds*, the ends of which are trimmed with blond lace.

DRESSES.—Pelisse gowns are most in favour in morning dress. They are still composed of *gros de Naples*, *gros des Indes*, and other rich silks. They are worn with cambric *chemisettes*, which are generally finished with a frill of Mechlin lace. Many ladies wear also a black velvet cravat. An alteration has taken place in the mode of wearing these cravats; besides that which goes round the throat, a second band of black velvet goes round the neck, and crossing on the bosom, descends to the *ceinture*; this band is generally ornamented with five or six richly wrought gold buttons. A new material for morning dress, and one that promises to become a favorite, is called *tissu de Pondicherry*.

A few dinner dresses have already been made of jaconet muslin, embroidered in coloured silks: one of the most elegant was embroidered in *pensées en colonnes*. The trimming of the skirt was composed of two plumes embroidered to correspond.

We have observed lately, at grand parties, different sorts of ornaments for the sleeves *en bérêt*. Blond lace is still the decoration most in request; it is disposed either in different rows, one over another, or else it is placed in festoons. A more novel, but less elegant style of ornament, is formed of knots of ribbons, the ends of which hang loose between the plaits of the sleeve.

BALL DRESSES.—Several ball-dresses have lately been of different kinds of crape and gauze, without any trimming round the bottom of the skirt; the corsage and sleeves of these dresses were superbly ornamented with blond lace.

A dress of *gaze de St. Vallier* was ornamented round the skirt with a wreath of silver foliage; it was placed just above the hem, the draperies of the corsage were fastened in the centre by a branch of foliage which formed an agrafe. The *bérêt* sleeve was partially covered by a Falier in blond, which fell below the elbow, and was festooned in front of the arm by a small agrafe of the same foliage.

A dress of rose coloured *gaze Caroline*, had a corsage à *revers*, bordered with blond lace. The *bérêt* sleeves were partially covered with a double row of blond lace. The trimming of the skirt was a broad *biais*, the upper part of which was trimmed with six or seven very narrow rouleaux of satin. A single rose à *cent feuilles* was placed just above the right knee.

A very beautiful dress is of white Persian gauze, with a rich pattern in granite and gold; it is trimmed as high as the knee with a rouleau of grey and white marabouts. The corsage and the bottom of the sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

A transparent white gauze dress struck us as being particularly novel; it was striped from the waist to the knee with *chess d'or*. A superb gold foliage, placed immediately above the knee, formed the trimming of the skirt. Boas begin to be replaced by gauze scarfs of beautiful and varied colours, which are twisted in the boa style round the neck.

One of the most elegant ball-dresses which have appeared this season, was composed of watered rose-colour silk, the corsage being trimmed with a fall of wide blonde, and the cuffs à *la Donna Maria*. The blonde is caught up in the centre by a diamond pin; there is no trimming above the hem. The head-dress was composed of a bondeau of diamonds on the forehead; the hair in bands, and a wreath of corn in diamonds à *la cérés*. Knots of hair, placed very low at the back of the head, makes this style of dressing quite Grecian.

Another robe of gauze, striped with satin, (*vapeur* colour) had a superb white feather fringe above the hem; the corsage was trimmed with a narrow band of gauze, which was formed into three points on the shoulders, and two reached on the breast. These points were trimmed with a narrow feather fringe, which fell gracefully over a *beret* sleeve. The head-dress was composed of a bandeau of diamonds and white feathers.

The most elegant and fashionable dresses, for evening parties, are made of white satin, with three simple or plain plaits.

The waists of dresses are still very long and tight; the skirts have large flat plaits all round; the sleeves fit close to the arm at the elbow, and very large above.

HEAD-DRESSES.—We still see several half-dress hats, composed of velvet, but those of citron, blue, lilac, and white *gros de Naples*, are much more numerous. The crowns of the most novel hats are low, and, in general, they are ornamented more or less, with blond lace, or with ribbons disposed in draperies; the brims are between the capote and the hat shape, and very short at the ears. Blond lace and feathers form the trimming of those hats that are composed of velvet; others are decorated with ribbons and white flowers; and several with aigrettes.

White *gros de Naples*, crapes, and *gros d'Orient*, are the materials in favour for dress hats. The brims are shallower than usual, but still very wide. These hats are singularly becoming. Some are ornamented with a single long white feather, which is placed under the brims, and falls back over it. Others have a wreath of short feathers round the crown, so disposed as to resemble a *chaperon*. Many of these hats are trimmed with rose coloured feathers. We have seen a few, but as yet, very few ornamented with wreaths of flowers.

A singular, but very elegant looking hat, is composed of white crape; it has a round crown, and instead of a brim, two pieces of crape placed at some distance from each other; a row of feathers is inserted between them.

A very elegant turban is of blue gauze, arranged upon a crown of *tulle*, embroidered in silver. The fulness is arranged by silver bands. A knot of gauze ribbon is placed behind, the ends of which are trimmed with gold fringe, and hang down on the left side.

The cauls of some blond caps are arranged half full, and

half open; a ribbon, the ends of which are fixed just above the ears, forms an arcade upon the head, and serves to divide the full part of the cap from that which is open. The border is arranged in the usual manner, with flowers.

Black velvet hats are decidedly fashionable; the front is narrow, raised very much up in front, à *la Henri IV.*, and ornamented with a long white plume fastened under the front, and bending on the crown of the hat.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into a detailed account of the elegant head-dresses, which the *Magasin* of Mrs. BELL offers to the fashionable world. We shall therefore only observe that the collection of wreaths, bouquets, and *chaperons*, both in flowers and plumes, is singularly tasteful and elegant. The bouquets à *la Ariane*, mounted in *labyrinth*, are a beautiful ornament for the hair. The *caetus* of gold or silver is also in much request where the *coiffure* is ornamented only with a single flower. The rose of China, the double flowered Dahlia, the double anemone, branches of *boule de Neige*, and bunches of *Hortensia rose*, and of garden coquelicots, are equally calculated for *coiffures*, and bouquets of the *ceinture*.

A chaperon of *crocus roses*, with silver foliage, intermingled with small branches of silver millet always in motion, is a charming *coiffure*. Wreaths à *la Donna Maria* in pinks, and other flowers, are also much in request.

Green and white are decidedly fashionable colours, as are lilac, blues, and yellows of different shades, depending on the complexion of the lady.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The most fashionable promenade bonnets are those of the *demi capote* shape, trimmed with blond lace. The most elegant of these bonnets are of white satin, lined with satin of some striking colour.

A promenade bonnet has recently been introduced for the early part of the morning, the shape of which has some resemblance to a quaker's bonnet. They are made both in velvet and satin. As yet they have been very partially adopted, and it is not supposed they will be generally worn. Many carriage hats still continue to be made of velvet: those of satin are, however, more in favor. The most novel have a drapery of the same material, wreathed with feather fringe disposed across the crown.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—The exercise of riding on horseback is at this moment in great favor with the Parisian *belles*, but there is nothing new in the form of habits; those of dark blue or green are the most in favor: they are worn with a beaver hat, a black or green veil, the shirt collar pulled up in the style of a gentleman, and trimmed at the bosom with a cambric frill; a black silk cravat and wash-leather gloves.

Mantles are still in favor for the promenade; they are not, however, so much worn as *douillettes*, composed of velvet or satin; these dresses are worn with a very large pelerine of the same material, and a boa tippet twisted round the neck.

DRESSES.—Satin, *gros d'Orient*, *reps*, and even velvet, are the materials worn in half-dress; but velvet dresses are less numerous than the others. Many *redingotes*, composed of satin, have the shawl part lined with velvet. A *chemisette* of cambric, small plaited, and fastened in front

by buttons, is always worn with a dress of this kind. Many of these *chemisettes* have frills like those of a gentleman's shirt. A velvet cravat, fastened in the middle by a large gold or jewelled pin, is also de *rigueur* with a redingote à la *Leontine*, the name now given to these dresses.

Dinner dresses are frequently made with a corsage in *guimpe drapée* on the bosom; the upper part of the sleeve is extremely wide, but from the elbow to the wrist it sets close to the arm; it is ornamented down the front of the arm either with small bows of ribbon, or else with gold or silver buttons placed at regular distances. A *collier* of marabouts, tied in front with a satin ribbon, is very generally worn with these dresses.

The drawing-room held by the King of France, on the Sunday before Ash Wednesday, was remarkably brilliant. The Dauphiness appeared in white satin, the corsage of which was ornamented in front with diamonds, disposed in lozenges. The dress of the Duchess of Berri was of rose-coloured satin; the corsage adorned with *nœuds* of emeralds.

Almost all the corsages, cut square round the bust, had a horizontal drapery à la *Seigné*, only this drapery formed rather more the shape of a heart from the shoulder to the centre of the bosom. The short sleeves were *en baret*, the widest that has yet been seen. A *sabot* of blond-lace, which partially covered the sleeve, fell to some distance below it. Whatever was the form of the robe, a mantilla of blond-lace was an indispensable appendage to it.

One of the most splendid dresses was of cherry coloured satin, the corsage ornamented before with a drapery to correspond. On this drapery was disposed four *nœuds* of cherry coloured satin, bordered with blond lace, one in the centre of the bosom, another behind, and one on each shoulder; each of these *nœuds* was ornamented with an *agrafe* of diamonds. The short *baret* sleeves were partially covered by two rows of blond lace *etagées*.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Those of the Court, at the Drawing-room, that we have just spoken of, were very rich and varied, but whether they were toques, turbans, *brets*, or head-dresses *en cheveux*, lappets formed an universal appendage to them.

The head-dress of the Dauphiness was extremely splendid, it consisted of white feathers intermingled with diamonds. The *coiffure* of the Duchess of Berri was a coronet of rose coloured feathers, put rather far back on the head, and a diadem of emeralds placed upon her forehead.

The turbans were in general à la *Sultane*; they were finished by two ends, which fell on the left side, one longer than the other; these ends were trimmed with a rich gold fringe. This style of turban is also in great request for evening parties.

The *coiffures en cheveux* were very numerous, and splendidly adorned with diamonds and feathers.

Half-dress hats still continue to be made in black velvet, some have the brim cut obliquely in very sharp points, they are ornamented either with Heron's plumes, or else feathers, the backs of which are half marabout, and half Ostrich.

A singular but very beautiful turban is composed of three materials, and has four colours, brown and gold in *soie de Lyon*, cherry coloured crape, white satin, and yellow crape. In the centre of the turban was a large bunch of ears of corn in diamonds, and a bird of Paradise placed on one side.

Dress hats are now most becomingly made, they have small but wide brims, very much turned up; the ornaments, whether feathers or flowers, are placed under the brim. These hats are still made in velvet and satin, but within the last few days, we have seen several composed of crape, embroidered or spotted with gold or silver, and of various kinds of silks also richly wrought with gold or silver.

The hair in full dress is worn higher than last month. White feathers are still much in favor, particularly those arranged in *chaperons*. There are, however, some ladies who still wear them on one side of the head, or disposed in a half-wreath round the crown of the head; but the number of these *coiffures* is comparatively few.

Splendour is still prevalent in grand costume, thus flowers are as yet mostly composed of gold or silver. Flowers composed of the barbs of feathers, and coloured to resemble nature, are also in request. These flowers have sometimes a foliage of gold, silver, or emeralds. Wreaths of flowers composed of coloured gems, with emerald foliage, are also much worn.

Flowers are arranged in wreaths, in *chaperons*, or in *spires*, which are placed separately among the bows of hair.

Esprits are also a favourite ornament for full dress *Coiffures*. A beautiful Jewess, known as well by the appellation of Queen of Diamonds, as by that of Madame, lately appeared with her hair decorated with an *esprit* placed on one side; a superb bouquet of diamonds sparkled at the base of the *esprit*, and a bandeau of pearls falling in the centre of the forehead by a diamond clasp, went round the head.

Coiffures à la Grecque, have been latterly adopted by several very elegant women; the hair is braided upon the forehead, and arranged in a knot at the back, instead of the summit of the head; from the top of this knot, which is very large and full, falls a cluster of cork-screw ringlets; these *coiffures* are generally decorated with a row of pearls, which goes round the head, and a diadem of green corn, à la *Ceres*.

JEWELLERY.—*Bijoux* of silver, which seemed going very fast out of favour, have again come into request. Several ladies of distinguished taste have lately appeared in *parures* of silver; the extreme elegance of their workmanship renders these *bijoux* very expensive.

There is at present a perfect rage for *epis* of diamonds and pearls. Many of our *élegantes* go to great expense to have their jewels re-set in that form. The clasps, generally used to fasten bandeaux of pearls or coloured stones on the forehead, are usually of gold, enriched with diamonds. Nothing can be more delicately wrought than the gold of these ornaments.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The ladies of Paris were always remarkable for the elegance of their *chaussure*, and this taste is now carried farther than ever. Some of our ladies of fashion have lately appeared in half-dress, in *petites bottines*, composed of velvet or black satin, embroidered in silk at the seams and round the top. The taste for expense in *chaussure* extends itself even to the slippers of an *élégante*, which are now of Cachemire, richly embroidered.

Almost all the ladies who appeared at the late drawing-room held by the French king, had fans and bouquets of natural flowers. The bouquet was placed in the middle of the *ceinture*. Many of the ladies had boas, united at the ends by a serpent's head and tail, of gold, enriched with precious stones.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

-LXX.—English Earls.

WALDEGRAVE, EARL WALDEGRAVE.

This noble family is of very ancient extraction, and of Saxon origin: were settled in England before the conquest; their name is derived from Walde, and Grave, signifying the ruler of a walde, or forest. These settled in England were descended from Waldegrave, a Saxon baron, who was lord of Twywell and Shipton, in the county of Northampton, previous to the conquest. He had one only daughter, whom, by William the conqueror's command, he married to Wasin de Waldegrave, a Norman, who came over with William to England; by this marriage, the Saxon had a pardon granted him of his life and lands, notwithstanding he had borne arms against him on the part of King Harold.

Sir Henry Waldegrave, the fourth baronet, was created January 30th, 1636, baron Waldegrave, and died at Paris, 1639. He had married Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter of King James II, by Mrs. Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough; by her he had two sons and a daughter, Arabella, a nun. The sons were James and Henry; the eldest succeeded his father on the 16th of September, 1729; he was created Viscount Chewton and Earl Waldegrave, and was appointed ambassador to Vienna and Versailles; in 1714, he married Mary, second daughter of Sir John Webbe, bart., of Hatherop, in Gloucestershire, and by her had two sons and one daughter; his lordship died April 11th, 1741, and was succeeded by his eldest son, James,

The second Earl—He was married on May 15th, 1759, to Maria, second daughter to Sir Edward Walpole, and justly admired as the greatest beauty of her time, which beauty she retained to the latest period of her life; after the Earl of Waldegrave's death, she married the late King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. By this lady the Earl had issue two daughters, but dying without issue male, in 1763, was succeeded by his only brother, John, who was

Third Earl—He was a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Governor of Plymouth. He was born on the 27th of April, 1718, and was married in 1751, to Elizabeth Gower, sister to Granville Levison, first Marquis of Stafford, by whom he had issue, sons and daughters. His Lordship died October 22d, 1784, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, who was

Fourth Earl—He was born November 23d, 1751, and was married on May 5th, 1782, to Elizabeth Laura, daughter of his uncle James, the second Earl, by whom he had a numerous issue of sons and daughters; his lordship died October 17th, 1789, and was succeeded by his son George, the

Fifth Earl—This nobleman was unhappily drowned in the Thames, near Eton, on the 29th of June, 1794, and was succeeded by his brother John James,

The sixth, and present Earl—His lordship was born on the 30th of July, 1785, and was married at Paris and in England, to Anne, third daughter of Mr. William King, of Hastings, in the county of Sussex; and has issue, a son and heir, Viscount Chewton, and other children. The present heir apparent, the Viscount, was born February 8th, 1816.

The motto of this ancient and noble family is *Cochem non amineum*—"You may change your climate, but not your mind."

THE MYSTERIOUS PILGRIM,

A LEGEND OF THE SWISS ALPS.

"What strange, unholy thing art thou,
That com'st so fearfully, to blight the hopes
Of youthful innocence?"—Mallet.

One beautiful summer's evening, while the happy and peaceful peasantry of the little village of Hundeck were enjoying their festive amusements, after the labours of the day, a strange looking man, attired in a pilgrim's garb, was observed tracing the pathway that had been cut through the snow, upon the white and barren Grimsel, one of the most stupendous among the whole range of the Swiss Alps, and apparently directing his course towards the village. At any time, the appearance of a stranger is sufficient to create pleasurable sensations in the bosoms of a little fraternity, who are entirely shut out from connection with any other society, by the invincible and magnificent barriers of nature, the stupendous mountains, which, raising their giant heads from the lap of earth, appear to seek communion with the spirits in the skies. The little valley of Hundeck is seated in the midst of an uninterrupted chain of Alps, through which the rapid Aar, gushing over the broken crags and precipices, with greater impetuosity than even the Rhone or the terrifying Reuse, thunders into the valley with a continual fall; the fragments of rocks hanging over the road, and from which pieces occasionally separating, drop with fatal effect upon the humble cottages of the poor peasantry, often crushing them to instant annihilation, throw a grand though gloomy sublimity over the romantic spot, peculiarly interesting to the traveller, who seeks after the beautiful picturesque of nature.

A solitary stranger traversing the intricate paths of the craggy Grimsel, was a sight so uncommon, that the entire attention of the peasantry was directed to his progress. Hospitality was the predominant feature of their characters, and each among them appeared desirous of entertaining, with bed and board, the venturesome traveller who appeared so bravely daring the terrors of his situation. It was, however, at length agreed, that the charge of him should devolve upon Michael Hausse, the father of the sweet little Bertha, one of the prettiest maidens in the

whole village, who alone, among all the group, seemed uninterested in the pilgrim's journey, by reason only, that her whole attention was engrossed by the soft pleasantries that Wilhelm Rechter was whispering in her attentive ear. Wilhelm and Bertha were acknowledged lovers; their mutual troth had been plighted long since, and they only waited the arrival of the festival of the new year, to join their hands in the sacred nuptial union. Every maiden envied Bertha, and every youth wished for the situation of the happy Wilhelm, who, loving and beloved, seemed to think nothing could dispel the felicity which was so near to his attainment.

The pilgrim now entered the village, and if the surprise of the peasantry had been excited by his traversing with such bravery the fearful route across the mountain, how much greater was their astonishment to hear him, as he descended into the valley, singing a scrap of one of their favorite national airs, with all the joyous jollity of a merry heart, and apparently unfatigued in the least by his hazardous journey. A rude stone cross stood at the entrance of the valley, that had been erected by the peasantry to preserve them from the influence of evil spirits, which the assembled group were surprised to behold the pilgrim pass without the usual devotion; but supposing that it might have been unnoticed by him, they prepared to welcome their merry visitor with every demonstration of friendship and regard.

A strange feeling pervaded every bosom, as the pilgrim arrived upon the spot in which the little party had assembled; and though they could not but admire the pleasant joyousness of his general demeanour, yet the malignant glances of his large dark eyes, which, with peculiar earnestness, he directed upon all around, awakened sensations of awe and even terror, unaccountable as they were entirely new to the guileless peasantry. It was evident that the gaiety of the stranger was forced, and that the rich smiles which pervaded his cheeks, were excited by no corresponding feeling of his heart, for at a moment of incaution, while gazing on the happy peasantry, and witnessing their amusements, a deep sigh broke from his lips, and he hastily averted his glance from a sight which seemed to awaken fatal recollections. This circumstance, though noticed by the assemblage, was altogether unheeded by them, and the stranger having expressed his intention of staying some time in the valley, and exhibiting to their sight a large and well-filled purse of gold, an entire cottage was, at his own desire, procured for him, he having declined the proffered hospitality of Michael Hausse.

The mysterious pilgrim was long the subject of general conversation among the villagers of Hundek; he inhabited a cottage close upon the little farm of Michael Hausse, but, except at times, when he would bestow a few words upon the lovely Bertha, as she culled flowers from her little garden, to form a nosegay for the bosom of her lover, he seldom deigned to converse with the peasantry, or join in their social amusements. Once, while engaged with her lover, Wilhelm Rechter, Bertha was forming a wreath of the brightest flowers which gemmed her parterre, the stranger also, as was his custom, directing her attention to the choicest blossoms, a beautiful full-blown lily that Bertha had just plucked, fell from her hands upon the ground close to the feet of the stranger, who, stooping to take it up, immediately presented it to the maiden; but the flower was already *blighted*! The pure and beautiful leaves that but a moment before had yielded such delicious

fragrance, now recoiled, faded upon its stem, its beauty perished and its fragrance gone! No one appeared more surprised at the fearful influence of the stranger's contact than that mysterious being himself who gazed in a stupor of doubt and fear upon his amazed companions, evidently expecting immediate detection; but at length recovering in some degree his former self-possession, he laughed at the miraculous incident, and ascribed it to the effect of some chemical experiments in which he had been engaged, though without clearly explaining it to the intelligence of the young peasants, yet sufficiently so as to prevent any discreditable conclusions in their minds upon the subject.

The next day had been appointed for the journey of Wilhelm to Meyringen, the capital burgh of the district, in order to obtain the necessary requisites for his approaching nuptials; and, fortunately for the young adventurer, the clear sky that appeared irradiated by the glorious sun, bursting at intervals upon the sight, through the broken spaces of the huge Shereckhorn, with its face of eternal snow, seemed to prognosticate fair weather for his journey. Bertha would accompany him some little way from the village, and, as her father was too aged to traverse the difficult paths of the mountains, the proffered company of the stranger was immediately accepted as a kindness.

The happy party set out upon their progress through the dangerous road, traversing paths through clumps of tall majestic pines, and wide-spreading larches, whose broad branches swooped wildly in the wind, but their sound wholly absorbed and lost in the rapid gushing of the Aar, which ran along the road, falling over crags and precipices in its progress, and throwing its white and sparkling foam upon the indistinct paths which the travellers trod, until they arrived at a beautiful little valley, replete with verdure and green herbage, affording a bright contrast to the dreary region from which they had just emerged; the sun beamed cheerfully upon the route of the lover, and upon this spot, where neither foaming river nor roaring torrent interrupted the stillness and beauty of the scene, he chose to part from his beloved Bertha, but for a short time, however, soon to meet again, to the accomplishment of that bliss which had so long been viewed in the perspective. With heart-breathed sighs, and one long and fond embrace, the lovers parted, Wilhelm full of the brightest anticipations, and Bertha trembling at the dangerous nature of the road through which her lover had to pass, in his way to the capital of the district. A soft prayer was breathed to the Eternal for his safety and success, and Bertha and the stranger prepared to return to the village of Hundek.

For some time they continued their way in silence, Bertha's beautiful face suffused in tears, and the mysterious stranger glancing his dark and malignant eyes upon the maiden, his whole heart apparently big with some important project. At length, breaking silence, he exclaimed—

"Restrain those tears, my pretty maid, so fair a face was never meant to be thus sullied; cheer up, thy lover will return alive and well. But what, if not?—we must resign ourselves to Fate's decrees, and what it wills, submit to!"

"What mean those ominous words?" immediately enquired the terrified girl.

"Be not alarmed, sweet Bertha; I mean, that if thy lover never should return, there may be others in the world, that would esteem thee—*love thee*, Bertha!"

"Those words are dark and fearful: there is a wildness in your looks I cannot comprehend,—tell me what means this mystery?"

"That if that being who hath sworn to love and cherish thee through life, should have that life demanded at this hour, that I, Bertha, would supply his place, and love thee, dearest girl, with all the gushing rapture of unfeigned regard!" and he pressed the trembling hand of the maiden to his lips, imprinting burning kisses thereupon. The girl was affrighted—the gloom of the thick larch group which they had just entered, threw additional fears upon her mind, and, shrinking from the grasp of the stranger, she falteringly ejaculated, "What, oh what may this conduct mean?" The fixed features of the pilgrim remained unmoved, and gazing upon the terrified girl with the same mysterious demeanour, he exclaimed—

"Your spirits are sad and drooping,—I would reveal to thee a circumstance important to thy welfare—to thy happiness; so transient, too, that if this moment passes, and the secret unrevealed, increasing anguish is thy destined lot all through life's pilgrimage! But no matter, you are too agitated to support the disclosure."

"Tell me, oh tell!" ejaculated the maiden, as she hung fainting upon his arm, trembling with the greatness of her fears, yet anxious for the awful secret.

"First taste this cordial, then," exclaimed he, at the same time drawing a flask from beneath his cloak, and proffering it to the girl, "it will revive thy spirits, and compose thy thoughts to peace!"

Bertha raised the flask to her lips, and at that instant a deep sigh was breathed close to her ear! She started in amazement, and gazed enquiringly at the pilgrim, who, attributing the mysterious sound to the swooning of the larch trees in the wind, again proffered the draught to the trembling girl, at the same moment contriving secretly to withdraw an amulet cross that she wore constantly upon her bosom; she instantly drank of its fatal stream, and the anxious features of the stranger were instantly lit with more than earthly fire, and glancing his dark rolling eyes around, with malignant joy, a deep and murmured voice ejaculated,

"She *may* be thine!"

The spirit of the draught she had inhaled pervaded Bertha's brain; her senses were bathed in an intoxicating gush of heedless gaiety, and her whole frame appeared completely renovated; with a lithesome step she progressed through the gloom of the pathway, directing the track through the masses of rock that had fallen from the overhanging precipice, careless and thoughtless as had been the previous progress of the stranger. That mysterious being beheld the effects of the draught with wild and intense pleasure, and seizing tenderly the white hand of the maiden, he exclaimed—"Now you shall behold!"

They suddenly emerged from the trees, and climbing an ascent of rock, which, being covered with thick moss, afforded an easy progress, the stranger directed the attention of Bertha down the broad chasm of a precipice, through which the rapid waters of the Aar, gushing from an opening in the mountain, rushed in foaming billows over the separated fragments, and spreading wide in its descent, flowed into the distance, losing itself, at length, in the dark forest that bounded the view of the spectator. "*That is the track of Wilhelm*," observed the stranger, "and there," directing her attention to a beautiful green plain, at a

little distance, "is the spot on which we parted. Now behold—!"

The maiden started as she beheld the figure of her lover suddenly rising from behind a groupe of pines, and progressing among the massy fragments of fallen rock that obstructed the path across the mountain, now descending into a deep chasm, and again rising to the brink of a precipice, and continuing his way along the course of the Aar, the rocks on all sides rising perpendicularly and entirely bare, with the exception of their summits, that were crowned with majestic pines. Arriving, at length, at the edge of a deep ravine, down the shagged sides of which, the bursting cataract gushed with impetuous fury, the pathway seemed entirely blocked up by some massive pieces of rock, that had separated from the mountains, and, in his endeavours to climb across the dangerous obstacles, his footing became insecure, and in a moment he was precipitated into the foaming torrent beneath! Bertha immediately gave an agonizing shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of the pilgrim!

Upon her recovery, she was in the cottage of her father, the distressed old man weeping over her, and the mysterious stranger eagerly watching the moment of her restoration, at the instant of which, he left the house, whilst Bertha, awakened to life a new creature from the effects of the pilgrim's spell; new ideas engrossed her mind, new thoughts broke upon her conception, and the memory of Wilhelm became lost in her *gratitude* to the unknown one! That being soon proposed himself for the future husband of Bertha, nor was his solicitations rejected by the spell-bound maid, in whose deluded eyes he appeared superior in every charm that could endear him to affection; but Michael Hausse was not a man to readily adopt such good opinions; he believed the story of Wilhelm's fate, as that youth had not returned at the appointed time, and, moreover, as his own child had been a witness to the spectacle; but still the mystery that was attached to the stranger's character, his unwillingness to join in sacred duties, appeared incompatible with his pilgrim's garb, and moreover, his omission to pay due homage to the holy emblem of religion when he first entered the village, recurring forcibly to Michael's mind, he was not scrupulous to express doubts upon the nature of his character, and at length, hints and whispers, strange as was himself, were prevalent among the peasantry.

One evening, a party of the villagers had assembled at the wine-house of old Hans Berner, at the extremity of the valley where it was their custom to meet; Michael Hausse had taken the high chair by the fireside, and Hans had thrown an additional log upon the burning embers in the chimney, whilst the little party were engaged upon no less important a subject, than that of their mysterious neighbour. The clock had just struck eight, when the rapid pattering of the rain and hail upon the casement, evidenced a sudden storm raging without doors, and each drew closer to the fire, that seemed to blaze more cheerfully from the contrast. Suddenly, the door of the cottage was hastily thrown open, and the unknown stranger stalked majestically into the room, and, proceeding to the fireside, he sternly addressed the astonished party: "I hear that you have been whispering strange things of me, and you Michael Hausse, whose daughter I have deigned to solicit as my bride, have been boldest among the bold; but I warn you to *beware*; what I *am*, no man need know,—what I

may be, depends upon yourselves; tempt me no more!" Then again, addressing the father of Bertha, he continued, with a smile, upholding to his view the amulet cross, "*Behold, your child is mine!*" and he immediately withdrew from the terrified assembly. A fearful pause ensued, the whole assembly appearing to have lost their powers of utterance; at length, however, rising from their seats, they bade each other good night, and departed to their respective homes.

The cottages of the peasantry were situated at some distance from the wine-house upon the mountain, and their passage homeward was, in consequence, along a wild track of rugged rock, craggy portions of which overhung the road, and the steep precipices on each side, required the greatest caution in the passenger. The night had become extremely dark, and the roaring of the rapid river, as it rushed in torrents across the mountain, mingled its sounds with the boisterous winds, whose unison seemed to rock even the foundation of the world! Never had Michael witnessed such a tempestuous night; the rain and the snow intermingled with huge masses of ice falling from the mountain, threatened the peasants with instant annihilation; each of them endeavoured speedily to regain the valley, and Michael was considerably distanced in the progress, being left at length to explore his way alone. Suddenly he was surprised by a loud screaming, which proceeded from a distant part of the mountain; the noise, however, was soon drowned in the rumbling of the tempest, but in the intervals of cessation, they were repeated, each time with greater agony than before; presently those outcries sounded close at hand, a small light was visible at the extremity of a precipice, and Michael beheld his child in the arms of the pilgrim, who was dragging her along the mountain! The agonized father immediately rushed to his daughter's rescue, but the lights immediately disappeared down the precipice, and an exulting laugh burst upon his astonished ears, with a malignant shout, "*She is mine! for ever mine!*" and again every thing was absorbed in the noise of the tempest! The aged parent fell motionless upon the ground, overcome by the intenseness of his affliction; but immediately endeavouring to rise in apprehension of the safety of his child, he stretched his arms across a fragment of rock, and his hands came in contact with a small substance which he eagerly snatched from the ground, and as instantly the tempest was stilled! the dark clouds were dispelled from the face of the heavens, and the moon, suddenly emerging from the thick obscurity, lighted up the scene with all her silvery splendour. Michael instantly discovered that he held in his hands an amulet; it was his daughter's cross! He immediately bent in prostrate homage to the throne from whence all good proceeds, and hastily rising from the ground, he made his way to the cottage. Bertha was sleeping upon her couch, but in vain were all the efforts of the old man exerted to awaken her; he at length put the amulet to her lips, and its effect was instantaneous; the maiden seemed to awaken from a deep and dangerous trance, and falling upon her father's neck in tears, for a time her emotions were too great for utterance; pressing the cross however fervently to her beautiful lips, the spell of the potion she had inhaled from the proffered flask of the spirit of the evil one, was dispelled, but the memory of the past, floating over her anguished mind, she again pressed her father fondly to her

bosom, and all that she could ejaculate, was her faithful Wilhelm's name, when again she fell senseless in the arms of her afflicted parent.

At this moment, the door of the cottage opened, and the stranger with wild and fearful aspect stalked into the room, and was proceeding earnestly to the bed whereon reposed his intended victim, when Michael instantly interposed the sacred cross.

The stranger staggered back appalled at the sight, but as immediately recovering himself, he fiercely snatched at the holy symbol, and Michael then perceived a small black fillet attached to it, whereon a fearful name in burning letters was inscribed! Instantly tearing the unhallowed badge from the sacred cross, he threw it into the blazing embers upon the hearth. The mysterious stranger shrieked in dismay at the destruction of his compact, and rushed from the peasant's cottage. The storm again raged without and the rain beat upon the windows furiously, fearful sounds were heard in the midst of the tempest, and a large mass of rock separating from the giant Grimsel, fell into the valley with a tremendous crash; a shriek immediately followed the fall, and again the tempest was stilled in the silence of the night.

At day-break, the immense fragment of rock was seen in the place whereon had stood the stranger's cottage, and that mysterious being was crushed in the fatal fall. The sunlight streamed upon the pillow of Bertha, irradiating her beautiful features with additional lustre; a smile seemed to play upon her fair cheek, and her rose-bud lips, half opening, appeared to invite the fond kiss of her faithful Wilhelm, who, having overcome each obstacle that had prevented his progress across the mountain upon his return to the valley of his beloved one, now stood by her side, anxiously waiting for the unclosing of her sweet blue eyes, to proffer the *plain gold token* of his deathless love! She awoke; she beheld her Wilhelm, and her happiness was complete. The virtues of the faithful pair met their deserved reward, and having effectually overcome the temptations of the unhallowed spirit of the evil one, they were amply recompensed for their pains and perils, in the enjoyment of perpetual bliss. *.*

THE VASE OF FLOWERS.

Fair vase, what graces hath true taste combin'd

In thy light form, so worthy of each flower,
Which, in thee sweetly, blushingly enshrin'd,
Breathes out its incense at this lonely hour;
This holy time of night, when passion's spell
Wakes in young hearts an odorous desire,
Blissful as aught that poesy can tell,

On beauty's bosom pouring vows divine,
The balm of all its truest feeling there!

Bid thou the flowers, which from thy brim respire,
Tell, to my fair, their brief tale fragrantly;
How soon they fade, for oh, their fate is mine!
And pitying to soothe my bosom's care,
Invoke them to impart at Evening's calm,
Such dream of our past love, memory's blest calm,
As shall awake some lone, kind thought of me,
And vivify the love which still I bear.

APRIL FESTIVALS.

"Onward" roll the "gay hours," and with a rapidity that almost staggers credibility, we pass from season to season in succession. Winter, hoary, frost-bitten winter has fled from the scene, giving place to the laughter-loving, blue-eyed spring; the trees burst into life, and the fields put on their verdure; the birds carol blithely as they wing their flight in the sunny sky, or playfully sport among the trees and flowers, spreading in gay notes their graceful harmony. Now are the fire sides forsaken, and the public walks display a rich train of captivating beauty, blooming in all its pride and splendour, and redolent of smiles and 'witcheries. April is come, gay and joyous forerunner of "*the Month of Love*," and with it all the festive anniversaries, whose enjoyments make time seem to travel fast through the flowery paths.

And first we have the laughter inspiring merriments of *All-Fool's Day*. Let not any fastidious reader censure me for retaining in my calendar a day which they may probably consider productive of such trivial or childish fooleries; for be it understood, that I delight in every source of merriment and rejoicing. I am really a laughing philosopher; and in my pursuit of amusement catch at every harmless gratification, convinced that it is better to laugh with the world than at it. This life has sorrows enough of its own, and it is folly to make them more heavy by a foolish and affected puritanical preciseness. *Vive la bagatelle!* should be the universal sentiment, and harmless amusements, sports and festivals indulged in and encouraged.

We all know the merriment which the first of April gives rise to; childish perhaps it may be, but even such childish fun may agreeably occupy our time. It is delightful to behold the happy cherub-looking urchins indulging in all the plenitude of "fool-making;" the merry chuckling, and the uncontrolled roar of laughter on the success of their important little schemes. Who could feel angry at the little creatures' amusement? Who, with the least partially for the endearments and socialities of domestic life, could censure the "childish" fun? Happy and innocent, they seem like beings of another world, free from all the cares and sorrows, the heart-withering disappointments of this; dreaming not of the anxieties they must experience, and the bitter cup which they are destined to taste in maturer years; their little "age of innocence," is passed in blissful and felicitous enjoyment. Cold indeed must be the heart, stern indeed the philosophy, that would seek to detract from the illusions, or dispel the glittering visions and the fairy dreams of such an interesting period of life. Time indeed rolls fast onward, and the now happy little urchins, will soon be called upon to bear a part in the great drama of the world; Heaven protect me from that man whose churlish heart would prevent them from enjoying their only happy moments.

But a truce to reflection. *All Fool's day* is celebrated in many countries. The Roman ladies used to perform ablations under myrtle trees and crowning themselves with leaves offered sacrifices to Venus.* The Romans also cele-

brated their "*Quirinalia*," or *Fest of Fools*. At Lisbon it is thought highly humorous to throw powder into the face of any person who passes, or to pour water upon his head, but to do both, is the perfection of wit. The Hindoos also keep their "*Huli*" festival, and make "fools," as humourously as ourselves. The French celebrate the *April Fool*, whom they call *un poisson d'Avril*. An appellation that was given to Buonaparte on his marriage with Maria Louisa, April 1st, 1810.

Passing however from *All Fools' day*, we arrive at *Easter*, the grand holiday of mechanics and milliners' apprentices, who, attired in their new apparel, go smirking and smiling with their sweethearts and beaux merrily along the road to some rural retreat. It is delightful to step from "Fashion's walk" for a moment, to witness the joyous scene which a fine Easter gives rise to. Unrestrained by the forms and prejudices of higher life, the beings who enjoy this holiday, plunge into the gay and festive scenes with an intensity that other minds can have no accurate idea of. It is the greatest,—I may say the only holiday they have, and the few hours of which it is composed, they seem determined fully to enjoy; and with the excited fervor of ardent imaginations, long looking for the expected gratification, they seize the bright cup of enjoyment, and drain it to its very dregs;—it is the intoxication of pleasure, the very madness of delight.

A singular custom prevails at *Easter*, in many parts of England, of making, what is called, "paste eggs;" these are eggs immersed in hot water for a few moments, and then some words written on them with a piece of tallow, after which they are plunged into a pan of dye, which stains all parts of the egg with the exception only of the places where the tallow has touched. The writing is generally some amatory sentence. A neater plan than the foregoing is to first dye the egg all over, and then to scrape the words with a pen-knife. These eggs are presented by young lovers to each other.

Many interesting particulars might be noted, relative to *Easter*, which at present my limits will not allow me to give. A few words, however, must be spared for *St. George's Day*, the patron saint of our merry little country, and upon the anniversary of which, our Sovereign's birthday is generally kept. The regal splendour and festivity of this happy day, in which so many of our fair readers participate, is equalled by no other country in the world. The court of George the Fourth, unparalleled as it is, stands as a proud monument of the superior elegance, beauty and magnificence of the individuals who compose it; and if their qualities are at any time most conspicuous, it is on *St. George's Day*, when all the wealth and splendour of the empire crowd round the throne of the monarch, to offer their sincere and warm congratulations on the anniversary of this happy day.

It is in the enjoyment of such festivals, that Time seems to "spur the gay hours," and to travel with increased rapidity. They are festivals which every English heart should hail with rapture and delight—

"And oh!—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up,
They're born in the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'mid the tears of the cup!"

* This custom originated in a mythological story; Venus was drying her wetted hair by a river side, but being perceived by some satyrs, she enveloped herself in leaves of the myrtle—And soon with myrtles, she her beauties veiled,
From whence this annual custom was entail'd.—OVID.

MILITARY RECOLLECTIONS DURING THE WAR IN SPAIN. (1809).

THE EXECUTIONER.

The clock of the little town of Menda had struck twelve, when a young French officer appeared on the terrace of the Chateau gardens, and contemplated the scene before him; and it must be acknowledged that neither hour, night, nor situation, could be better adapted to the thoughts which occupied him. The beautiful blue sky of Spain spread like a dome above his head, and the twinkling stars, aided by a soft moonlight, enlivened the valley beneath, and displayed its varied treasures. Leaning against an orange tree in full bloom, this young chieftain saw about a hundred feet beneath him, the town of Menda, which seemed to be placed for security, underneath the rocks on which the chateau was built. On turning another way, he could see the sea, whose sparkling waters spread before him like a sheet of silver. The chateau itself was a blaze of light. The joyful tumult of a ball—the tones of musical instruments—the laughter of his brother officers and their partners reached his ear, and mingled with the sound of the distant waters. The freshness of the night imparted strength to his fatigued body which the oppressive heat had enervated. Indeed the gardens were filled with sweet-scented trees and flowers; so that the officer fancied himself involved in a bath of perfume.

The chateau of Menda belonged to a grandee of Spain, who at this time inhabited it with his family, which consisted of three sons and two daughters. The eldest of these girls, whose name was Clara, had regarded the officer with such particular and melancholy interest the whole evening, that he could not avoid being struck with it. Clara was beautiful, and although there were so many more children, the wealth of the Marquis de Légarés appeared considerable enough to admit the supposition that she would have a handsome portion. But how could he presume to think, that the daughter of one of the richest grandees in Spain, would be given in marriage to the son of a Paris *grocer*?

The French people were hated. The Marquis having been suspected by General G. who governed the province, of planning the restoration of Ferdinand VII. the battalion, commanded by Victor Marchand, had been cantoned in the village of Menda, in order to overawe the partisans of the Marquis de Légarés. A recent dispatch from Marshal Ney had caused this general to believe that the English were about to disembark some troops on the coast, and pointed out the marquis as holding secret intelligence with the court of England, so that in spite of the good treatment which Victor Marchand and his party received from the Spaniard, the young officer kept a constant and vigilant watch over him.

As he directed his steps towards the terrace, whence he surveyed the country submitted to his vigilance, he was considering how and in what way he might interpret that appearance of friendship which the marquis had shewn to him, and how it was possible to reconcile the tranquil state of the country with the suspicions of his general; but all at once he was aroused from meditation by a feeling of prudence and curiosity.

He saw that the village became as it were suddenly illuminated; and that (spite of the festival of Saint James, which was that day celebrated) he had ordered the lights

to be extinguished, at the hour prescribed in the regimental order. The chateau alone had been exempted. Here and there he saw the glistening of his soldiers' bayonets at their appointed posts; but there was a peculiar solemnity in the scene which ill accorded with festive rites.

After a long endeavour to explain why the inhabitants should have so culpably infringed the orders he had issued, he became more amazed, as he had left some of the principal officers charged with the night watch and to go the rounds. With the usual impetuosity of a young soldier, he was about to dart through a breach in the parapet, when his steps were arrested by a faint noise; he thought he heard the gravel crashing under the light footsteps of a female. He turned his head in that direction but all was silent, yet he perceived an extraordinary spectacle on the ocean, which overwhelmed him with surprise. The silver rays of the moon fell on the white sails of a fleet, yet, at some distance. He shuddered, and tried to persuade himself that it was a mere deception of vision occasioned by the motion of the waves, and the moonlight. In a moment a hoarse voice pronounced his name. The officer looked towards the breach and saw the soldier who had accompanied him to the castle slowly emerge from thence. "Is it you, commander?" said he. "Yes, what do you want?" replied the officer, in a low voice, warned by a sort of presentiment to use precaution.

"Those ragged fellows there, are working about like worms, and I came in haste to offer you a few observations if you will allow me."

"Speak," replied Victor Marchand.

"I have just followed a man from the castle, who passed this way with a lantern in his hand. A lantern has a terrible suspicious appearance, for I do not know that this saintly fellow can have occasion to light up any more wax at this hour. I said to myself, they are going to eat us up! and I set about examining his talons; so Sir, I discovered only about three paces from this, a pile of faggots." A terrible cry resounded through the town which interrupted the soldier. The commander was soon acquainted with the cause of alarm; the poor grenadier received a musket shot and fell dead by his side. A pile of straw and dry wood began to blaze at about ten paces from him. The music and other strains of conviviality had ceased in the ball room. A death-like silence, interrupted only by groans, suddenly succeeded; the firing of a cannon was heard from the sea. A cold sweat ran down Victor's face, he was without his sword. He conceived that all his soldiers had fallen under the hands of the English. He saw himself dishonoured if he should still survive; he saw himself dragged before a council of war; he then cast his eyes towards the deep valley beneath him, and was about to throw himself over the rock when Clara seized his hand. "Fly!" said she "my brothers are coming hither; at the foot of the rock, that way, you will find Juanito's Andalusian horse—fly!" She forced him away. The young man, stupified with astonishment, looked at her for one short moment, then obeying the naturally instinctive care of life which clings even to the bravest and the strongest, he darted through the garden taking the direction she pointed out and ran across those rocks which the goats only had traversed before. He heard Clara calling to her brothers to pursue him; he heard the steps of the assassins; he heard the balls of several muskets whistle about his ears; but he reached the valley, and finding the horse there, he mounted, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

In a few hours the young officer reached General G—r's quarters, who was at dinner with his staff.

"I give myself up," said the commander of the little battalion exhausted, and pale as he appeared before the general. He then related the horrid circumstance which had occurred, and a mournful silence succeeded to his recital.

"I consider you more unhappy than criminal," at length answered the terrible general. "You are not answerable for the crimes of the Spaniards, and if the Marshal do not decide otherwise, I absolve you." These words afforded but feeble consolation to the unhappy officer. "When the emperor shall know it!" said he. "He would have you shot," said the general; "but we shall see. However, we will not speak longer of this business but to consider how we shall best draw down an exemplary punishment upon this traitorous country."

In one hour, a whole regiment of infantry with detachments of cavalry and artillery were on the route to Menda. The general and Victor marched at the head of the column. The soldiers informed of the massacre of their comrades became inflamed with unexampled rage. The distance from head quarters to Menda, was traversed with miraculous rapidity. On the route, the general found all the villagers under arms. Every one of these miserable creatures were killed and their habitations destroyed.

By one of those inexplicable circumstances for which there is no accounting, the English ships remained in the offing; so that the village of Menda was surrounded by the French soldiers, almost without a blow being struck. The inhabitants seized with terror, and deprived of the succour they expected from the English ships, offered to surrender at discretion. By a remarkable self-devotion which was not at all singular during the Peninsular war, the murderers of the French foreseeing from the well-known cruelty of General G—, that Menda would perhaps be given up to the flames and the whole population put to the sword, determined to plead guilty. He accepted their submission and consented to pardon them, on condition that every inhabitant of the castle, down to the lowest domestic, should be given up to him. This convention arranged, the general promised to pardon the inhabitants and to protect them from the pillage of the soldiers. An enormous contribution was demanded, and the most wealthy inhabitants became voluntary prisoners to guarantee the payment in twenty-four hours.

The general having taken every necessary precaution for the safety of his troops and the defence of the country, refused to billet his men in the houses, but having encamped them, he went up to the castle and filled it with military. All the family of Légarés and the domestics were carefully guarded in the great saloon where the ball had taken place. The windows of this room looked out upon the terrace. The staff officers fixed themselves in an adjoining room, where the general held a council of war, to consider of the measures they should pursue to oppose the debarkation from the vessels.

After having expedited an *aid-de-camp* to Marshal Ney, and ordered the erection of batteries on the coast, the general and his staff occupied themselves on the subject of their prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards whom the inhabitants gave up to them were immediately shot upon the terrace. After this military slaughter, the general ordered as many gibbets to be erected as there were prisoners, and that the executioner of the place should attend.

Taking advantage of the period before the dinner would be served to the staff, Victor Marchand went to see the prisoners. He soon returned to the general. "I am come," he said in a smothered voice, "I am come to ask you a few favors." "You!" replied the general with a bitter smile.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "they are melancholy favors. The marquis seeing you have erected gibbets for their execution, hopes you will alter such mode of death in favor of his family whom he beseeches you to treat as noble, and to behead them."

"Be it so," said the general.

"They also entreat you will grant them the aid of their confessor, and that they may be released from the cords which bind them. They promise not to attempt to fly."

"I consent to that," said the general, "but you must be answerable for them."

"The old man offers you all his fortune if you will pardon his son."

"Good!" replied the chief; "but his wealth belongs already to king Joseph." He stopped, a contemptuous smile overspread his features, and he added, "I will surpass their desires. I suspect the importance of this last demand. Well then, let him purchase the eternity of his name, and Spain remember for ever their treason and its punishment! I will give all his fortune and a free pardon to such of his sons who will fulfil the office of executioner. Go away! and don't speak to me again upon the subject." Poor Victor continued for some time in a state of stupefaction, and when the officers, famishing and fatigued, sat down to dinner, Victor Marchand alone was wanting.

After some hesitation, he repaired to the saloon, where the proud family of Légarés was confined. He looked upon the melancholy groupe and then at the splendid furniture and decorations of the last night's ball, and sighed to think of the contrast its scenes presented. The parents and their children were now tied down to golden couches, incapable of relieving themselves; they, whom he had last seen dancing in the waltz, their hair brilliantly ornamented with precious stones, and in the most choice attire. Eight domestics like dumb creatures stood aloof, with their hands tied behind them. These fifteen persons regarded each other with the deepest attention, explaining with their looks, the sentiments with which they were inspired. Profound resignation, mingled with the regret at having failed in their enterprise, was legibly written thereon. The soldiers, who also silently guarded them, respected their grief and misfortunes. They all anxiously looked at Victor as he entered, expecting something particular; he commanded that they should be unbound, and with promptness took upon himself the office of disengaging the beautiful arms of Clara from the constraint they had been kept in. He gazed with admiration upon her black hair and easy shape, for she was a true Spaniard. The complexion was Spanish, slightly brown; her eyes were Spanish, being long and drooping, and the eye-lashes blacker than a raven's wing.

"Have you succeeded?" she said with a melancholy smile.

Victor answered by a sigh. He looked in turn at her three brothers. The eldest was thirty years old; small of stature and badly formed, with a proud and haughty air, yet not deficient in dignity of manner, nor a stranger to that refined sentiment, which formerly caused Spanish gentlemen to be so much celebrated. His name was

Juanito. The second was Philip, he was about twenty years old and much resembled Clara. The youngest was only eight years old, and a painter would have discovered in his features some of that Roman courage which David bestowed upon the children of his imaginary republic. The old marquis with his grey hair, bore a striking resemblance to the paintings of Murillo.

The young man bent his head despairing to see the general's offer accepted by either of the party present. However, he ventured to confide the message to Clara. It made her shudder, but she soon assumed a calm air, and kneeling addressed her father.—“Oh!” said she, “make Juanito swear that he will faithfully obey the orders you shall give him—we shall be content.” The mother trembled with hope; but when she bent towards her husband and heard the horrible relation of Clara she fainted away. Juanito comprehended all, and strode about the room enraged like a lion in a cage. Victor sent out the soldiers, after receiving the Marquis's assurance of submission, and the domestics were led away to the executioner, who speedily hung them.

When they perceived that Juanito only was their guard, the Marquis approached his son—“Juanito?” said he. Juanito understood his father, and replied by a shake of the head, which was equivalent to a refusal. He fell back on his chair, and looked at his parents with a wild and terrific air. Clara went to him, and sat upon his knee, and in a gay tone called him her “dear Juanito;” she put her arms round his neck, and kissing his forehead, added, “if you did but know how much my death would be sweetened if I received it at your hands; I should not then be obliged to submit to the odious touch of the hangman. You would spare me all the evils which would otherwise attend me—and, my dear Juanito, you would not see me the property of one whom you dislike, would you?” Her soft eyes were directed fearfully towards Victor, as if to awaken in Juanito's heart a horror of the French.

“Have courage,” said Philip to him, “otherwise our family will become extinct.” Clara arose—the group which had surrounded Juanito separated, and his old father, in a solemn tone, exclaimed, “Juanito, I command you!” The young Count was immovable, and his father threw himself on his knees before him. Involuntarily Clara, Raphael, and Philip followed the example, and, holding up their hands in supplication, begged him to save their family from oblivion. “My son,” said the Marquis, “are you deficient in the courage and sensibility of a Spaniard?—Will you suffer me to remain longer in this posture?—ought you to weigh your life and sufferings against mine?” “Is this my son, madam?” added the old man, turning to his spouse.

“He consents to your wishes!” cried the mother in despair; for she saw, by the motion of his eye-brows, which she alone understood, that Juanito relented.

Mariquita, the second girl, was on her knees embracing her mother, and, as the scalding tears ran down her cheeks, her little brother Raphael scolded her.

At this moment the confessor entered. He was soon surrounded by the whole family, who led him to Juanito. Victor could not support this scene any longer, and, making a sign to Clara, hastened to present himself again before the General, with a supplication in their behalf. He found him in high good humour, drinking plenteously with his officers of the Marquis's old delicious wine.

In an hour, one hundred of the principal inhabitants of

Menda were conducted upon the Terrace by orders of the General, to witness the deaths of the Légarés family. A detachment of soldiers were placed around the Spaniards, who were stationed underneath the gibbets on which the servants were hung, so that the feet of the deceased rested upon the heads of their countrymen. At thirty paces distant stood the block, with a shining scymitar beside it, and the executioner standing by, in case of Juanito's refusal.

Soon after their arrival the Spaniards heard the slow and measured steps of several persons, accompanied by the slight sound of the soldiers' muskets, as they happened to touch them in the march. These differing sounds, mingled with the joyous accents of the officers at their repast, was like the festive rites of the ball night, disguising the bloody scene which accompanied it. Every head was turned towards the chateau, whence this noble family approached to their deaths with inconceivable fortitude. Their countenances were all calm and composed. One man, alone, was pale and overcome, and came supported to the spot by the confessor, whose religious conversation seemed to prepare him for the task he had to perform. The executioner, and every one else, understood by it that Juanito had accepted the office for that day. The old Marquis and his wife, Clara, Mariquita, and their two brothers, knelt down at a few paces from the fatal spot. Juanito was conducted thither by the priest. When he reached the block, the executioner pulled him by the sleeve, and whispered some useful instruction.

The confessor placed the victims so that they might not see their place of punishment, but they were true Spaniards, and above such weakness.

Clara was the first to step forward. “My brother,” said she, “take pity on my want of courage, and begin with me.”

At this moment the hurried step of a man was heard. Clara was already on her knees, and her white neck stretched out to meet the scymitar. The officer turned pale; but he ran towards her, exclaiming, “The General will save your life if you will consent to marry me.”

The Spanish girl looked proudly at him, and turning to her brother said, in a deep voice, “Do your duty, Juanito!”—In an instant her head rolled to Victor's feet, and the Marchioness de Légarés could not restrain a convulsive shudder when she heard the heavy stroke of the scymitar; that was the only proof of her grief.—“Am I well placed *thus*, my good Juanito?” said little Raphael to his brother.

—“Ah! you weep, Mariquita!” said Juanito to his sister. —“Oh, yes!” replied she, “I think of you, my poor Juanito. Ah! you will be very unhappy without us.”

Soon appeared the noble figure of the Marquis. He looked some time at the streaming blood of his children, and, turning towards the spectators, who were dumb and motionless as statues, he stretched out his hands to Juanito, and said, with a forcible voice—“Spaniards! I give my parting blessing to my son—may it always preserve him! Now, Marquis, strike without fear, for you are without reproach.”

But when Juanito saw his mother advance, supported by the confessor—“She suckled me!” said he, in such a horror-struck tone, that the whole assembly echoed the cry. The noisy mirth of the officers was quelled by these frightful sounds.

The Marchioness, thus understanding that the courage of Juanito was exhausted, jumped over the balustrade, and threw herself down the rocks, which dashed her brains

out. A shout of admiration followed, and Juanito fell on the ground insensible.

"General," said an officer, half drunk, "Marchand has been just telling me something about this execution—I will bet any thing you did not order it."

"Do not forget, gentlemen," said the General, "that in one month five hundred French families will be drowned in tears, and that we are in Spain. Would you leave our bones here?"

After this harangue, there was not one of the company, not even a sub-lieutenant, who ventured to drink another glass.

In spite of the honours with which he is surrounded—in spite of the title of Executioner Royal, which they say the King of Spain has added to his titles, the Marquis of Légarés is devoured by chagrin, leads a solitary life, and is scarcely ever to be seen. Sinking under the burthen of his wonderful crime, he seems to wait with impatience for the birth of a second son, when he hopes to rejoin his lost family, by whose shades he feels himself for ever surrounded; and the respect due to the unfortunate family which is the subject of this tale, obliges the narrator to suppress their real name, as well as that of the town in whose neighbourhood those tragic scenes took place.

THE MINSTREL'S THEME.

"Tell me the theme that minstrels love,

When summer suns are glowing;
And from its heavenly source above
The inspired verse is flowing."

Oh, many the themes are that minstrels love

When the heart with true rapture is glowing,
And is heard from the bower and secreted grove,
The rich stream of melody flowing;
When the sun of delight shining brightly,
Awakens each feeling divine,
And the chords of the harp are struck lightly
And ecstasy breathes in each line.

But the theme which he dwells on with fervent regard,
And is prized of all others above,
Is the fond hope of life, and the blissful reward,
The passionate rapture of love.

Yes, that is the theme of the minstrel's lay,
When he strikes the golden chords,
In the bowers of beauty delighted and gay
And happiness lives in his words.

Love, love!—not the idle dream
That lives but in marmoured sighs,
Not the fragile and flickering soulless gleam
That is born with a breath and dies.

Love, love!—not the transient joy
Which faintly the heart illumines;
Not the glow which the first blasts of tempests destroy,
And which perishes soon as it blooms!

Love, love!—not the faithless sigh
That on zephyrs is wafted away;

Love, love!—not the mockery
Which leads young hearts astray:

But love, the pure and holy joy
That the soul's blest thoughts reveal,
The deathless bliss of the heart's employ,
The rapture but few can feel!

Is it to love, to breathe a sigh,—

To warble strains of melody?

Is it love to swear by the starlight sky,
By the gentle glance of the mild blue eye?
Is it love to declare by the flow'rets bloom,
By the cheeks soft smile or the lips perfume?
No!—Love is the immortal spirit of bliss,
Enduring when all things have faded away,
As chaste and as holy as angel's pure kiss,
And beaming with glory in nature's decay.

This is the theme, the darling theme

On which the minstrel fondly dwells,
When he strikes his harp in the mild sun-beam
And gladly his passionate rapture tells;
When reposing in balmy and incense-fraught bowers
He is sighing the dear hopes of youth,
And is breathed the sweet lay, 'mid the perfume of flowers,
To her whom he loves with affection and truth.

This is the theme that minstrels love

When the fond heart with rapture is glowing,
And is heard from the bower and scented grove
The rich stream of melody flowing.

March 6th, 1830. * *

A FRENCH ROMANCE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A short time ago, an old *Chiffonnier* (rag-picker) died in Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation, was a niece, who lived servant with a green grocer. This girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, by which the girl lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress.

She hastened to the miserable garret, where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice, not only of her wedding attire, but of nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young and good looking man, entered. "So my good Suzette, I find, you have lost your place, cried he; I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?"

"I, Sir; you are joking!"

"No, faith, I want a wife, and I am sure I can't find a better."

"But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me."

"Oh, if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it. Come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you."

Suzette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; 'twas a cat that he had had many years. He was so fond of puss, that he was determined even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed, and placed her upon the tester of his bed.

As Suzette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal; and out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis' concealed in the body of the cat. And this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl, and her disinterested lover.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

"PROSPERITY makes friends and ADVERSITY tries them."

Oh ! It is not when splendour around us is beaming,
And sunshine illumines life's path which we tread,
And no visions of poverty harrows our dreaming,
No fears for the morrow plant thorns in our bed,
That the friendship is tried, the affection is prov'd,
Of the *man we respected*, the *woman we lov'd*.

But ah ! 'tis when darkness like sudden clouds rising,
Dispels the brief clearness our morning had known,
When the vain are avoiding, the false one's despising,
And our wealth has found wings, and our splendour has
flown ;

'Tis then in adversity's hour, that is prov'd
The *truth of that friend* and the *woman we lov'd* !

And they came to my dwelling where sorrow is reigning,
And want spread the table for hunger's lank meal ;
They came to the lost one with feelings not feigning,
They Samaritan-like came to lift-up and heal :
Oh his grasp attested, her dear lip has prov'd,
The *faith of my friend*, of the *woman I lov'd*.

Then let the cold hearted proceed in their railing,
Swear friendship and love are but toys to decoy ;
Few, few shall believe them, whilst ever preavailing,
Those gems shall turn poverty's presence to joy :
Then whilst life is granted, oh still let me prove,
Deserving a friend, and the *sweet one I love*.

THE GHOSTS OF THE CASTLE.

It is well known to those acquainted with the history of the thirty year's war, that in 1636, the Spanish troops, in junction with the Imperial army of Ferdinand II. penetrated, under the brave leaders Piccolomini and John de Werth, far into France, took many towns and castles by storm, crossed the Oise, and threw Paris itself into the greatest alarm. Indeed, the enterprising genius of De Werth was particularly adapted to the warfare of those days ; when every town, and every nobleman's seat was strongly fortified, and well supplied with provisions. Not less cautious and prudent in the framing of his plans, than bold and prompt in the execution, he was mostly successful. Such a general could not fail to form excellent warriors. Among the most distinguished of these, was Leyner, a brave and gallant hero, who, though he had not yet attained his one-and-twentieth year, commanded a squadron of cavalry.

Having made himself master of Roye and Gournay, John de Werth resolved to cross the Oise ; and, learning from

his scouts, that Chateau Roux, a strong castle on the other side of that river, and belonging to the Marquis of Sainte-reine, was left with only a small garrison, he thought it practicable to take it by surprise. He accordingly sent for Captain Leyner, explained the proposed plan, and relying on his skill and intrepidity, consigned him to the care of Heaven, and his sword. Without loss of time, Leyner ordered the various implements for scaling the walls to be fastened by straps on a pack horse, and accompanied by a guide, set out that very evening at the head of thirty picked men, all well mounted, and of the most undaunted courage. Advancing at a rapid pace, they arrived by circuitous roads on the banks of the Oise. This they soon swam across, and before the break of day, found themselves in a grove about two musket shot from the castle. Here they left their horses under the care of a few of their party, whilst the main body proceeded gently towards the drawbridge, where Leyner stationed ten of the men, as he did ten more at the entrance of a concealed passage, that led from the castle. He next ordered Hagan, the brave sergeant of the troop, to swim, attended by four of the most daring, across the castle ditch, and try to scale the wall. This small party succeeded in their perilous task, before any of the sentinels were aware of the attack. At length the alarm was given, upon which the constable of the castle, having rallied the garrison, placed himself at their head, and sallied forth to attack the enemy ; but meeting in so narrow a passage, that they were obliged to fight man to man, the vigorous and undaunted Hagan by one blow of his strong hand laid the constable low, and hurled him from the wall. In the mean time another of these heroes let down the drawbridge, and opened the gates to Leyner and his followers. The besieged seeing this unexpected reinforcement, surrendered at discretion.

It was now broad day, when Leyner's first attention was directed towards the prisoners. He deemed it expedient to allow them quietly to depart ; and deputed Hagan to see his orders executed. The latter having no knowledge of French, found it difficult to make himself understood ; and could not but feel astonished at the unaccountable reluctance to depart, which the constable, whose looks were again and again turned towards the tower, evidently displayed. They were however all dismissed ; and Leyner and his faithful band saw themselves at last in the complete and sole possession of the castle. Now Captain, said Hagan, our general may come ; he will not be dissatisfied with us ; we are masters of the castle, and shall not readily abandon its strong, nay almost impregnable walls.

Their next step was to explore the several compartments. They found stores of provisions, cellars well stocked with wine, and good stabling for their horses, which Leyner had in the mean time taken care to send for. Towards evening a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the grand hall by Hagan, who acted as quarter-master, and produced plenty of the best Burgundy wine. All these brave fellows, such only as were on actual duty excepted, were present ; the cheerful glass and merry song went round till a late hour. At length the company separated, and Leyner, whose bed was prepared in the hall, walked up and down viewing the pictures which adorned it ; and which represented the long series of the noble proprietor's ancestors. Reflecting on the great vicissitudes of fortune, he laid himself on his couch, and soon fell asleep ; but his sleep was not undisturbed. He saw the old gigantic forms step

out of their frames; the black armour and hollow helmets moved from the walls; they walked past him to the table, on which Hagan and his comrades had so lately feasted, took their seats and sent the bottle round. One skeleton clad in armour, and holding a goblet in his fleshless hand, approached the captain's couch, and said "we the ancient lords of this castle drink to thee, though an uninvited guest: pledge us, and we will make our arms resound, as you did yours." Upon this all the skeletons shook themselves, when their bones knocking against the armour, produced a clattering noise, so horribly terrific, that the captain leaped shuddering from his bed. He looked around. One solitary lamp diffused its dim light through the ample vaulted hall, in which a solemn silence reigned. The pictures and armour hung still in their places. Half ashamed, half displeased, he was upon the point of laying himself again on his pillow, when he saw a tall white form glide along the wall of the hall. He felt convinced that he was awake; it could therefore, not be the illusion of a dream. The apparition moved slow and silent down the hall, stopped at a door, that led to another apartment, and then vanished. Darkness and silence succeeded, nothing was heard but the steps of the guards, walking to and fro.

The captain was a true nursing of war; he had faced and seen death in every shape, no danger had ever appalled him; yet the chilling darkness of the night, and the horror caused by this mysterious appearance, had nearly unnerved him. He however, grasped at his sword, but was unable to wield it and sunk back upon his couch, where he continued for some time before sweet sleep vouchsafed to close his weary eyes.

On awaking early the next morning, he found Hagan standing by his bedside, who accosted him with "you seem to have slept well, captain, and so have I, though to be sure the devil himself seems to have last night broke loose in this castle.

He then told the captain, that on going his round to see that all was right, he found the hardy Hillebrand trembling from head to foot; and on inquiry, learned, that being stationed in the square opposite the chapel, as he was walking to and fro, he heard the clock strike twelve, when the chapel door opened, and a tall white figure appeared. He was going to address the apparition with the usual "Who's there?" but his voice stuck in his throat. The ghost having stopped a little, raised its arm, upon which a second white figure came out of the chapel and joined the first, both then disappeared in the passages of the castle. During this time, he saw a light glimmering in the church, and heard a sudden crash like that of a huge stone shivered into a thousand pieces. Some time after, the spectres returned, and entered the chapel. Hagan said that he shook his head, and bade the soldier say his prayers, and for the future look the ghosts in the face; that he then proceeded on his round, and coming to the post of the brave Holt, found him equally terrified. He likewise had, whilst at his situation, seen, soon after midnight, two tall forms dressed in shrouds, pass along the church-yard; and though struck with terror at the sight, had summoned up sufficient courage to level his carbine at them; but one of these ghosts, for he was certain they must be ghosts, perceived his intention and raised its hand in a menacing manner, upon which his sure carbine, that never yet had failed him, missed fire. The spirits immediately vanished, but appeared again about an hour after, moving in the

direction of the chapel. I praised, continued Hagan, the undaunted fellow, that had tried to defend his post even against infernal spirits; and having completed my round, I entered the chapel. But here the ghosts had been at their romps, large square stones lay shivered in pieces; the statue of an ancient knight covered the ground with its scattered limbs. "Go yourself captain, and view the havoc made this night."

During this long harangue Leyner had risen, and to please Hagan, proceeded to the chapel, where the destruction he saw, fully confirmed the serjeant's account.

At his return thence, the captain received intelligence of the approach of the Imperial army, and that the general himself might be expected on the morrow. The remainder of the day was spent in various duties and preparations. When the hour for retiring to rest arrived, Leyner took his quarters in the Castle Yard, where he threw himself on a couch, under the canopy of Heaven, and slept a few hours, when Hagan came, waked him, and pointed to two white figures, which glided gently along, and vanished in the passages of the fort. "They are going," said Hagan, "to the great hall where you slept last night." Immediately Leyner rose, determined to trace the mysterious vision; but a sudden report of fire arms drew his attention towards another part of the castle, whither he proceeded, attended by his faithful serjeant. On reaching the spot whence the sound had issued, they heard that a man in the act of climbing the wall, had been severely wounded by two of the sentinels. The prisoner owned that he was sent by the Marquis of Saintcercine to penetrate into the castle, and to bring away some precious jewels, which the Marquis did not think sufficiently secured. But Hagan would not believe the assigned reason, and was for hanging the poor man as a spy. Leyner was of a different opinion; he saw through the prisoner's disguise a nobleness of demeanour, that quite won his sympathy; and accordingly ordered him to be removed to a comfortable room, his wounds to be dressed, and every care and attention to be paid to his person. The prisoner seemed truly sensible of the kindness, gratitude beamed in his eyes; and as the men carried him away, he clasped affectionately the captain's hand. The morning began to dawn; and in a few hours, the Imperialists were seen crossing the Oise. Part of them encamped round the castle, which the general soon entered, attended by the whole of his staff; he dismounted, embraced Leyner with great friendship, and then walked to the state rooms, prepared for his reception.

"I feel," said De Werth, congratulating Leyner on his success, "the most heartfelt joy in beholding in my army an officer, who, with such slender means, could gain possession of so strong and powerful a castle. You have my warmest thanks, and, still more to distinguish you, I shall send you in advance of the army towards Paris, of the pinnacles of which proud city you and your brave followers shall, with heaven's permission, have the first sight. Add fifty chosen men to your present number, and with these explore the country; try to discover the resources and plans of the enemy, and let me have the earliest information. Farewell! may heaven prosper your brave exertions."

Flattered by his General's confidence and friendship, and proud of the commission entrusted to his care, the young hero, without loss of time, chose his men, and made every preparation for his departure. He then visited his

wounded prisoner, and told him his duty called him away, "but I have," continued he, "recommended you to the care of the chief physician of our army. He is my friend, and will not neglect my recommendation. Early the next morning Leyner left the castle, at the head of near a hundred intrepid warriors, and passed the first night in an open field, not far from the road that leads through St. Denis to Paris. Here they partook of some of the fine Burgundy wine from the castle, with which Hagan had laden a strong packhorse, and, with the Captain's permission, enjoyed a jovial song. In the meantime, Leyner's mind was intent upon the execution of the task he had undertaken. It required no less caution than prudence; but his active genius surmounted all difficulties, and enabled him to seize upon a strong watch-tower, situated on a height at St. Denis, whence he could overlook Paris, and make himself acquainted with all that was doing within its walls. In the midst of this successful career, Leyner received orders to rejoin the main army, from which the Spanish troops had separated, and thereby obliged De Werth to relinquish his meditated attack on the capital of France.

The course of the war drew De Werth to the Upper Rhine and Suabia, where, after having gained a complete victory over Bernard, Duke of Weimar, he, in his turn, was defeated, through the neglect of the generals who shared in the command. De Werth and Leyner, who had fought by his side, were both taken prisoners; the former was carried to Paris, the latter was consigned to the custody of a French officer, who conveyed him straight to a castle, which he reached in about three days; but what was his surprise, when he beheld the high walls and lofty towers of Chateau Roux, which he had formerly gained by conquest, and where he was now doomed to be a captive. As soon as they entered the castle, he was delivered to the custody of the same constable of the castle whom Hagan had formerly hurled with such violence from the wall. Full of sad reflections on the vicissitudes of war, Leyner was conducted to a small dark room, in one of the high towers of the castle, the door of which, on leaving him, was strongly bolted. Here he found a bed, chair and table, on which was placed a jug of wine. Of this he partook, and fatigued both in body and mind, laid himself on his couch. He had slept some hours, when he was suddenly waked by a loud noise, apparently produced by the fall of some heavy burden. He opened his eyes—all was dark and silent, but at the entrance of his prison stood a tall white figure, like that he had formerly seen. It beckoned him to follow. However valiant Leyner was in the field, his courage failed him, when opposed to spirits, in which he firmly believed. He was at a loss how to act on this awful occasion; his horror was great, yet observing that the spectre, as it retired, was still visible, he justly concluded that his prison door was open, and determined to observe its motions. He sallied resolutely through his prison-door, and thence through several passages, still following the spectre, which frequently stopped as if to wait for him. He then came to a staircase, down which the spectre descended, and vanished from his astonished sight. Appalled he stood for awhile, gazing on the gloomy abyss into which he had sunk. It seemed like the darkness of the grave yawning to devour him. He was going to retrace his steps, when, perceiving a blue light glimmering at a distance, he resumed courage, and rushing down

the steps, found himself in another long passage, at the end of which two little blue flames appeared. As he advanced towards them, he plainly heard a man's voice singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. Again the Captain found himself lost in wonder and amazement. He knew not what to think. Could ghosts enjoy such amusements? While he was thus pondering upon what he had seen and heard, a small iron door, which seemed to lead to some family vault, opened suddenly, and he beheld an elegantly furnished and well-lighted apartment, in which a young officer and two ladies were sitting at supper. The former rose, advanced towards Leyner in a most friendly manner, took him by the hand, and said "Surely, Captain, you know me; do you not remember the poor wounded gentleman, whom, in this very castle, you generously took under your protection? Be not alarmed, I am not his ghost; I did not die of my wounds. I am still a living being, for which I am indebted solely to your humanity. Before giving you any farther explanation of what must seem a riddle to you, permit me to introduce you to those ladies, who will be happy in your company to supper. Upon this he led me to join the little party.

After supper, Leyner was informed that the ladies were the Marchioness of Saintereine and her daughter, the Countess of HautePierre, whose husband, the officer said, he had the honour of being. When this castle was taken, these ladies were in it, and, together with a trusty maid-servant, took refuge in the subterranean apartment reserved for such emergencies; but in their alarm they neglected to take provisions with them, the want of which was severely felt, when night came on. It was then their maid proposed to assume the part of a ghost, hoping thereby to frighten the guards, and thus procure the required necessities; but the Marchioness not choosing to depend entirely on the prudence of her servant, resolved to accompany her in the like disguise. Having made the proper preparations, the two ghosts proceeded from their place of concealment, under no small apprehensions from the sentinels, and from real ghosts, in whose trade they were thus dabbling. "You know, Captain," continued the Count, "how they imposed upon your guards, and in some degree on yourself, and all the circumstances of the two nights of their perilous wandering, in which they, however, succeeded in obtaining what they wanted. You will now, also, easily divine the cause of my visit to the castle—it was merely to learn the fate of these dear ladies. This night's adventures you may attribute to the ladies, who felt a strong wish, by this joke, to punish you, in some measure, for the fears and sufferings you had caused them. And now, my dear Captain, consider yourself no longer our prisoner, but our guest."

Leyner thanked his kind host, expressed his regret at having, without knowing it, occasioned so much trouble and uneasiness, and continued for several months an inmate of this noble mansion. About this time the gallant De Werth was exchanged for the Swedish General, Horn, and immediately procured the liberty of Leyner, whom he soon promoted to a Colonelcy, as he did the veteran Hagan to a Captaincy. When these heroes met, Leyner surprised and amused them much, by unravelling to them the mystery of the ghosts of Chateau Roux.



Beauties of the English Nobility.

1. Countess of Jersey. 2. Marchioness of Carmarthen. 3. Countess of Belfast. 4. Duchess of Northumberland. 5. M^{rs} Arbuthnot.
 6. Countess of Warwick. 7. Marchioness of Londonderry.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

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LONDON, MAY 1, 1830.

VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FIVE PLATES:—PLATE THE FIRST, BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND, ILLUSTRATIVE OF OUR SPLENDID EMBELLISHMENTS OF SEVEN PORTRAITS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF OUR ENGLISH NOBILITY;—PLATE THE SECOND, A DINNER DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AND FIVE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE THIRD, AN EVENING DRESS, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 49, (*Spanish*), A MORNING DRESS, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE FOURTH, A WALKING DRESS, A SECOND WALKING DRESS, AND SEVEN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES;—PLATE THE FIFTH, NINE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, AND A CARRIAGE DRESS.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF OUR SPLENDID EMBELLISHMENT OF
SEVEN PORTRAITS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
OF OUR ENGLISH NOBILITY.

"*Honneur aux Dames!*"

Beauties of England—honor to thee!
Beauties of England—land of the free!
Where Loveliness reigns on her azure-blue throne,
Marking proudly this gem-studded isle for her own.
Where beam her rich sun-smiles, so pure and so splendid,
With beauty and lustre resplendantly bright,
Where, where is each spell-charm luxuriantly blended,
As here in our own little island of light?
Where reigns she in glory, so graceful and fair,
Ever-blooming?—Alas, Echo answers, *Ah, where?*
Far, far may the wand'rer, in search of fresh pleasure,
Rejecting her rapture, disconsolate roam;
But, like the poor dove, flying back to its treasure,
He comes with a sigh, once again to his home.
Beauties of England! yes, 'tis thine,
For ever to live in the poet's line:
Beauties of England—land of the free,
Beauties of England—honor to thee!

COUNTSSES OF JERSEY.*

Fairest and first of that enrapturing sphere,
Where beauty's cheek is never dimm'd with tear,
Where bright-eyed mirth unfolds her choicest store,
And strews with fragrance every pathway o'er;

* The Right Hon. SARAH SOPHIA FANE, eldest daughter of the Earl of WESTMORLAND, was born on the 4th of March, 1785. Her family is descended from a celebrated Monmouthshire warrior HOWEL AP VANE, who lived some time prior to the conquest of England by WILLIAM OF NORMANDY. On the 23d of May, 1804, her Ladyship was happily united to GEORGE VILLIERS, fifth Earl of JERSEY, a nobleman whose lineage is as ancient and honorable as that of his distinguished consort, descending from the noble house of VOL. VII.

'Mong Fashion's votaries in her golden hall,
Reigns JERSEY, still superior to them all;
As moves the swan upon the ruffled tide,
So passes JERSEY in perfection's pride,
Beaming soft beauty in her eye's caress,
Majestical in grace and loveliness!

Our days may pass in pious pray'r,
Our lives may be but lives of care:
Each joy may float on wings away
And we for weal or wisdom pray:—
But all those hours of righteous peace
Those hours of passions sullen cease,
May pass, and still th' unfetter'd soul
Not nearer to the blissful goal,
Not purer, nor more chaste and bright,
Than she the fairy queen of light,
Whose beauties Fashions circles gem,
Like brilliants on the diadem,
And may she bear to latest age,
The record of the faithful page,
Long, long enjoy the tribute word,
Honored by all, by all adored!

MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.†

The dewdrop gleams in the sunlit bower,
And gems with fresh beauty the blossoming flower;

VILERS or VYLLERS, *Seigneurs of Lisle-Adam in Normandy*, some of whose members attended the conqueror to England. Her Ladyship inherits the extensive property of her maternal grandfather (ROBERT CHILD, Esq. of *Ostlerley Park*) and is equally celebrated in the distinguished circles of fashion, for her beauty and accomplishments combined with undeviating propriety of conduct and goodness of heart, as for her strict observance of the customs and etiquette of *ton*.

† The Right Hon. HARRIET ANNE BUTLER, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of GLENGALL (author of the popular comedy of "*Follies of Fashion*," and other literary productions,) was married Dec. 8, 1822, to the Right Hon. GEORGE HAMILTON Earl of BELFAST, eldest son of GEORGE AUGUSTUS, second and present Marquess of DONEGAL. It is with peculiar pleasure that we enrich our groupe of *Beauties* with a portrait of so lovely an ornament of the fashionable world; that divine expression of features which characterizes her Ladyship has been happily caught by the artist, and conveyed to our engraving with all the sublimity of the beautiful original.

K

To life bursts the rose with the opening spring,
Spreading sweetly its incense on light zephyrs' wing.
Thus, thus beam the beauties, delighted we trace
In lovely CARMARTHEN'S enrapturing face.

Fair as the spirits that never die
In lands of deathless purity;
No lily e'er rose o'er the sun sparkling waters,
More pure in its fragrance, more choice in its bloom;
No smiles ever darted from beauty's fair daughters,
Like those which the cheeks of CARMARTHEN illumine!

COUNTRESS OF BELFAST.*

But who approaches with a step sublime,
Her face commanding, aspect most divine;
Wild float her ringlets o'er a polish'd brow,
And graceful fall upon her neck of snow
As white as purity,—and ah! how fair
Those cheeks of thrilling beauty are;—
'Tis BELFAST, whom a myriad own
The beautiful! The lovely one!
What a magic spell in that dark glance lies,
What *soul* breathes through those speaking eyes,
Like the 'lustrous orbs of the wild gazelle,
As she panting exults over mountain and dell!
And how richly the loves spread their incense-fraught dew
On those rose-blossom lips of perpetual hue,
Half opening revealing most beautiful pearls,
So lovelily shadow'd by clustering curls!
And if in the sky BERINICE'S wild hair,
Gems with radiant lustre the dark veil of night,
Thy tresses might well in proud rivalry dare,
For they're as luxuriant, and equally bright!
Such are the visions we dream of truth,
The bliss of the pictures of airy youth;
And we gaze on such beings with rapture entrancing,
Till fancy has wove for them robes of the sky;
But alas! the sad truth with rapidity glancing,
Recalls every thought to dull earth with a sigh!

* LADY CHARLOTTE FLORENTIA CLIVE, the noble consort of the present *Viceroy of Ireland*, is the youngest daughter of the Right Hon. EDWARD CLIVE first Earl of Powis, of the new creation, and was born on September 12th, 1787. By her marriage with His Grace HUGH PERCY DUKE and EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND, which happy event was celebrated on the 29th of April, 1817, three of the most ancient and noble English families were united. The HERBERTS, of Cherbury, (her maternal ancestors), who were advanced to the peerage by Edward the 4th; the CLIVES, who have been distinguished since the time of Henry 2nd, and the extremely ancient and illustrious family of the PERCYS, who trace their ancestry two centuries farther back than the Norman conquest.—In 1825, the Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND accompanied his grace to France, the latter being appointed representative of our beloved monarch at the Coronation of Charles X. The splendour of their retinue, and the dignity maintained during the embassy, will be for ever recorded in the historic page. Their graces are now in Ireland; where the Duke sustains the exalted situation of *Lord Lieutenant*, with that magnificence peculiar to himself, and which must throw additional lustre upon the ever honoured name of PERCY. Her grace is universally acknowledged as benevolent, hospitable and kind, and while she moves with such splendour in fashionable circles, exciting admiration and respect, she is also honored and almost idolized by her grateful dependants.

DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.†

Hail, great descendant of the noblest lines,
Where Britain's wealth and heroism combines;
How proudly olden heroes yield their fame,
To swell the radiance of thy 'lustrous name;
Herbert and Seymour, Percy, Clive, unite,
A galaxy in glittering radiance bright;
And thou a worthy child of such renown,
Wafting with glory ancient honors down
Posterity's clear stream, o'er which the sun
Of life still blazes as of erst it shone,
Gaining new lustre from such perfect charms,
The power of beauty, and the force of arms;
And all the might, the prowess and the pride,
Yield their fair streams to that resplendent tide
Of beauty flashing with its heav'n born fire,
The noblest subject for the poets lyre!

MRS. ARBUTHNOT.‡

Full of mirth and graceful sport,
A beauty comes from Fashion's court,
Ever blooming bright and gay,
With lithesome footsteps of a fay;
Her hair is floating on the wind,
Though wreathing-roses the tresses bind,
Rich gems are sparkling proudly there,
But ah, her charms far brighter are;
And the splendid glance of those sunlit eyes,
With the brilliants richest lustre vies;
And rubies may strive, but in vain, to eclipse
The beautiful glory of lovely lips;
Gems look gay in beauty's bower,
But charms like those have greater power;

† LOUISA CATHERINE, third daughter of an American gentleman, RICHARD CATON, Esq. of Maryland, was married at a very early age to Sir F. E. B. HERVEY, Bart. Colonel of the 14th Light Dragoons, an officer who greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsular, and who officiated as military secretary to the Duke of Wellington during the occupation of Paris by the Allied powers; but this distinguished officer was called to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," after enjoying the most perfect connubial happiness with his amiable partner for the short period of two "little years." Lady HERVEY remained a widow almost nine years, and was then united, (May 1828,) to the Most Noble FRANCIS GODOLPHIN D'ARCY, Marquis of CARMARTHEN, eldest son of the Duke of LEEDS. It may not be generally known that this distinguished family owes its origin to the singular circumstance of an apprentice upon London Bridge, (Edward Osborne,) in 1536, having leaped from a window in one of the houses into the Thames, in order to rescue his master's daughter, who had accidentally fallen therein. He subsequently married the lady, which was but the prelude to farther honours.

‡ MRS. ARBUTHNOT, one of the most fascinating members of the *beau monde*, is the daughter of Sir HENRY FANE, and second wife of the Right Hon. CHARLES ARBUTHNOT, a gentleman of very ancient and honorable family, tracing from HUGH DE ABERBOTHNOT, who derived extensive landed property from his marriage with a daughter of the Sheriff of Mearns, in the reign of Malcolm 4th of Scotland, about the year 1160. Mr. ARBUTHNOT's first lady (by whom he had five children) died during the period that Mr. A. was ambassador to the Ottoman Porte.

Gold glistens proudly on beauty's breast,
But its native charm is more deeply imprest;
And ornament proffers its aid but to shew
The richness of beauty from contrast of glare,
Like the rays of the sun on the waters clear flow,
More lovely appearing, far brighter, more fair!

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.*

Idol of hearts that all confess
The power of grace and loveliness;
In vain the poet's hand essays
To trace light shadows of those rays
That light such features with a fire divine,
Darting rich splendour upon every line;
Whilst the perfections of that noble mind,
Float on the zephyrs of Elysian wind,
And seem with pure felicity to rise,
Seeking a truer sphere in distant skies,
Hallowing our own with inspiration's power,
The pride and glory of life's happiest hour.

MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.†

Such looks are those of which pilgrims dream,
When their slumbers with visions of purity teem,
But never, ah ne'er, were they meant to dwell
In the pilgrim's cave or the hermit's cell;
Nor was such a form meant e'er to count grey beads,
That only the sad heart's distraction feeds,
But to live, to live in the radiant sphere,
Where the wild charm of rapture absorbs every tear,
Like the sun in the heav'ns, alone, alone,—
In beauty unequal'd,—but *one but one!*
There's a glance of bliss from the laughing eye,
And cupids in ambush in rose lips lie;
There are smiles of joy on the blooming cheek,
That the heart's purest dictates in innocence speak!
Like a lovely star of the cloudless night,
She moves in a circle of ambient light;

* Lady SARAH SAVILE, daughter of the late Earl of MEXBROUGH, was born Feb. 4, 1768, and married Oct. 30, 1867, to the late GEORGE LORD MONSON, by whom her ladyship had an only son, FREDERIC JOHN the present Lord MONSON, who attained his majority on the 3rd of February, in the present year, and who has lately taken his seat in the house of Peers. On the 21st of October, 1816, her ladyship was united to the Right Hon. HENRY RICHARD GREVILLE, Earl BROOKE and Earl of WARWICK. Her ladyship is highly esteemed in private life, and the splendour of her entertainments is worthy of the exalted name she bears.

† This most distinguished ornament of *The World of Fashion* was born January 16, 1800: her father was the late Sir HENRY VANE TEMPEST, Bart. her mother being Countess of ANTRIM in her own right. On the 3d of April, 1819, she was united to CHARLES WILLIAM, Marquess and Earl of LONDONDERRY, Colonel of the 10th Dragoons, &c. We are not aware of a more direct exemplification of conjugal happiness than those distinguished individuals afford; the Marquess is devotedly attached to his amiable consort and is repaid with reciprocity of affection. The beautiful villa of Rose Bank was presented to her ladyship by the Marquess a short time ago, as *her only ungratified wish*. It is needless to add in what estimation this noble lady is held in the fashionable world, for who among our distinguished readers are not aware of the unexampled delight which her charming society affords?

Whilst beauty around her throws hallowing spells,
Like the charm that in hours of stillness dwells!

Beauties of England—honor to thee!
At thy shrine we bend in devotion the knee!
Beauties of England, of that land
“Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand”
Delight their mutual powers to raise,
In celebration of thy praise.
Beauties of England!—to thee belong
The charms of the pencil,—the triumph of song;
Beauties of England, land of the free,
Beauties of England,—honor to thee!

THE LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL.

Angels preserve our gracious MONARCH's life.—*ROWE.*

How uncertain are our most promising expectations of delight; how soon will sudden clouds come over our sunniest hopes; how speedily dissolved the flattery of our dreams! And all this has been too truly proved by the sudden and severe attack of illness, with which his gracious MAJESTY has recently been visited; and which was the unfortunate cause of a postponement not only of the projected and fitting commemoration of his birth-day, but of a splendidly projected Drawing-Room; of the Levee, and all those courtly pageants and ceremonies, now so peculiarly desirable, and for which the people have naturally for a long period looked as combining in their character the most effectual means of alleviating that distress which we know has been heavily felt by all descriptions of tradespeople, and those who are not thoroughly independent as to the chances of the world, throughout the country; and *more particularly in London*. The intelligence of this distressing event was conveyed to the stricken ears of the subject, through the medium of a bulletin of which the following is a copy.

“*Windsor Castle, April 15th.*

“We regret to state that the king has had a bilious attack, accompanied by an embarrassment in breathing.
“His Majesty, although free from fever, is languid and weak.

(Signed) HENRY HALFORD.
MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY.”

Now, an official announcement of this character, was surely calculated to arouse our worst fears, our gloomiest apprehensions; and we may, without fear of contradiction, say, that not only all London, but every individual in the country, capable of appreciating the worth, or estimating the value of a *good and great KING*, and one who was to his people a liberal benefactor, were ready to join in the prayer of our motto, and exclaim “with heart and voice,” “Angels preserve our dearest Monarch's life!”

After this bulletin, charged with gloom, prophetic of the worst, none other was immediately issued, and even at the moment of our penning these lines, there appears an almost unfeeling attempt to *mystify the truth*; we have almost said a *systematic* deception on the part of those about the Royal person, to keep our loyal apprehensions upon the rack of doubt, and our best desires without a glimpse of satisfaction. Mere bald and *semi-official* information, is all that has

been conceded to us; and did we not know of *ourselves*, that the ROYAL PATIENT's naturally strong constitution, has enabled him to triumph over the attack of disease, and to give us the consoling hope of shortly hailing him in public, and "himself again," we should have indulged in those dependencies which time alone can soften, and resignation cure. As it is we are prepared to "rejoice greatly," and to say, in the words of an old author:—

"Shout aloud, throw up your laurelled caps and sing,
The KING is hale again, and that he comes
With smiles to greet his people!"*

Before the occurrence of the event to which we have fully and fairly alluded, the Duke and Duchess of CLARENCE and the members of the ROYAL FAMILY in England gave several parties, and if not of very extensive arrangements, yet sufficiently splendid to set examples to the nobility, and those who move in the best circles, so worthy of imitation, that we trust to see them speedily followed.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, preparatory to the assumption, as is imagined, of the throne of Greece, and consequently, (we are sure from the character of the Prince) to her gradual regeneration, is sojourning in Paris, and the theme of curiosity is of respect amongst its volatile inhabitants. The Dukes of CUMBERLAND and SUSSEX occasionally mingle in the "crowded mart of men," and have paid all that fraternal affection could demand to their royal MASTER and BROTHER, whilst the Duchess of GLOUCESTER has been specially summoned to soothe, by *sisterly* endearments, the abode of temporary suffering.

"Ye ALL, now sorrow flies the haunts once more,
Where joy and sunshine pour'd their gifts before,
Shall add their influence to the active Town,
And call up smiles, unclouded by a frown."

ON DITS OF FASHION.

The distressing indisposition of HIS MAJESTY has thrown a gloom over the amusements of the town, and checked, in some degree, the rising spirit of gaiety that was becoming universally predominant; but as no fatal result is apprehended, we may still mingle in the scenes of fashion, though our pleasure is alloyed with fears for our beloved sovereign's safety. In consequence of his majesty's illness, the Levée is postponed till the 5th of May, and the Drawing Room till the 7th.

Much conversation has occurred respecting the probable fate of the misguided and unfortunate Miss Digby. It has

* "We have great satisfaction," says the Court Circular of the 25th, "in being enabled to state that his Majesty passed a pretty good night on Tuesday, and experienced less difficulty from his complaint yesterday. Sir HENRY HALFORD left the palace at Windsor about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and returned in the evening a little before seven o'clock."

Now this is consoling as far as it goes; but then unfortunately it *does not go far enough*; why could not Sir HENRY tell us this officially, as physicians generally write; some minute or two would have sufficed to *dash it off*, and it would have proved to the country as pleasant a prescription as he ever penned. But the truth is the *first bulletin* committed the doctors; and they have been puzzled to redeem *their precipitancy* ever since.

been positively stated, that Prince Schwartzberg intends to marry her, but it has also been widely insinuated, that the Emperor of Austria will forbid the alliance, not suffering the Prince to contract such an union; this however, we do not believe, the Emperor of Austria would not interdict the man who has brought an elegant and beautiful woman to ruin, from rendering her the only reparation in his power, any other conduct would disgrace the name of gentleman, and is altogether unworthy that of *man*. The fact, however, of the Prince having passed the winter among the gaieties of Paris, while his victim resided in seclusion, speaks for itself. Miss Digby's allowance is fixed at £1000 a year, the original proposition was but £300, but it was afterwards extended. Miss D. brought Lord Ellenborough a fortune of £10,000 in canal shares, yielding 4½ per cent.

The Duke of St. A.—dined with the king some time since, during the entertainment, his majesty observed, "I'll take a glass of wine with your grace." "I thank your majesty," replied the noble duke, "but I prefer *soda water*." In the course of the evening, the king again expressed his desire of taking wine with the duke, but the latter observed with an *innocent* smile,—"Please your majesty, *I will still keep to soda water!*"

His grace a few evenings ago was dancing in a fashionable assembly with the charming Fanny Kemble, but the honour was too great for his delicate sensibilities, and all that his grace could ejaculate during the dance, was "*What a pretty nosegay you've got!*"—"What a pretty nosegay!"

Lord St. Maur, the eldest son of the Duke of Somerset, is to accompany Prince Leopold to Greece. The Hon. Col. and Mrs. Cust are also to form part of the royal household. Lord Saltoun and his respected lady, have accompanied Lord Hertford upon his continental tour. The Earl and Countess of Clarendon are at present in Paris, upon a visit to the King of France, at the express invitation of his majesty. The Marquis of Londonderry has been also at Paris for the benefit of his health, he has since returned to Holderness House. Several morning *re-unions* have taken place at some of our fashionable mansions for the practice of the *Mazurka*; it has not, however, been introduced at any ball this season; we presume the honor of the introduction is left for his Grace of Devonshire. Prince Leopold travels under the title of Count Henneburg; it is said that he is to marry a daughter of the late Duke of Placenza, with a fortune of 30 millions of francs, (£1,250,000 sterling.) The *Prague Minstrels* who exhibit at the Egyptian Hall, are very clever, and merit patronage.

Pasta has been presented by the inhabitants of Verona, with a splendid medal, upon which is engraved the bust of Madame P. crowned by Melpomene and Euterpe. Sontag, it is said, is engaged for a number of years at Berlin. We have no hopes of Heinfitter this season, neither will Taglioni be permitted to come. Heinfitter goes to Italy. Sontag gave a concert at Gottingen a short time ago, which was attended by upwards of 1200 persons; at the conclusion, the university students took the horses from her carriage, which they drew in triumph to the syren's hotel, amid universal shouts of rejoicing. How much longer are these ridiculous affairs to be continued? we think the University of Gottingen sadly wants a professor of *common sense*. Pacini has composed a new opera (*Giovanni d'Arco*) for *La Scala*. In consequence of the success of Bellini's *Il Pirata*, Laporte intends to produce another of that highly talented composer's productions; from

the many novelties in preparation, however, we are afraid that it will be postponed till next year.

George Colman was lately upon a visit to Lord ———; upon taking a drive with his Lordship one morning in the vicinity of his mansion, the carriage could with difficulty be dragged through the heavy clay; "it is said" observed the wit, "that your Lordship ran through your Estate, but I think I may defy you to run through this."

Gay received £400. for his Beggar's Opera, (which the charming Stephens has again rendered popular) and £1100. for a continuation of it (Polly). He was a negligent and bad manager; the Duke of Queensbury, whom he resided with, always kept his money for him, and gave him only what he considered necessary.

The *Hatfield Theatricals* attract considerable attention from the elegant combination of beauty and fashion which the company present, Lady Frances Leveson and Mrs. Bradshaw, are the principal female stars; ably supported by Mrs. Ellison, Mrs. Sullivan, Lord and Lady Normandy, La belle Elphinston, Lord Arthur Hill, Mr. Lushington, and Mr. Stewart Wortléy. Lady Dacre's dramas "Wednesday week" and "First love," are thought very highly of; Mr. Arnold is the director.

Fanny Ayton has just finished a translation of Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubeigne*, into Italian; Mr. Kemble and the unparalleled Fanny, leave town towards the close of the present month; the theatre will close at the usual time in June. The clear profits of Covent Garden up to the present time, amount to upwards of £13,000.

We cannot too strongly censure a publication called a "Key to the Manners of the Day," containing as it does a gross libel upon the delicacy of English females, who are represented therein as eager to procure indecent songs, if they are "veiled in foreign language." The man who wrote such such a book, cannot possibly have any intercourse with respectable society, neither can he be sensible of either delicacy or shame; his insinuations are ungentlemanly and false.

The fascinating Lady Emily Cowper never looked so lovely as at the present moment; she is indeed a prize which my Lord Ashley cannot have too estimable an opinion of. The merry smiles of the charming Fanny Stanhope, irradiate the circles of *ton*, and Sylvia Doyle with her transcendent beauties extends her conquests and her power. Does not the pretty Gertrude Brande look melancholy?

We have seen Madame Bonaparte Wyse, but do not think her so handsome as has been reported.

A very interesting memoir of Mr. Sinclair is published this month in the *Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion*, from which we learn, among a variety of curious information, that our favorite vocalist was, at one period, at the head of a regimental band in Scotland.

Amongst the present sights in London, none can compete with the *Colosseum* in the Regent's Park; —the Panorama of London from the *imaginary top* of St. Paul's, has a magical, indeed a wonderful effect. We recommend our readers to select a fine day, and whatever ideas they may have formed of the Colosseum, they will be realized to the fullest extent.

Prince Leopold is at present upon a continental tour, his principal intention being to visit his family in Germany, and to make arrangements for keeping up his domestic establishments there, during his sovereignty in Greece. He returns to England again previous to his assuming that dignity.

PARTIES AND BALLS.

The past month has been rich in those brilliant entertainments, the splendours of which, place at an unmeasurable distance, all continental assemblies of similar descriptions. We have at present upon our table a quantity of notes, recalling our attention to the magnificent *soirées* of April, each characterized by the most distinguished claims to record in our fashionable magazine, but our limited space, unfortunately, allows us only briefly to describe the chief "Parties and Balls," which we regret not having the opportunity of doing adequate justice to. And first let us bestow the most unqualified commendation upon a princely entertainment at *Dorchester House*, on the 1st ult., consisting of a splendidly attended concert, the principal fashionables in town being present. The suite of state rooms, in this noble mansion, remain nearly the same as during the life of Lady CAROLINE DAMER; they are hung with Genoa velvet, relieved with gilt mouldings and *encadrements*, and the ceilings profusely enriched with carving, and gilded cornices. In the music room the ceiling is of gold, embellished with bas-reliefs of flowers. The noble collection of articles of *bijouterie* and *virtu* excited the greatest admiration. On the ensuing evening, the Dowager Marchioness of HERTFORD opened *Manchester House* to an elegant dinner party, which was attended by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER, and other fashionable company. The Wednesday *soirée* of Princess LIEVEN, have been a source of great attraction, the most eminent *distinguees* attending. The superb dinners of the Prince, have also excited very honorable encomiums, and *Ashburnham House* is, in consequence, highly estimated in the *beau monde*.

One of the most splendid and interesting festivals of the month, was the juvenile *fête* at *Chesterfield house*, in honour of Lady WILHELMINA, Lord STANHOPE's daughter; the entertainment however, was not confined to children, for we had the gratification of beholding a large assemblage of the *élite* of *ton* among the juvenile groupe. The mansion presented a very imposing appearance, the stairs and gallery being formed into a temporary conservatory, in which the most choice flowers diffused their aroma. The only fault was the excessive height of the ball room. We understand that the expenses of the entertainment amounted to upwards of twelve hundred pounds.

The Marquis of STAFFORD opened his splendid mansion in the Stable Yard for the season, on the 12th, with a grand dinner party, among whom his Lordship had the honor of entertaining the Duke of NORFOLK. We do not admire the construction of the rooms in Lord STAFFORD's new residence, they are much too small; the hall and staircase are the most elegant portions of the edifice, and those bear a striking resemblance to Crockford's.

Prince ESTERHAZY has entertained the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER at a magnificent dinner party. Lady CODRINGTON has had some brilliant balls at her mansion in Eaton Square. Lady SALISBURY's *conversations* on Thursday evenings are peculiarly attractive. The Countess of ARRANS' entertainments in Dover Street; the card parties of Lady ESSEX in Hill Street; and those of the Hon. Mrs. A. STANHOPE in Tilney Street, have been composed of the *élite* of the *beau monde*. Lady MELVILLE and Lady HOLLAND have also attracted much fashionable company to their respective mansions.

ALMACKS first ball for the season, on Wednesday, 21st, was well attended, upwards of three hundred distinguished fashionables being present. The Miss BRANDLINGS made their *début*, and excited general admiration; they are, certainly, most lovely girls. The new quadrilles, *Les Ecosais*, were by no means successful.

THE HATFIELD Theatricals have commenced with great success; an admirable version of SCRIBE'S *Lune de Miel* has been very successful. Lady VERULAM, Lady COWPER, and Lady CLARENDON have invited large parties to their mansions in Hertfordshire, on the occasion.

Mrs. PARNTHER'S concerts have been fashionably attended, as have also those of Sir GEORGE WARRENDER. The *Athenæum* Wednesday evenings are improving, but are as yet far from being perfect.

On the 15th ult. the Dutchess of CANNIZZARRO entertained a very splendid dinner party, in honor of her niece Miss JOHNSON, who was happily united that morning to Mr. ESTCOURT son of the member for Marlborough.

LADY COCKERELL'S first ball, in Piccadilly, on the 23d, was fashionably attended, as was also LADY CAROLINE BARRIAM'S on the preceding Monday. Miss OLIVIA DE ROOS was a great attraction.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"We'll raise with joy the happy nuptial lay!"—FENTON.
"But soon alas! each flower must droop and die!"—ANON.

Yes, with joy we raise the song of gratulation, and thousands join with us to celebrate the nuptials of so many a happy pair, that have during the past month entered Hymen's blissful state; and first record we the felicity of Sir ROBERT GORE BOOTH, Bart, of *Lissadille House*, county of Sligo, for whose appellation CAROLINE SUSANNAH, second daughter of Mr. Serjeant GOULD has exchanged her maiden name. Sir. R. B. we understand, is possessed of an unencumbered estate of £14,000. per annum, in addition to considerable personal property, and although he has not yet attained his twenty-sixth year, the present is his second marriage.

On the 3rd ult., Mr. HORACE TWISS was happily united to the lovely and fascinating Mrs. GREENWOOD; the lady is in her twenty-fourth year.

The splendid residence of the Earl of TANKERVILLE, in Grosvenor Square, was, on the 13th, the scene of a most interesting hymeneal festival; confined, however, entirely to the immediate members of the family. The amiable Lady EMMA BENNET was there united to Viscount FITZHARRIS, eldest son of the Earl of MALMSBURY; the two daughters of Lord GRANTHAM officiated as bridesmaids upon the occasion. Immediately after the ceremony the new-married couple set off for Lord TANKERVILLE'S villa, Walton-upon-Thames, a most charming and romantic retreat.

Another happy matrimonial union we have to record between an honourable gentleman whose pious devotion to the spirit of the christian faith, has rendered him beloved and respected by all who have the honour of his acquaintance, and a lady whose amiability of disposition and kindness of heart, are equal to those of her affectionate partner; we allude to MARY the eldest daughter of the late Sir ROBERT LYNCH BLOSSE, who has been united, at Dublin, to the Hon. and Rev. ROBERT PLUNKET, rector of Barningham, Yorkshire.

The gallant Lieut. Col. BELLINGHAM JOHN SMITH, eldest son of the late Major-Gen. JOHN SMITH, has become the happy husband of PRISCILLA ELIZABETH NEWPORT, widow of Lieut. Col. J. S. NEWPORT, and sister to Sir BELLINGHAM GRAHAM. The nuptials were solemnized at Bath.

Our happy list of unions must also be enriched with that of HARRIET, the amiable daughter of Mr. A. BAWING, who has been led to the holy altar by Lord HENRY THYNNE, second son of the Marquess of BATH. The Lady's father is to present her with £50,000, as a marriage portion, and £10,000 at a future period, in addition to £1000 for dresses, and a splendid casket of jewels; the first year of their marriage is to be spent at *Longleat*, the seat of the Marquess of BATH.

We have also to record the union of HENRY PETRE, Esq., son of the late Hon. G. PETRE, to Adela, daughter of HENRY HOWARD, of Corby Castle. The marriage was first solemnized by the Right Rev. Dr. BRAMSTON, V. A., according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and subsequently at St. George's, Hanover Square.

And now turn we with regret to the dark side of the picture, and describe the flowers that have "drooped and died," and the bereaved families that are mourning for the loss of some of their most beloved members. That of the Right Hon. Lord CARRINGTON assemble in the domestic circle, but *one* is wanting to complete the number;—where is the amiable LOUISA MARY? exclaim they.—Alas! Echo answers, *Where?* She is gone to the clay-cold tomb, and the voice of lamentation is heard in her father's halls.

On Wednesday the 7th ult. at his house in North Audley Street, expired the venerable Earl of POMFRET. This regretted nobleman was in his 63rd year, having been born in 1768; he succeeded to the Earldom in 1785, and was married in 1793 to the heiress of TROLLOPE BROWN Esq.; having however no issue, the title descends to his Lordship's brother Lieut. Gen. the Hon. T. W. FERMOR, whose Lady is the eldest daughter of Sir RICHARD BOROUGH, Bart.

On the 3rd, in Rutland Square, Dublin, the Countess of ORMONDE breathed her last sigh, and left this vale of tears for a permanent abode beyond the skies. Her Ladyship was the relict of JOHN, late Earl of ORMONDE, and mother of the late and present Marquess of ORMONDE, and of the Hon. CHARLES BUTLER (CLARKE), M. P. for Kilkenny.

It is with feelings, also, of the deepest regret, that we allude to the decease of AUGUSTA SELINA, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. GRAVES, and niece of Lord SAYE and SELE. Also of that of the Duchess of NORTHAMPTON, at Rome, and of Lord GREY, Lord WILTON'S son.

Among the numerous lists of marriages upon the *tapis* with which we have been favoured, we select those of the eldest of the Ladies BERTIE and the Hon. and Rev. CHARLES BATHURST; Lady MARIA CONYNGHAM and the son and heir of Mr. THOMAS HOPE; Miss POWYS and Mr. DRUMMOND; the accomplished daughter of J. DUPRE Esq. of Portland Place, and Lord MONTAGU, son of the Duke of MANCHESTER; Lord LILFORD and Miss FOX, Lord HOLLAND'S daughter, whose portrait afforded a very elegant embellishment to the *Literary Souvenir*.

The marriage of the lovely Lady EMILY COWPER and Lord ASHLEY, is at length determined on, as is also that of the Hon. WILLIAM ASHLEY and Miss BAILLIE; Mr. ASHLEY is attached to the embassy at Vienna, and it is expected that the continental air, will materially improve the delicate health of his intended bride. Lord EDWARD THYNNE is to marry Miss MELLISH, with a fortune of £30,000.

THE DRAMA.

"The STAGE,—the mighty telescope of mind!"
PROLOGUE TO BRUTUS.

The annual *Easter novelties* presented to the play-going world at the various metropolitan theatres, have not been, either in point of splendour or performance, so successful as we have been accustomed to witness. That at DRURY LANE is a melo-drama full of fine scenery, fine dresses, and characters with fine long names, which ought only to be pronounced at holiday times, when people have nothing else to do. *The Dragon's Gift, or the Scarf of Flight, and the Mirror of Light!* is the title of this medley production: we will not attempt to sketch the plot, for it is altogether incomprehensible, nor to describe any of the incidents, lest we might, in our simplicity, commend some highly humorous point which the *author* may have meant to be very pathetic and affecting. HARLEY is a boatman who is led to consider himself a powerful potentate, which he plays uncommonly well. The *Dragon*, by a mysterious unknown, is a very terrific personage, so indeed is Mr. YOUNGE, a gentleman with very fine lungs, and who spouts his "energy" in the bravest style imaginable. The COVENT GARDEN novelty is of a different description, being a very interesting and effective drama, powerfully written, and admirably sustained; some of the sketches of character, are indeed original and beautiful. WARDE, BARTLEY, WRENCH, MEADOWS, ELLEN TREE, and Mrs. GIBBS, lend their powerful talents to its support. The ENGLISH VAUDEVILLE in Tottenham Street, the very best minor theatre in the metropolis, and which we are happy to find meeting with that extensive patronage which its able management deserves, has also been fertile in novelties; a drama of much interest, called *the Spectre Boat*, has introduced Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, a very charming actress, and who has since represented her original character of *Madge Wildfire*, one of the most interesting and pathetic performances upon the English stage. WAYLETT is playing *Apollo* nightly, to crowded houses. ANNE TREE, who improves surprisingly, has exchanged her maiden appellation for that of Mrs. CHAPMAN; the matrimonial views of this talented young lady seem not to have been so high as that of her more fortunate sister, whose loss to the stage will long be lamented by the town. Mr. SERLE and Mr. O. SMITH, with a Mr. MUDE, are playing some inferior pieces at the COBURG, while the "infant prodigy," Master BURKE, attracts crowds to Mr. ELLISTON'S establishment. ASTLEY'S has opened in a style worthy of its exalted character; we cannot, indeed, say much in commendation of the *dramatic* performances, (though we think we recognize some talent in a lady of the name of POPE; she appears capable of better employment than that of giving birth to the nonsense of Mr. DUCKROW'S *dramatist*), but the horsemanship is really surprising.

We ask pardon of our fair readers for not speaking first of the KING'S THEATRE, but the *Easter novelties* were imperative, which, having dismissed, we now proceed to the principal fashionable establishment.

ROSSINI'S *Matilde di Shabran* has been performed to good, but not very fashionable audiences. BLASIS gave a clever performance of the heroine, but with the first rate talent of DONZELLI for the *Coradino*, we required more than a clever representation of *Matilde*; the celebrated duo *Vanneo Caro*, which SONTAG and her *petite sœur* rendered so popular at the concerts last season, provoked very unfavourable

comparisons with BLASIS and SPECCHI. *No Matilde, non morrai*, was given, however, with considerable power and effect. We thought SANTINI'S face looked rather *dusty* again;—has he so strong an antipathy to soap and water?

A new composer of the name of BELLINI has produced an opera under the title of *Il Pirata*; we understand that the author is a very young man, and that *Il Pirata* was his first production; it is very creditable to his talents, and gives great promise of future excellence. The long talked of LALANDE appeared for the first time in England in this opera; we consider her much beneath Madame PASTA, and by no means equal to our favorite MALIBRAN; but it is too early to express a decided opinion upon the merits of Madame LALANDE, and, we will therefore wait till some other performances may have enabled her to overcome the trepidation which ever attends first appearances. DONZELLI was in fine voice, and executed his music in his best style. SANTINI also obtained much approbation in his beautiful delivery of *Si vincemmo e il pregio io sento*.

At DRURY LANE, Miss STEPHENS has commenced an engagement. Her first performance was the beautiful one of *Polly, (Beggar's Opera)* a character to which she imparted all the nature and effect which has hitherto characterized her delineation; her *Cease your funning* was exquisite. Mr. ANDERSON was to have been the *Macheath*, but for some cause or other, the fascinating Madame appeared in the character. Considerable disapprobation was expressed upon her appearance, and, it having been ascertained that Mr. ANDERSON and a party of friends were instrumental in exciting the disturbance, proceedings have been commenced against them by Madame VESTRIS. We are sorry to find Mr. ANDERSON, who has really very great abilities, capable of such ungenerous and ungentelemanly conduct; much altercation has ensued upon the subject; the audience, one evening, being *tortured* with the discord of the harmonists; we understand, however, that it is a *family quarrel*, Mr. ANDERSON being the brother-in-law of Madame V.

Mr. ROPHINO LACEY, who combines the varied professions of dramatist, composer, teacher of music, and leader of the band, has adapted ROSSINI'S *Cenerentola* for the COVENT GARDEN stage, where it has been produced under the title of *Cinderella, or the Fairy and the little Glass Slipper*. In arranging this opera, Mr. LACEY has availed himself of others of ROSSINI'S compositions besides the *Cenerentola*; but his selections have been made in a way that does credit to his judgment and taste. Miss PATON'S *Cinderella* is an exceedingly fine specimen of vocal talent, and in every respect equal to her brilliant *Ninetta*, noticed by us in such high terms a short time ago. Miss CAWSE and Miss HUGHES as the two sisters, exhibit much talent, while the pretty HARRIET CAWSE makes one of the sweetest little *fairies* we have ever beheld. PENSON is proving a fearful rival to his great contemporary, DE BÉGNIS; but we fear Mr. MORLEY will not be able to maintain the reputation which his performance in *Ninetta* excited. Mr. WOOD is certainly deserving of great praise; no species of music seems to come amiss to him. One evening he is following poor INCLON in the *Storm*, and the next, we find him rivalling SINCLAIR in the intricacies of ROSSINI or the simple prettinesses of Mr. ALEXANDER LEE. In the present opera he sustains the character of the *Prince*, and although certainly not in that finished manner we have been accustomed to witness its performance elsewhere, still, however, with much judgment, taste and skill.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's *Magazin de Modes* is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST. DINNER DRESS.

A *jaconot* muslin dress; the corsage is cut moderately low round the bosom, and is ornamented in a very novel style, with folds so disposed as to form the shape of the bosom, in a most becoming manner. Long sleeve, of a new form, between the *gigot* and the *imbécile*. The skirt is finished round the border with two rows of bouquets of roses, embroidered in coloured silks. These bouquets are put rather close to each other; one row is embroidered on the upper part of the hem, the other surmounts it. Ceinture of very broad white gauze ribbon, tied at the side in short bows and long ends. White crape hat, the brim is very wide, and short at the ears; it is ornamented on the inside with a wreath of wild flowers, and a full *nauds* of white gauze ribbon; the latter is placed next the face. Bouquets of roses, intermixed with ears of unripe corn, are attached to each side of the crown, in front, and a band of white gauze ribbon passes between them; the strings hang loose.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of glazed *gros de Naples*, of the new colour *Lavinia*, being a shade between lavender and lilac. *Corsage à la Marie de Médicis*, pointed in front, where the ceinture is confined by a gold clasp; the ends of the ceinture reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt; they are confined in two places by ornaments similar to that which fastens them at the waist, and are terminated by a very rich gold fringe. Hat of green crape; the brim is finished with silver twist, wreathed round it in a singularly novel and elegant style; a very large *panache* of white cock's feathers ornaments the crown. The ear-rings and bracelets are of massive gold.

MORNING DRESS.

A *robe redingote* of rose-coloured *gros des Indes*; the *corsage* is made to sit close to the shape, and is finished at the throat by a very full *ridche* of blond lace; a row of *pates*, of the same material as the dress, and of a *demi fichu* form, goes down each side of the *corsage* in front, and descends from thence *en tablier* to the bottom of the skirt: they are edged with narrow blond lace. Sleeve à l'*Amadis*, surmounted by a full *epaulette* *manchettes*, of blond lace, turning back. Hat of glazed *gros de Naples*; it is of rose-colour, and is worn over a small blond *cornette*; it is trimmed under the brim with *nauds* of gauze ribbon, to correspond. The crown is adorned with ostrich feathers, the colour of the hat, which are placed in different directions.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the second figure.

FIG. 2.—A ball head-dress, the hair is dressed very full

on the temples, and arranged in bows on the crown of the head; a plaited band of hair crosses the bows, and in it is inserted a full bouquet of blue fancy flowers. A bandeau of pearls is brought round the crown of the head, and descends low on the forehead.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the hat given with the evening dress.

FIG. 4.—The hair is dressed full and low at each side of the face, and less parted than usual on the forehead. The hind hair is partly brought up very high, in large bows on the crown of the head, and partly disposed in a braid, which is brought round the base of the bows. A bouquet, composed of a single rose and a branch of myrtle, is inserted in the bows, and a string of large pearls is brought twice round the head.

FIG. 5.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

SECOND PLATE.

EVENING DRESS.

A crape dress of a peculiar shade of lilac over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond in colour, the corsage is cut square, and of a delicate height round the bosom; it is finished at the edge with a quilling of blond net, beneath which is a trimming composed of blond net, and narrow satin rouleaux; it is arranged in the *demi losange* shape, except in the centre of the bosom, where one of the ornaments forms a V; the rouleaux are of the new shade of green called *vert de cour*. *Beret* sleeve, very short, and of the usual fulness. The trimming of the skirt is composed of a wreath of laurel leaves, formed of green satin; this trimming is raised a little at the right knee, where it is ornamented with a bouquet, composed of fancy flowers, and silver ears of corn; a corresponding bouquet, but of smaller size, is placed in the ceinture. *Coiffure à la Donna Marie*. The hair, brought low at the sides of the face, is arranged in very full curls, and dressed high behind; it is disposed in two large bows, apparently supported by platted bands turned round them. Flowers corresponding with those of the trimming, are tastefully intermixed with the bows. Grecian buskins of white *gros de Naples*.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—NO. 49.

SPANISH.

How many high and heroic feats does this graceful and picturesque dress recal to our minds. Imagination, with her magic wand, brings before us Spain in her proudest days, when her sons, the flower of Europe's chivalry, and, from the bright eyes of her daughters, those noble inspirations that prompted them to the high deeds that history has immortalized.

The dress is composed of four coloured *gros de Naples*;



*Newest Fashions for May, 1830.
Morning Dinner & Evening Dresses.*



Evening Drefs.

*Newest Fashions for May, 1830.
Costumes of All Nations No. 49.
Spanish.*

Morning Drefs. &c.



*Newest Fashions for May, 1830.
Walking Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for May, 1830.
The Coiffures by M^{rs}. Balls, 131, Oxford Street.*

Fashionable Head Dresses

the corsage is made tight to the shape, cut low round the bosom, and trimmed in a singularly elegant style, with the material of the dress and pearls; the latter disposed in the style of an embroidery, before and behind; the former arranged in *bouillons* on the shoulders; the corsage terminates in a point in front, and the waist is incircled with a rich chain of different coloured gems, which, after going twice round it, descends nearly to the bottom of the skirt and terminates in a cluster forming a kind of tassel of gems. Short full sleeves of *gros de Naples* over a tight one of white satin, the latter finished with a double *bouillon* at the hand. Hanging sleeves of white gauze, of the largest size, are attached by a gold band to the upper sleeve, and partially cover the satin one; they are trimmed at the bottom with broad gold bands. The hair is divided on the forehead, and disposed in two plaits interwoven with ribbons, which hang down the back; a wreath of coloured gems goes round the forehead, and a hat of the ancient Spanish form, decorated with a single long white feather, completes the *coiffure*.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress composed of Saxon green *gros des Indes*, the corsage tight behind, and *drapé* in front of the bust, has, for ceinture, a very rich fringe, which has the effect of a short round jacket. Long sleeve à l'*Amadis*. The skirt is ornamented, round the border, with a Grecian trimming of the same material as the dress headed by a large rouleau. The head-dress is a blond lace cap of the form called *bonnet à la fiancée*; it is trimmed in a most novel and becoming style, with a mixture of rose-coloured gauze, ribbon, and roses.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1. A *chapeau-demi-capote* of citron coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and finished by a curtain veil of blond lace.

FIG. 2. A back view of the preceding figure.

FIG. 3. A back view of the *coiffure* of the evening dress.

PLATE THE THIRD.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse gown composed of *gros de Tours* of a new shade of pea green; the corsage is made to sit close to the shape, and with a high standing collar; the bust is ornamented in a very novel style with a light silk trimming. Long sleeves, partially covered by an à la *Marino Faliero*, but of a more moderate size than those sleeves usually are. The skirt is trimmed on each side of the front, and round the border, with ornaments of the same material, intermixed with silk trimming. Head-dress, a hat of figured *gros de Naples*; the colour is a peculiar shade of fawn; it is trimmed with an intermixture of the same material, plain green *gros de Naples* and gauze ribbons to correspond with the hat; the trimming is disposed excessively high, and very full on the crown of the hat.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of *vert de Cour* *gros des Indes*, the corsage made en *schall* and lined with the material of the dress; the sleeves are excessively wide from the shoulder to the wrist, but the fullness is confined at the lower part of the arm by a cuff, and by three bands, the last of which is placed just above the elbow. A row of ornaments in the form of a V adorn the front skirt from the waist to the bottom; they are progressively larger from the bottom to the top, and each is ornamented in the centre, with a cord and tassels

ted in bows and ends. The habit shirt worn with this dress is a *chef d'œuvre* of embroidery, as is the small *cravate à la coquette*, edged with narrow lace, which supports the collar round the throat, and is fastened in front by a silver brooch. Bonnet of the *chapeau capote* shape, composed of *paille de riz*; it is trimmed with branches of foliage, and *nœuds* of green and white striped ribbon. Earrings and buckle for the *ceinture* of silver richly wrought.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1. A back view of figure 2.

FIG. 2. A toque of rose coloured crape, spotted with silver, and ornamented with ostrich feathers, the barbs of which are partly rose-colour and partly white. There are four feathers, three are placed in different directions round the crown, and one falls over on the neck on the left side.

FIG. 3. *Chapeau demi capote* of pale *vapeur gros de Naples*, trimmed with blue and white striped gauze ribbon, and blue bells.

FIG. 4. A back view of the rice straw hat of the second walking dress.

FIG. 5. A back view of figure 3.

FIG. 6. A hat of rose-coloured crape trimmed with white gauze ribbon, and ornamented with two bouquets of white fancy flowers, one placed on each side of the crown at the top; these bouquets are of uncommon lightness and have a most graceful effect.

FIG. 7. A back view of the above head-dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1. A dress of pea green crape over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond, corsage uni, finished with a falling tucker of blond net embroidered in gold. Sleeves à la *Marino Faliero*, also of blond net embroidered in gold, over very short full sleeves of pea-green crape, the lace sleeves are looped in front of the arm, with *nœuds* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. The *ceinture* is also of rose-colour. The skirt has no trimming. The hair is divided in the centre of the forehead by an ornament of gold and gems, and brought in a braid at each side of the ears, from whence it falls in corkcrew ringlets on the neck. A superb gold tiara of the lightest and most exquisite workmanship, goes round the crown of the head, and a number of white ostrich feathers, tipped with blue, partly droop over the tiara, and partly fall on the neck. Necklace and cross, rubies, gold bracelets, and armlets.

FIG. 2. A back view of the preceding figure.

FIG. 3. A high dress of grey *gros de Naples*, finished round the throat with a double *raiche* of blond net, *cravate à la coquette* of black velvet with small pointed ends. Hat of white glazed *gros de Naples* most tastefully ornamented round the crown with lavender coloured ribbon and blond lace. A large bouquet of violets ornaments one side of the brim, which is trimmed with a curtain veil of blond lace, and ornamented on the inside with *nœuds* of ribbon.

FIG. 4. A back view of the hat of the carriage dress.

FIG. 5. *Coiffure à la Peruvienne*, composed of flowered gauze disposed in a very singular but graceful style, and ornamented with the plumage of a foreign bird arranged en *sauve pleureur*.

FIG. 6. A back view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 7. A back view of figure 3.

FIG. 8. A most original *coiffure*; the hair is dressed very

full on the temples, and short at the ears; the hind hair is disposed partly in braids, which are wound round the head, and partly in one large knot, in the centre of which is placed the plumage of a bird of paradise; white gauze, and flowers arranged in a style of exquisite taste and novelty complete the *coiffure*.

Fig. 9. A back view of the preceding head-dress.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress of lilac *gros de Tours*, *corsage à la vierge*. Long sleeve of the usual form, but ornamented in a most novel style, with blond lace disposed *en manchette*, just below the elbow; a blond lace cuff, which turns back from the hand, and epaulettes also of blond lace. *Pelerine fichu* with long ends of the same costly material; it is trimmed at the throat with a double *râche* of blond net. The hat is of Leghorn, trimmed with a white gauze ribbon, and two long curled ostrich feathers, both placed to droop on the left side.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1830.

It is from the Court of our Sovereign Lady, from the scene of her proudest triumphs that we now publish her decrees. Our fair readers will see, that we speak of *Long Champs*, of that celebrated Promenade, from whence not only Paris, but all the rest of civilized Europe draws its summer fashions. This year, however, be it said, with due reverence to our *Absolute Queen*, she has exercised her sovereign pleasure rather in the invention of new materials, than of new forms. In plain English, there is not that striking difference in the make of summer and winter dresses which we had looked for; but as the genius and invention of fashion must be exercised in one way or other, she has to compensate this, given us new materials in abundance for dresses; and millinery of a description the most tasteful and varied that has appeared for some seasons. Mrs. Bell, with that tact which ought always to distinguish a skilful *Marchande de Modes*, has selected all that was most novel, graceful, and becoming, from the Long champs' fashions; rejecting every article (and there were many that appeared there) unworthy of the attention of our London *élégantes*. It is to these tasteful novelties, that we now call the attention of our fair subscribers.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The greater number of summer hats and bonnets, have the brim shorter than usual, and round at the ears. Hats continue nearly the same depth in the brim, but wider. Rice-straw, Leghorn, and various sorts of plain and figured silks are all in favour in carriage-dress. Silk upon the whole, may be pronounced most in request; rice-straw comes next: Leghorn is fashionable, but is not in such estimation as the others.

We must, however, observe, that the Leghorn bonnet we are going to describe, has, by the singular elegance of its trimming, attracted much admiration; it is of the *chapeau capote* form, and is ornamented with a wreath of flowers placed behind, and turning in a spiral direction round the crown, the ends of the wreath are finished by flowers, and united on the left side, where they form a bouquet.

Several hats of rice-straw are adorned with feathers; there are in general two long ones, which either droop over on the right side, or else are divided in the middle by a *nœud* of ribbon, which draws one of the feathers to the right side, and raises the other on the opposite side.

Several of these hats are also ornamented with flowers, some with bouquets, arranged in the same manner as a hat

given in one of our prints; others have half wreaths placed in front of the crown, and *nœuds* of ribbon at each side. Flowers are either those of the spring, or else fancy flowers.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the detail of the numerous silks of different kinds now used for hats and bonnets. We have given some of the most elegant in our prints. We may also cite changeable silk, glazed *gros de Naples*, and *gros de Indes* figured in colours on a white ground.

Flowers are the most general ornament of silk bonnets. Some have a large branch of lilac, or white lilacs, others of *boule-de-neige*. Many are trimmed with bouquets of roses only, which in some instances are still intermingled with blond lace. We have seen also, some hats trimmed with very broad satin ribbons of new and striking patterns; these ribbons were usually disposed in coques. Several hats have the inside of the brim lined with blond lace, and ornamented with satin striped gauze ribbons, arranged upon the lace in the form of a fan.

Besides the hats we have just described, we have seen also some, the brim of which was very wide, raised a little, and cut in such a manner that the left side was about an inch longer than the right. The crown of these hats are higher than those worn in winter; some of them are slightly pointed in imitation of men's hats.

Many hats composed of Leghorn, or rice-straw, with the crowns of the usual shape, have the brims cut in the manner we have just described.

A few carriage hats of rice straw, which Mrs. Bell has imported directly from Herbault's, have the brim nearly round, and the crown lower than those just described. Some of them are trimmed with gauze ribbons, which are beautifully shaded from a deep cherry colour, to the most delicate tinge of rose colour. Others are ornamented with tufts of *boules de neige*, of the same colour as the ribbons, with which they are trimmed, and some are adorned with *lianes*, which appear to be fastened *en rampant* round the *chapeau*.

Among several elegant *capotes*, those that appeared to us the most novel, are those of white or azure blue *gros de Naples*; these bonnets have a drawn brim, and are trimmed with gauze ribbons (striped blue and white are most in request), and a bouquet of *orielles d'ours*, placed, with infinite grace, on one side of the brim.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—There is nothing more elegant and novel either in carriage or promenade dress, than those we have given in our prints. The *redingote* style is, indeed, so decidedly in favour, that it is adopted even in morning visiting dress. Some of these dresses, composed of muslin, are embroidered in a style of singular novelty and elegance, round the bust, down the front, and round the border. The sleeves of these dresses are of a new and graceful description, excessively wide at the top, and diminishing gradually till they reach the wrist.

High dresses, with large square collars, are also in favour in carriage dress. These, if made in silk, are tight to the shape, and trimmed round the collar only with blond lace, or else with a light embroidery; but if composed of muslin, the corsage is plaited in the style of a gentleman's shirt, and the collar is either trimmed with lace, or else has a frill richly embroidered.

Canezons are in favour, and are likely to be still more so. We have seen some in cambric, the embroidery of which was uncommonly beautiful; they are, however,

more worn in jaconot muslin. Some are trimmed with lace, and some with embroidery only. The most novel form of pelérine for *canezons* is a plain triple frill, which turns over in the shawl style on the back and bosom, and descends very low on the shoulders.

DRESSES.—Velvet and satin have given place to changeable silks, glazed *gros de Naples*, Cachemire, muslins, and a variety of other light and beautiful Summer materials.

Dinner dresses continue to be cut low round the bust, and the greater number made with long sleeves. Many dresses, composed of silk, have the corsage ornamented with Brandebourgs. Some others have the corsage tight to the shape, but ornamented in front with *passementerie*, disposed *en gerbe*, or in the form of a fan.

A beautiful evening dress is composed of white crape, and finished round the border with three satin rouleaux, round each of which is twined a smaller rouleau, of silver gauze; the ends of these rouleaux met on one side of the skirt, where they were raised a little under a *naud* of white gauze ribbons, spotted with silver, the ends of the *naud* finished with a light silver fringe, fell over the hem.

HEAD-DRESSES.—No change has as yet taken place in the form of turbans, but they are now constantly made of light materials. One of the most elegant that we have lately seen, is composed of blue gauze; the material was twisted on the right side so as to form the initial of the lady's name who wore it: it was plaited on the other side in the form of a fan; two ends, elegantly finished with silver fringe, depended from the sides, and fell low in the neck.

Dress hats are of white or coloured crape, or of various light materials, invented expressly for *chapeaux*. Nothing can be more light, graceful and becoming than the style in which these hats are trimmed. The *Camilia japonica*, hyacinth, *anemone*, rose, laurel, jessamine, lilac, and a variety of other flowers are all employed to decorate them. The gauze ribbons tastefully intermingled with those flowers are of the most novel kind.

Speaking of head-dresses, we must not forget those composed of flowers only. *Chaperons*, wreaths and bouquets, are all in favour. *Chaperons* of short feathers also are still in request, particularly white ones.

The fashionable colours are *Vert de Cour*, lilac, azure blue, rose-colour of various shades, *jaune vapeur*, jonquil, peagreen, Lavinia, and *Vert de Saxe*.

The English *coiffures* are now as *adroit* as the French; and there is scarcely one but that can dress a lady's hair with as much taste as any foreigner, and certainly at a much less price.—Mr. Ball, No. 131, Oxford-street, is an excellent *coiffure*.

THE NEWEST PARISIAN AND LONG CHAMP FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The newest shape among the hats that has appeared at Longchamps, has a very large crown, very little arched, and longer on the left side than the right. The crown is higher than they were in winter, and straight.

Many Leghorn hats were ornamented with an *anemone*, a *camelia*, a large *piovone*, or a bunch of lilac. Others were adorned with long white or straw-coloured feathers, and with these last were ribbon of the same colour.

There were also a considerable number of hats composed of a tissue, formed of gauze and straw, a new material which is uncommonly brilliant. One of the prettiest of these hats was ornamented with two birds of Paradise, placed in the form of a V. It is supposed that this new tissue will be much in favour this summer; it is of different colours, and of various patterns. Hats or bonnets composed of it, have feathers, flowers, or ribbon to correspond.

Crape hats were also very numerous, particularly those of azure blue; these were trimmed with either three or five long feathers of a colour to correspond exactly with the hat. Hats of jonquil crape were also adorned with feathers in a similar manner. Some, however, were trimmed with a branch of blue, placed in the weeping willow style.

Some crape hats had on one side an opening, which was closed by a gauze ribbon, laid in a zig-zag; these were trimmed either with a branch of lilac, or a branch of double hyacinth.

A good many hats of rice straw, were trimmed with feathers, which, instead of being distributed round the crown, were arranged in a bouquet of four or five plumes, placed on the left side.

There were also several hats of *paille de ris*, trimmed on the left side with a branch of white thorn, or of the double blossomed peach.

A singular looking hat was composed of white crape, the crown was divided into seven compartments, each of which were marked with a fold of green satin.

There were a considerable number of hats of the *demi saison* description, particularly those of *velour épinglé*, one of these last had a brim brought low on the ears, and extremely wide in the front; that hat was ornamented with a bouquet of curled feathers of *jaune vapeur*, to correspond with the hat.

Another hat of rose-colour *velour épinglé*, was trimmed with three feathers to correspond, two of them were placed upright, the third fell on the left side upon the brim.

Capotes were also very numerous, both in crape and *gros de Naples*. Many of the forms were cut à l'Anglaise, that is with square brims, and trimmed with a bouquet of lilac placed almost in the centre of the crown, and inclining a little on one side.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Several ladies of distinction, among others the beautiful *Duchess de Guiche*, appeared on horseback at Long Champs. The most fashionable riding habits were of fine black cloth, with a *corsage collant*, and two rows of small buttons on the breast.

Although there are a number of new materials, of which we shall presently speak, yet for out-door costumes silk has been the most generally adopted at Long Champs. Pelisses were most in favour, they were generally ornamented in front, some *en tablier*, others trimmed with richly wrought silk ornaments, and a good many fastened in front by straps with a *Brandebourg* at each end.

There were several dresses of *gros d'Orient*, and other net silks worn with spencers to correspond, with large collars cut in *dents de scie*.

Sleeves have not altered at all in their form, they are all excessively wide at the top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist.

One of the prettiest novelties of the season, is a *redingote* of straw-coloured *gros de Naples*, ornamented round the border with an embroidery in lilac floize silk; it is not closed in front, so that the under dress of *gros de Naples*, embroidered to correspond with the *redingote*, is partially visible.

There were also at Long Champs a good many *redingotes* of glazed *gros de Naples*, which were open in front; they were made with a *corsage uni*, and a large collar which fell over *en pelerine* on the back and shoulders, terminating in points under the *ceinture*; the pretty *jaconot* muslin dresses, either embroidered or trimmed with narrow lace, worn under these *redingotes*, were partially seen.

As we have already observed, the greater number of the new *redingotes* are open in front, to display the elegant *chemisettes*, ornamented with beautiful buttons worn with them. Sometimes instead of the *riche de tulle* round the *chemisette*, our *élégantes* twist a gold chain many times round their throats; these chains are always extremely massive; a single row of gold chain is sometimes used instead of a bracelet.

We still see a good many dresses in painted *foulard* in *batiste de laine* embroidered, and in *chalis*, worked or plain.

The muslins of new patterns are quite different from those of last year, large rosaries, gothic compartments, Etruscan vases filled with flowers; such are the summer patterns, many of which are printed on muslins with large stripes.

Cachimere muslin deserves its reputation by its softness, and the beauty of its patterns; the orientals are also beautiful materials; nothing can, however, be more light and elegant than the last novelty, the *Dona Sol*.

Some new *canezous* have lately appeared in muslin or embroidered *tulle*, they are worked round the bust in a wreath, as if to mark the form of the dress; a fall of lace or *tulle* is attached under the wreath, which falls gracefully on the *corsage*; a similar lace placed above the elbow forms a *manchette*, and corresponds with another, but narrower lace, which goes round the wrist, turning upwards on the arm.

The *riches de chemisettes* and *canezous* are sometimes replaced by two small square falling collars.

Among the new materials, we may cite the *guingamps uni*, the *mousselines allambra*; ginghams, with very large stripes of equal size, and of striking colours. The greater part of these materials were made in the *robe redingote* form, with plain backs and *pelerines*; sleeves excessively wide at the top and diminishing in size from the elbow to the wrist. The skirts were without any trimming.

A few ladies were seen in clear muslin gowns, with richly embroidered *canezous* worked in feather stitch. The most novel *canezous* are larger on the shoulders than those of last year: and the trimmings which go round the arm holes fall almost as low as the elbows.

The form of dinner dresses remains the same, but a number of new materials have been just introduced, the most elegant is, without dispute, the *mousseline cachemire*, a rich Indian tissue, but printed in France in various patterns. *Mousselines allambra*, clear muslins with thick stripes, bordered on each side with a little cord of rose-colour, violet, blue, or lilac; *mousselines turques* of singular and striking patterns are also likely to be in favour, and we have reason to think, that plain clear muslin trimmed with blue will be in request.

Gros de Naples à mille raies, *gros d'été*, and *gros d'Orient*, figured and shaded in a most novel manner, are among the summer novelties for full dress, in which clear muslin is also likely to be worn. We have already seen some dresses composed of it, ornamented with a large mantilla in English lace or embroidered *tulle*.

One of the prettiest dresses that we have lately seen is of

gros de Naples à mille raies, the colour is *vert de cour*, the *corsage* made to sit close to the shape, was ornamented on the bosom with two rows of double *plaques*, in silk trimming; the sleeves were *en bérêt*.

Another dress composed of Persian gauze, had a *corsage*, the front of which crossed in drapery; we should observe that the dress was azure blue, the sleeves were of white *gaze de Paris*, nearly equal in width from the top to the wrist, but confined to the lower part of the arm by bands of blue satin edged with very narrow blond lace, sleeves in the form called *oreille d'elephant*, of the same material as the dress, partially covered the gauze ones, and fell very low. The skirt was trimmed with a very broad *lais*, at the upper edge of which was a row of rich but not broad blond lace, formed into scollops, which pointed upwards, by *agrafes* of white satin.

HEAD DRESSES.—Some ladies have appeared at the theatre in a head-dress of hair, simply arranged, but of uncommon height, a *fichu* of *tulle* bordered with blond lace, which is placed upon the crown of the head, shades the cheeks and ties under the chin.

The form of many head-dresses of hair is altogether gothic. In some of these *coiffures*, two bands of hair cross the temples, and fold round the head; this was the fashion in the twelfth century.

A young lady with very fine black hair, appeared lately at a ball with her tresses arranged à l'*Anglaise*, ornamented with bunches of the leaves and fruit of the gooseberry of the alps in gold.

A style of ornament much in favour for *coiffures en cheveu*, is composed of an intermixture of red Dahlias, and ears of ripe corn in diamonds.

Dress hats are of a larger size than those lately worn. We have seen some of painted gauze, trimmed with flowers corresponding with the colours of the gauze, which had a very beautiful effect.

The major part of those composed of crape are trimmed with flowers. Some have in the centre, a full *nœud* of ribbons, and bouquets placed on each side. Others have a bouquet in the centre, a *nœud* of ribbons placed at the top of the crown, on one side, and another *nœud* at the bottom of the crown, on the other.

JEWELLERY.—Massive gold ornaments of a gothic form are still the mode. The *ceinture* buckles have been gradually increasing in size, as the waist-ribbons have grown larger; they are now extremely large, their form is that of a serpent, which presents the initial letter of the family name of the fair wearer.

Silver ornaments are more than ever in favour.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Parasols in *gros de Naples*, à *reflet*, were the only ones seen at Long Champs.

The newest footstools are called *chinois*, they are of tapestry, which represents Chinese figures; they are made very large, and the tapestry is embellished with gold.

We have had various imitations of Italian straw; the last, and the most perfect, is a *tissu* of cotton, called hydropile.

Count Alfred d'Orsay, one of the handsomest of our *petit maîtres*, and brother to the beautiful Duchesse de Guiche, has brought up a new kind of ruff, which are termed after him, *manchettes à la d'Orsay*: these ruffles have been adopted by many of our fair equestrians; they are starched, are without plaits, and are raised some inches on the cuff.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Hic patet ingenii campus certusque merenti
Stai favor ornatur propius industria donis."**"Here, for inquiring minds, a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXI.—English Earls.

CHARLES STANHOPE, EARL OF HARRINGTON.

"There has," says Dr. JOHNSON in his *Rambler*, "perhaps rarely passed a life, of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful. For not only every man has, in the mighty mass of the world, great numbers in the same condition with himself, to whom his mistakes and miscarriages, escapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent use; but there is such a uniformity in the state of man, considered apart from adventitious and separable decorations and disguises, that there is scarce any possibility of good or ill but is common to human kind."

Fully coinciding, therefore, with this so eloquently expressed opinion of the value and uses of BIOGRAPHY, we now commence to put in practice a long-pondered-upon idea of adding to our usual "genealogy" some particulars; where, by doing so, we dive not into the precincts of private families to libel and lacerate—of the LIFE of those nobility we describe, assured that if the "short and simple annals of the poor" find readers—as who shall say they do not?—so must the more extended events connected with the actions of those who hold rank in the *great world* certainly interest, and probably instruct. At least we think so, and will make the experiment.

To George the Second do the family of the race of STANHOPE, which is the subject of our present inquiry, owe the title it enjoys; inasmuch as that monarch created William, the *great grandfather* of the *present Earl*, on November 20, 1729, BARON HARRINGTON, and on February 9, 1742, added to his honours, by advancing him to the dignity of Viscount PETERSHAM, and EARL OF HARRINGTON.

This, then, was the *first nobleman of the name*. He selected for his wife, Anne, daughter and heiress of Colonel Edward Griffiths—an ancient house and of good report—and had issue by her, two sons, William and Thomas; the latter died in 1742, unmarried, and their *father* paying also the debt of nature (December 8, 1756), was *succeeded* by his son WILLIAM, who consequently became *second* EARL OF HARRINGTON.

It should have been added, that his mother died in giving birth (December 18, 1719) to her twins, namely, himself and his brother, whom we have before mentioned.

On the 11th August, 1746, WILLIAM, EARL OF HARRINGTON, married Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, by whom he left (falling himself into the

arms of death 1st September, 1779, his wife dying June 26, 1784,) Caroline, born March 11, 1747, and who united herself to Kenneth Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth—an Irish title—and died on March 24, 1767, leaving daughters, Caroline Isabella, married to Charles William, Earl of Sefton,—Amelia, married to Richard Barry, Earl of Barrymore,—and CHARLES (besides these, Henry Fitzroy, and Anna Maria), who consequently became *third* EARL OF HARRINGTON. This highly respected nobleman, who enjoyed, to a very considerable extent, the countenance and even friendship of the late as well as the present Monarch of England, and who held the honourable appointments of Colonel of the Life Guards and Governor of Windsor Castle, was born March 20, 1750, and succeeded to the title the 1st April, 1779. In the family of Sir Michael Fleming, Bart., of Middlesex, he soon found one of congenial mind and amiable quality, and, accordingly, he (on 22d May, 1779) led to the marriage altar a daughter and co-heiress of that gentleman. By his Countess he had issue seven sons and three daughters; but it is to the *eldest* of this large family that our further observations must now necessarily apply.

CHARLES STANHOPE, now the *fourth* EARL OF HARRINGTON, was born in April, 1780, who (consequently now is in his fiftieth year), succeeding to that title by the death of his revered and excellent parent, which greatly regretted event took place in October, 1829.

As Lord PETERSHAM, the subject of our observations, it cannot be denied, has obtained a notoriety which no addition of titles, or alteration of situation, can obliterate. But when we say this, let it not be imagined that we, by any means, wish to insinuate that the conduct of *the Lord* has entailed a stain, or enfixed heraldic bearings of blotless disgrace upon the escutcheon of the EARL. Good-natured follies there might have been, but nature-stamped, heart-fostered vices we do not believe to have existed. Eccentricity of appearance might often have warranted conclusions as to audacity of behaviour, and oddity of taste begotten the idea of vanity of endowments; but let it be remembered, that, what is collected *by conjecture* is easily exaggerated or modified by fancy or desire, as objects imperfectly discerned, or not sufficiently understood, take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder; and, therefore, it is our firm opinion, that whilst the eccentricities of a *Stanhope* have been highly exaggerated, his good, may amiable qualities, have been too lightly understood.

It is well known that the *late Earl—clarum et venerabile nomen*—although he might have felt that it was a *dashing*, yet he behaved to his family with liberality and fatherly affection; and he did so because they acted towards him with dutiful reverence, and filial observation; and we have reason to know that the *present* Lord attended his parent's declining years, and clung not with greedy, but affectionate assiduity to the home he inherited, in preference to more noisy dwellings, and less affliction-filled temples; so that, when day after day, and hour after hour, we were accustomed to witness the low old cabriolet, the long-tailed old horse, and the plain clad old servant waiting beneath the shadow

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of the wall of Gower House, and *knew the reason*, we said in our hearts, here may be eccentricity, but there is attention; appearances may be improved, but let us not imitate the opinion of the vulgar, and affirm, that to be quaint is to be vain, and to be different from others, the worst of all vanity.

There is a passage in a work now as justly despised, as it was once largely read, (we allude to the vamped up volumes of one Wilson) which, speaking of the dull season of the year in the Metropolis, says contemptuously, "London is growing very stupid. We met no one but the Hon. Colonel Collyer, and LORD PETERSHAM, about the streets." But we really should say, that it is rather a good, than a bad trait in his Lordship's character, one deserving of the thanks, rather than the sneers of the world, demanding, at all events, the gratitude of London trades-people, that he should, when others flee, to suit their whims, no matter whither (*abroad*, alas, too many!) cling to home, and prove that there is, at least, one nobleman who finds "there is no place like that."

The HARRINGTONS were always a *united family*; if they had their *stage-coaches*, their *browns*, and their *greys*; their *Greek servants*, their *very odd Tilburys*, their *very droll tailed horses*, and their *beards* trimmed different from "the short warrior cut" of the Romans, *without doors*, they had their pleasant amusements, their meetings of relationship, their dramatic imitations *within*. The old LORD witnessed, encouraged, laughed at these, the *present* does the same; there is a communion of sentiment, an understanding of cheerfulness, a participation of benevolence existing still, strong and fresh, and vivid as ever; shewing strongly, that from CHARLES and LINCOLN, to LEICESTER and FITZROY, all are impressed with the idea, that *benevolence* is always strongest which arises from participation of the same pleasures, since we are naturally most willing to revive in our mind the memory of persons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

There are many rich tales, many stories of doubtful import, with which it were not difficult materially to increase the length of this narrative; but as they may be *tales*, and it is probable, aggregately speaking, are *stories*, we rather incline to pin our integrity upon the sleeve of *good humour*, than to attempt eloquence beneath the domino of *ill*; remembering, also, with the mighty author, with whose *dictum* we have before made free, that "*history* may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but *lives* can only be written from *close personal knowledge*, which is growing every day less, and, in a short time, is lost for ever. What is *known*, can seldom be *immediately* told, and when it might be told, is no longer known."*

The EARL of HARRINGTON being a bachelor, has no direct heir to the *family titles*, but LINCOLN EDWARD ROBERT, born November 26, 1781, is the presumptive successor, if in the course of a variable life, as ours assuredly is, he should survive his brother.

The motto of the family, *et Deo et Rege*—"From God and the King," is as modest, as it is inspiring. We have no doubt but its possessor fully appreciates the sentiment it inculcates, and will not forget the *holy* and the *powerful* authorities from which the escutcheon of his carriage confesses his *honors to be sprung*.

* Johnson's "Life of Addison."

PARTINGS AND MEETINGS.†

"*Le vrai, n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*"—This is fully proved in the work before us, where the combination of events, the strife of passions, and awful catastrophe, equal the wildest legends of romance; and we close the volume acknowledging ourselves in that condition so much envied by the Athenians—the possession of something new. Duty bids us notice every star in the hemisphere of fashion; and when there is such sure promise of continued brightness, we hail the rising with peculiar pleasure. This singular production gives the history of one family, and exhibits the consequences of one individual's crime, pursuing him through life, clinging to all he loves, blasting his hopes, and crushing all his projects, yet turned by Providence to retribution, atonement, and mercy!

The matter is so deeply interesting, that, on a first perusal, you have no thought for the *manner* in which it is told.

Of the style, it is impossible to give a just idea, without copious extracts. The chief attraction will be found in a perfect originality, and the absence of every thing morbid or overstrained. The highest wrought scenes, the most poetical passages, never exceed the limits of truth, but present it to the mind in faithful vivid reality. The subject is powerfully condensed (a rare instance in these days), when an *experienced book-maker* would have spun it out to three goodly volumes. Whether this quality be a profitable one to the *writer*, is another question; we trust that one, so favorable to the *reader*, may be more generally adopted; yet, freed from the interruption of digressive reflections, we often find, arising spontaneously from the scene, those acute remarks which prove a thorough knowledge of the world as it is, and all the little hidden turnings of poor human hearts.

This remark applies to the introduction and comic situations (a *dramatic* term must be pardoned); where all are so amusing, perhaps it is invidious to select; but we think Sir Robert Ashton's definition of patriotism will become proverbial:—that ever Sir Robert should be immortalized!

The story, thrown back to an age long past, has drawn from that period the aid of several characters: to this class belong Murdoc and Helena, Lennard, old Nettleby, and Mr. Horton, with others of subordinate interest.

Our readers must decide on Miriam,—whether such devoted all-absorbing affection is to be met with now, and if it were, what would be its reward?

We cannot help thinking that Algernon and his father, the "rising young man" and *Judge Lesborough*, have come within sketching view. The latter need not shrink from this resemblance; but first in the foreground, touched with elaborate art and finished by a master hand, is the portrait of Clifford himself: few would have attempted, fewer still succeeded. The *neglected boy*, the accomplished *man*, the cold, the proud, and worldly-minded *politician*, the weak and anxious doating *father*, hardening his heart against all other feelings, while cherishing the very torments parental love occasions.

We mention this, as it gives the principal materials to the plot: other scenes there are, where Clifford is not engaged, replete with objects of the deepest pity (we are not ashamed to say how much they claimed of our's); Miriam awaiting her doom on board the smuggler's vessel; (page

† 1 vol. 8vo. by a Lady of Fashion.

150) the "meeting" in the hut between Fitzallan and his wife, the silent agony of their "parting," (end of the 5th chapter)—then turn to Murdoc's trial—poor Murdoc, old, deserted, innocent, condemned! We dare not abridge his last appeal to Lesborough; its simple, majestic eloquence must find an answer in every bosom.

The following extract is not equal to some other passages, but it is rather more capable of being detached from the narrative:—

"The darkness was now awfully intense, but the flashing lightning at rapid intervals, discovered the deck crowded with human beings, imploring help and pity; the wind was hushed: their cry rose up to heaven, but now another blast swept the sky, the vessel was heaved up, as if in mockery and triumph. The masts split and fell, and one wild shriek of despair proclaimed the wreck! 'Put all your strength,—another boat,—row harder,' shouted a young man, at some distance from the spot where Clifford was standing. 'Now, my brave fellows, a gold jacobus for every life you save!' Thus encouraged, the men made great efforts to reach the ship; the crew had put out their own boat, but crowding in with impetuous haste, it sunk, and all had perished. Many of the sailors still clung to the wreck; some to the broken masts; others on floating planks, whilst a few of the most hardy struggled to gain the land. The fury of the storm was over; the boat reached them before their strength quite failed; and twelve men were brought alive to shore. The last of them had leaped from the boat, when one miserable wretch was seen standing on the bulging stern of the vessel, awaiting his doom: 'See, see!' cried the same young man who had promised the reward; 'be quick, or he'll perish.' 'He must,' said one of the fishermen. 'By heaven, he shall not! two of you put back directly.' 'Aye, aye, master Algernon, that may be the way with your own soldiers, and all very right, I dare say; but we are not bound to risk our lives for nobody's loud words.' 'Cowards!' exclaimed Algernon, springing into the boat, and pulling with all his strength. 'Mind, we shall come upon your father for the loss, if you sink the boat,' shouted the fisherman; 'Mr. Clifford shall pay for it!' Clifford heard the words, and rushed forward: 'Algernon!' he cried, but his voice was feeble than the waves! The wretched man sunk on his knees,—'Oh God!' he cried, 'punish me as thou wilt! death, shame, or poverty, but spare my son! Oh Lord of mercy, spare him!' He spoke no more, the cold drops of perspiration fell from his clasped hands and brow; and his eyes, glazed with horror, were fixed on the fast receding boat, as it plunged and struggled onwards."

Our last lines shall be addressed to the author, and to a female they may be particularly useful: let not success or popularity tempt her to forsake the path of *diligence*. "Nothing is done, while aught remains to do." Praise is but the *retaining fee* for future exertion: let her toil on, as if the rugged hill were all before her, though by one powerful effort she has overcome many obstacles, let her not rest till she has gained the summit, and placed her name with those that are the pride and the delight of her native land.

THE INVINCIBLE.

The light bark sail'd over the waters,
All lit with the sun's bright ray,
And the proudest of Italy's daughters,
From the land of her home bore away;

And the maiden disdainful and coy,
In the splendour of beauty there lay,
But Love stood by as a sailor boy,
And he mark'd the proud girl for his prey.

The light bark sail'd over the water,
But ere the far port it attain'd,
Was humbled Italia's proud daughter,
For Love had the victory gain'd;
And no longer disdainful and coy,
In sweet bondage the maid fondly lay,
Whilst wanton young Love, the sailor boy,
Laugh'd at his victim, and flew away!

MAY DAY, OR THE VILLAGE QUEEN,

A TALE.

"Love is such a dangerous thing:—
There's poison hid in every dart,
And cankerworms in every heart
Where love doth dwell!"

BOWRING'S *Poetry of the Magyars.*

"How delightful!" exclaimed the gallant Colonel Cleveland, as we emerged from a thick group of intertwining chesnut trees, into a spacious green plain, through which a beautiful stream meandered, sparkling in the first beams of a May-day sun with all its splendid brilliancy. "How delightful," exclaimed he, "to quit the noise and hurry of fashionable life, and its eternal repetitions of artificial elegancies, thus to enjoy the pure delights of nature in all their unsophisticated charms." Such expressions breaking continually from the lips of Cleveland, as we progressed towards the village, where post-horses were waiting to carry us to the mansion of my friend's parent, made the most powerful impression upon a mind like mine, young and untutored, ever open to receive ideas with which were associated uncommon or pleasurable emotions. It has been truly said, that the youthful imagination is formed from connection. The romance of my own life, and the enthusiastic nature of my disposition, owe their origin to the friendship of Colonel Cleveland. Connected with him by the most fraternal ties, at a very early period of life, my own nature became tinctured with similar ideas, and the pleasurable feelings that were associated therewith, became more endeared by continued contact. But it is to record an incident in the career of my friend that I have taken up my pen, and personal reflections must be banished from the page.

Who hath not felt the loveliness of opening May, the beautiful dawn of that delightful period of the year, when nature reveals herself in all her splendid brilliancy, like a rich bride breaking upon the enraptured sense with ecstasy and happiness upon every feature, breathing odours of felicity and joy? At no period of my life had I beheld this "month of love," open with greater beauty; the trees, the leaves, the flowers, nay even the very hedges that spread through the long intercrossed lanes, had a peculiar charm, and their beauty was so varied, so complete. Such a scene had Cleveland never crossed, the path of my existence would have fixed my unformed disposition, as it was, the pleasure we both experienced was of that high and refined nature, which only those whose souls are

sensible of such deliciousness can form an adequate idea of.

The chiming bells of the village church pealed merrily upon our ears as we drew nearer towards the spot, whilst the sounds of music and minstrelsy were wafted to us upon the light wings of the passing breeze. We had crossed the open field, and traversing a narrow pathway, over which dark branches of clustering pine and lime trees formed a natural bower the whole length of the road, we emerged into a delightful meadow, embellished with several rustic decorations, that we afterwards learnt were to celebrate the festival of May. Several groupes of dancers were enjoying themselves at a distance, whilst upon the brow of the hill other parties were engaged in rural pastimes; happiness shone upon every countenance, the cares of life were thrown aside "for the nouse," and merriment and innocent enjoyment seemed to pervade every heart. Our presence threw the villagers into some confusion, and the festivities were for a moment suspended; but upon our sanctioning, and even joining them, the general confidence was restored, and the sounds of mirth and merriment again rose upon the air.

We had spent upwards of an hour among the peasantry and were upon the point of retiring, when at the solicitations of the party, we remained to do homage to their sovereign the lovely *Queen of May*. Would that we had never seen her, would that we had rushed immediately from the scene, and have spared the anguish and distress which one wild glance occasioned; the sun of delight may again have beamed over the heart of the mourner, but no joy can sufficiently recompense the agony of the past! I was at that period too young to feel any particular sensation at the sight of conquering beauty—I bowed to a lovely woman in homage, and while I entertained an indistinct conception of her worth, I found pleasure in her society and happiness in her smiles. I looked up to such delightful creatures as divinities, angels enlightening our sphere, and as such to be regarded with reverence, and awe. When the beautiful Adela appeared, attended by her maidens and crowned with sweet blossoms of May, I beheld her with mingled feelings of astonishment and dread; but Cleveland, more experienced and more confident, instantly approached the maiden, who upon the sight of a stranger averted her glance and was about to direct her steps to another part of the meadow, but Cleveland gazing upon the lovely girl for a moment with rapture, immediately solicited the honor of conducting her to her rustic throne; the innocent girl gave her fair hand with hesitation, and Cleveland was at length made happy by the side of the "Village Queen." LOVE! it is unaccountable how this one intense and burning passion roots itself in the human heart, fixing its hold with such strength and power, that no effort can sever the firm contact. An instantaneous glance kindles the first spark of a never dying flame, and the rays of its brilliancy are often beheld throwing their steady lustre upon the decaying fabric of nature, and even over the ruins of grandeur, stateliness and fortune! Cleveland had never beheld a being possessing such inestimable grace and loveliness as Adela; a wanderer long in the giddy maze of fashion, he had turned sickened away from the deceitful enjoyment, and found in village life the substance of all his hopes and visionings. Adela, the young and innocent Queen of May, broke upon his enraptured sight like a Peri of another world, bringing life and happiness to this; his heart yielded to the deep im-

pression, and he who had never bowed with true devotion to any female shrine, now knelt in holy homage at the feet of Adela,—his offering, his heart!

It matters not what words, what arts the admirer used to win the heart of Adela; that he had excited some emotion there was evident from many circumstances occurring in the festival; she listened to his protestations with a smile, and when he talked of *love*, her glance how kind, how thrilling! Little she spoke, but

"Where's the language that may tell,
What the warm blush reveals so well."

Innocent as herself was the affection that she felt for Cleveland; there was no confession, but her eyes spoke plainly the feelings of her heart. She had never loved, she had never found a being worthy of more tender sympathy than friendship and esteem. Cleveland appeared deserving of her love; his name had been signalized among the brave defenders of his country; he bore upon his brow the mark of contest; the assembled peasantry aware of the distinction of their visitor were shouting acclamations of respect and praise,—it was sufficient. Love, that balm or poison as it either happens, pervaded her enraptured heart, she beheld at her feet, the gallant subject of the peasants' gratulation, she was beloved by him whom thousands praised and blessed, her fair hand thrilled in his pressure, her innocent heart was his.

There was but one circumstance that could possibly occur to blight the cherished hopes of Cleveland, who in his rapture dreamed not of such a probable occurrence. Alas! like the destroying blast of the desert, the fearful fact at length burst upon his sense,—Adela was humbly born. Dependant upon a parent of high aristocratic principles, the prospect of alliance out of the sphere in which he moved was dark and rayless; in one word to retain his father's friendship, such alliance was impossible. This Cleveland knew, but he dared not reveal the fatal circumstance to Adela; fearful of being forbid her presence he secreted such fearful tidings, and thought not of that bitter moment, when the dreadful truth must burst upon the heart of his beloved one, perhaps to withhold its pulse for ever!

It is needless to say, that the order for post-horses was countermanded, Cleveland determining upon passing some days in the village which the sun-smiles of his Adela irradiated. How often have they glided through the green lanes, and how frequently been seen crossing the meadows and woodlands, Adela hanging delightedly upon the arm of her lover, confiding all her hopes in his constancy, and believing not that any intervening cloud could ever part such mutual faithfulness. Days however soon pass, weeks fly as swiftly! at length the moment arrived when Cleveland must depart; the agony of separation is well known; those who have been compelled to sever from beings whose fondness and attention have endeared them to the affection, best can picture the painful scene when Cleveland bade farewell to Adela, the loving and beloved. The anguish of the maiden was too deep for words; she strove to smile, but her fragile nature was unable to sustain the effort, and tears trickling rapidly down her fair cheek, alone afforded the silent but impressive language of the heart.

The carriage proceeded rapidly towards the mansion of my friend's father, Cleveland absorbed in intense reflection; various conflicting feelings appeared to agitate his heart,

the dread of his father's displeasure, and the affection which he entertained for Adela clashing with fatal power and effect; irresolute and unresolved, he entered the home of his ancestors, and 'ere the sun which irradiated the path of his journey, had sunk to its nightly slumber, his prospect of alliance with the humble Adela was darkened and obscured, his dearest hopes were blighted, his affection laughed to scorn.

It now became evident to my friend how rash he had been in encouraging the constancy of Adela; he had promised to write to her the moment of his arrival, but the week passed, and Cleveland had not dared commit his sentiments to paper, still unwilling to forgo his hopes, yet dreading to reveal the fearful truth, he allowed succeeding days to elapse, and not one word from him to cheer her drooping heart.

Man mourns deeply, his anguish is intense, but as the floating zephyrs waft the dark clouds from the face of heaven, so are his sufferings diminished; but woman's grief is like the darkness of eternal night, no ray of happiness illumines her sorrowing heart, she mourns in silence, but her agony how dreadful! Adela wept in secret, "she never told her love," nor dared she name the faithless one. Summer fled, and the dying leaves of autumn strewed the paths which she had traversed with Cleveland; when the thick foliage afforded shades to withhold the influence of the burning sun; alas, the green branches were withered, so were her hopes; one however would again rise in glory with the breath of coming spring, but the heart of Adela was blighted, and no sun of joy would ever restore its vernal happiness! There is a mournful pleasure in retracing paths which associations have endeared to us, in again traversing spots wherein we have indulged our happiness with those whom necessity or faithlessness have severed from us; we joy to look again upon the trees and flowers wherewith some incident is connected, the spell-thought to a thousand recollections:—we enter the bower where the vows of affection have been pledged, and linger upon the scene, though memory reverting to the past occasions anguish, deep, intense and dreadful. Thus mourned Adela, her fine and youthful spirit was fast sinking beneath her sorrows, the beautiful rose tint had fled from her delicate cheek, and the lily hue alone remained, not less lovely, but too plain an evidence of the destroying nature of her affliction. All could conjecture, but no one in the village dared to name the cause of her distress; universally respected and beloved by the peasantry, they would not strike the chord of anguish by giving utterance to the spell-word of the false one's name.

At length a letter came from the distracted Cleveland; Adela received it with emotion, it contained assurance of his constancy, but obscurely adverted to some circumstance which rendered a correspondence at present to be avoided. Ambiguous as such expressions were, the certainty that Cleveland still entertained the same affection, served to recall in some degree, the fleeting spirits of the "Village Queen." Again was Adela observed in the village festivals, imparting life and happiness to every scene which her fairy footsteps hallowed. Alas, she dreamed not of the anguish that awaited her; the dark cup of sorrow had been tasted, but she was destined to drain its canker to the very dregs.

Cleveland was ordered to join his army, and he departed for the Peninsula without even a farewell to the beautiful Adela; a letter however was conveyed to her

with fresh assurances of his affection, and intimating that upon his return, he hoped again to enjoy the smiles of his beloved.

The sanguine nature of a youthful disposition, enabled Adela once more to appear in healthful beauty; affliction had subsided, but not entirely conquered her loveliness, and, like the rose that has been bent and sullied by the frowns of tempests, bursting again into pride and beauty with the returning lustre of the heavens, so Adela appeared more beautiful from the contrast of her previous despondency.

Time passed rapidly, and though the lovely villager at times appeared controlled by fears for the safety of her lover in the fight, she still reposed her confidence in the prayers she daily breathed for his success, and upon the return of the army to England prepared to welcome him with every demonstration of affection. Weeks however elapsed and no tidings were heard of Cleveland; from a traveller who chanced to pass through the village, she learnt his regiment was at that time in London, and unable to bear the dreadful uncertainty of his fate, she formed the resolution of travelling to the metropolis.

A stranger to London, Adela appeared amazed at the various objects that met her sight at every glance, and while traversing the intricate streets of the metropolis, the rashness of her attempt first suggested itself. In such an extensive city, and among such multitudes of people hurrying along in the varied pursuits of pleasure or commerce, it was scarcely probable that she should ever find her lover, her intention however, was to discover where his regiment was quartered, in order, if possible, to learn tidings of his safety or his death. The enquiries however of the youthful traveller were fruitless, the persons whom she addressed were too deeply intent upon their pursuits to regard the anxious queries of the lovely stranger, and fatigued and hopeless, she resigned herself to despondency, gliding through the streets with a vacant and heedless gaze upon surrounding objects, wholly unconscious of purpose or intention. Night was approaching, and the streets began to thin, the hum and hurry of the day were stilled, whilst the lovely maiden alarmed at the darkness that was surrounding her, proceeded with a hasty step towards her habitation; as she passed before an elegant mansion in ——— Square, she paused to listen to the light sounds of melody that were issuing from the open casement of an apartment splendidly illuminated and apparently devoted to festivity: the chords of the harp were struck, and the recollection of Adela instantly associated the notes with those of an air that had been composed by Cleveland during those hours of rapture she had passed with him in her native village,—the words too were the same—"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed she, "'tis he,—'tis Cleveland!" "Yes," rejoined a person, who allured by the music had paused to listen, "he is entertaining his affianced bride, a lady of the highest rank, and of extensive fortune." Adela gazed wistfully in the face of the stranger, her feelings were too intense for utterance, she would disbelieve the fact, but the words, the air, the voice were all too true,—the reality was too dreadful; the unhappy girl, unable to support the discovery, shrieked in dismay, and sunk lifeless at her lover's threshold.

So singular an occurrence caused a crowd of persons to congregate, and Adela was conveyed into the house; the confusion which the circumstance occasioned, attracted the attention of Cleveland, who upon descending to the

parlour, discovered before him the inanimate form of his much loved Adela! He started at the sight, and instantly conjecturing the cause, ordered her to be carried to the house of a friend at a little distance, apprehensive the afflicted girl might upon her recovery, betray the secret that would occasion his ruin with his father. Immediately following, he discovered to his friend Wilton the whole affair, and besought his assistance upon so momentous an occasion; the latter desired the agonized lover to return to his company, as otherwise his absence might be noticed, promising at the same time to take the most scrupulous care of the lovely girl.

Upon Adela's recovery she found herself in a splendid apartment, and Wilton administering the needful restoratives; the charms of the beautiful girl, which, even in the midst of her affliction beamed with their radiant lustre, enraptured the sense of Wilton, and he became desirous of dispossessing his friend of her affections. Briefly describing Cleveland as upon the point of marriage with a lady of immense fortune, he intimated Adela's utter desertion by her faithless lover, and gave some dark and fearful hints respecting the depravity of the colonel's disposition. Adela was astonished at the mysterious import of Wilton's conversation. "Be not surprised poor girl," continued he, "such are the beings of the world. It was very natural that Cleveland, with his well-practised arts, should have succeeded in ensnaring the affections of an innocent village maid: but thanks to fate or fortune, you have not to be counted among his victims. I have seen much of the world, am aware of all its frauds and impositions, banish the thoughts of Cleveland from your breast, and venture to confide in me, I will protect and shelter you as a parent, as a friend."

Any person experienced in society might have discovered the artifice which was hidden under the specious flattery of Wilton, but to Adela he appeared in the light of an honest estimable friend: she revealed to him the secrets of her heart, her hopes, her agonies, her fears. Each moment of conversation served to excite more strongly the passion of Wilton, and from the theme of friendship he began to talk of love. Adela gazed in amazement as the treacherous friend lavished his professions of admiration, and spurned indignantly his proffered love. Starting at length from her seat, she intimated her intention of instantly quitting a house wherein she had been subjected to such insult; but Wilton, seizing her hand, desired her to remember the nature of her situation; to be observed leaving his house alone, at such an hour, would incur suspicions of no ordinary nature, and hinting also that her character and fame rested in his hands, besought more favorable consideration. The lovely girl, preferring any ignominy to the necessity of remaining in such society, hastened towards the door; Wilton instantly arose from his seat, and catching the trembling girl in his arms, declared she should not quit the room; she screamed and struggled; the coward soul of Wilton shrunk at the outcries of the afflicted girl, and he suffered her to depart, retaining only in his grasp a gold chain, which, in the struggle, he had torn from Adela's neck.

The heiress, in honour of whom the company had assembled at Cleveland's, was the choice of his proud father; the distressing circumstance of Adela's presence awakened the lover to the full sense of the duty which he owed to that lovely girl, and his heart, rent by a thousand distressing emotions, refused to participate in the evening's

amusement. At length he formed the resolution of openly avowing to his haughty sire the nature of his feelings, determining rather to lose friends, fortune and a father's friendship, than his beautiful "village queen." Hastening to Wilton's, after a sleepless night, the false friend met him with a treacherous smile; and exhibiting the necklace, which had been a previous gift of Cleveland's, laughed to scorn the foolish passion, as he termed it, of his friend. "But where is Adela?" hastily inquired the lover. "Faith, man, I know not," rejoined Wilton; "gone perhaps to some new admirer; she is not partial in her choice;" and, with an artful smile, joined a party of friends that were in waiting for him, briefly bidding the astonished Cleveland good morning.

It was one of those clear days in April, that affords so beautiful a picture of nature bursting anew into life, when the ill-starred Adela arrived in her native village; the sun was shining brightly in the heavens, the new-born leaves waving in the breeze that playfully sported through the glades and meadows and gently ruffling the clear lake that flowed at the foot of the village, and the birds welcomed the return of the lorn one with their choicest notes of melody,—but the heart of the mourner was breaking! Every scene that heretofore afforded such delight now was passed unheeded, and her trembling steps, as she proceeded to her rural habitation, indicated the fearful wreck of so much beauty. It was a mournful sight,—the peasants sighed as she passed them, and when she entered her once happy home, no one believed that she ever would leave it till she exchanged the earthly habitation for a tenement in brighter worlds. Friends attended the pillow of the dying girl, but there was one wanting to complete the number; the hands that proffered nourishment were honored, but how sweet would the food have been bestowed by him whom she loved with pure and deathless ardour. The sun was rapidly sinking behind the hills in the distance, and threw the last rays of its brightness into the chamber of the rivenhearted; the window had been thrown open to afford facility of respiration and the gentle breeze floating through the casement upon the face of Adela threw back her auburn ringlets upon her fair neck, cooling her fevered brow, and imparting a slight degree of spirit to her agitated frame; she raised herself upon her pillow and surveyed the beautiful scene before her, traced every spot wherein she had enjoyed delightedly the society of her lover, and sank again upon her bed with the name of Cleveland on her lips.

At this lamented crisis the tramp of horses' feet were heard upon the distant hill; presently horsemen were seen approaching with the utmost rapidity. Adela started at the unusual noise, and glancing her languid eyes towards the spot from whence it proceeded, gazed with breathless anxiety upon the approaching figures;—at length clasping her hands, she convulsively ejaculated, "Tis he!—Cleveland, my beloved!" In a few moments the lover was kneeling by her side, and mingling his tears with hers. The story is soon told. Cleveland had discovered the perfidy of his friend, and his father, moved by continued supplication, had yielded his sanction to his alliance with the "village queen."

Another May day speedily arrived, and the sports and pastimes, which annually characterized its celebration, were renewed. Every heart in the village was blithe and happy, the "queen of May" reigned upon her floral throne with absolute control, and the peasantry were loud in their rejoicings. Among the spectators of the interesting scene were

Cleveland and Adela, his amiable bride, who restored in some degree to health by the kind attentions of her husband, now enjoyed that happiness which had so long eluded her pursuit.

SERENADE.

Come, love, come
To the moonlit bower,
Where is wreathing each bright
And blossoming flower.
Come, love, come,
Hither hasten to me,
Alone, alone,
I am ling'ring for thee!

The moonbeams are bright on the lake, love,
And our bower is silent and still,
Save the sighs of the breezes, that break, love,
Through the pines on the towering hill;
And the music they waft light around, love,
Is sweet as the breath which they bring,
And the flowrets that gem the dark ground, love,
Their odours enrapturing, fling.
Then come to me, love, 'tis the genial hour,
When true hearts are meeting with rapture divine,
And dashing away sorrow's darkling power,
Spring on joy's lithesome pinions to bliss sublime.
Come to me, love, day has sunk to its slumbers,
And all day's sad vot'ries have fallen to their rest;
'Tis ours to depart from the world's busy numbers,
And mingle our joys with the joys of the blest!

Then come, love, come
To the moonlit bower,
Where is wreathing each bright
And blossoming flower.
Come, love, come,
Hither hasten to me,
Alone, alone,
I am ling'ring for thee!

THE CONSCRIPT.

Rondino became an orphan at a very early age, and was confided to the guardianship of an uncle, who was a magistrate, but of an avaricious disposition, and treated his nephew very ill. "I hope Rondino will be drawn for the army," he used to say, "then the country will be rid of him; the boy will never be good for any thing, but will bring disgrace upon his family, and, (at last) I expect he will get hung." It was whispered in the neighbourhood, that his uncle's hatred of him, was occasioned through mal-practices; for Rondino possessed a small inheritance of which the magistrate, in quality of guardian, had the management; and Rondino was very easy about assuming his rights. However it be,—fate decided that the lot should fall on Rondino; so that, knowing his uncle's antipathy to him, he left his native village in the firm persuasion, that it was by his treachery he was drawn for a Conscript. When he joined the regiment, he took the utmost pains to gain the notice of his officers; and, as Rondino knew how to read and write, and was otherwise very intelligent, he was soon raised to the rank of Corporal, and subsequently of Sergeant. When his term of duty had expired,

he obtained his discharge, and with it, the most honourable testimonials of character.

Rondino having regained his liberty, failed not to hasten to his uncle's residence, whom he reproached for his injustice, and demanded an account of the property which had been so long withheld from him. The enraged guardian produced some terribly confused accounts of his stewardship, and, in the heat of discussion, he struck Rondino, who in his turn, stabbed him with his bayonet, and left him dead on the place. As soon as this outrage was perpetrated, the young man left the village, and sought an asylum with one of his friends, who inhabited a farm amidst the mountains.

A party of gens d'armes were immediately sent in search of Rondino, who concealed himself in a narrow pass, where he had the 'vantage ground; for he killed *one*, wounded *another*, and drove away the *third*. Since the persecution of the Carbonari, the gens d'armes had been so much detested throughout Piedmont, that every one who had the good luck to subdue them, was sure of receiving applause and support; therefore Rondino passed for a hero amongst the peasantry in the neighbourhood. Several other rencontres with an armed force, were equally successful, and increased his reputation; it was even said that in the space of three years, he killed and wounded fifty gens d'armes. The persecuted Rondino was often obliged to change his residence, but never moved more than seven or eight leagues from his native village. He never was guilty of a robbery, but when his provisions were exhausted he used to ask the first passenger he met with for a fifteen-penny piece, to buy powder and ball. He usually slept at the most retired farms, and it was his constant custom to shut all the doors himself, and carry the keys to his chamber. His fire-arms he always placed by the side of his bed, and his great dog kept a watchful guard on the house. This poor animal followed him every where, and had more than once made his teeth meet in the flesh of his master's enemies. As soon as the morning dawned, Rondino surrendered the keys to his host, and most frequently departed laden with an ample supply of provisions.

Mr. Alexander, who was a great landholder in that neighbourhood, was a few years after Rondino's evasion, overlooking his reapers in the harvest-field. He observed a strong, upright, well made man, approaching towards him. There was no sign of ferocity in his aspect, but he carried a gun in his hand, which, at about fifty paces distant, he deposited at the foot of a tree, and ordered his dog to keep watch over it; he then went up to Mr. Alexander, and begged an alms. "Why don't you join my labourers in their work," said the latter, who took Rondino for a common beggar. The proscribed man smiled, and simply answered, "*I am Rondino*." The name was enough to explain all. Mr. Alexander then offered him some pistols; he refused them, saying, "I never accept more than a fifteen-penny piece, that suffices to fill my powder flask. But since you are willing to serve me, have the goodness to give me something to eat, for I am very hungry." He then helped himself to some of the bacon and bread with which the reapers were regaling, and would have immediately retreated, but Mr. Alexander detained him in conversation that he might have more opportunity to notice the manners of his extraordinary guest. "You had better quit this part of the country," he said to him, "sooner or later you will be entrapped. Go to Genoa, or to France, from thence you may easily get to Greece, where you will find many of your compatriots in arms, by whom you will

be kindly received, and to whom your services will be useful. Go; and I will with pleasure furnish you with necessaries for the voyage."

Rondino paused upon this offer, and then answered, "I thank you, sir, for your kind intention, but I cannot live out of my own country, and I promise you, will do my best to retard the hour of execution as long as possible."

One day some professed thieves sought Rondino, and solicited him to become their Chief, and to lead them in an attack which they projected of an old Turin counsellor, who was expected to pass that way at night-fall, and was known to be the bearer of a sum amounting to 40,000 livres. At this offer Rondino proudly threw up his head, and looking disdainfully at the proposers, said, "What, sirs, do you take me for? I am a proscribed man, it is true; hunted down, and persecuted, but I am not a thief. Never make such a proposition to me again, or you shall have occasion to repent it." Immediately on their parting, Rondino set out to meet the counsellor, whom he fell in with towards the close of evening. Having stopped the carriage, he mounted the box beside the coachman, whom he ordered to proceed. In the mean time, the Chancellor sat trembling, and expecting every instant to be assassinated.

Having reached a narrow defile, the thieves suddenly burst upon them, when Rondino exclaimed, "*This carriage is under my protection*; you know me; and if you attempt to plunder it, it is with me you must reckon." He then raised his gun to his shoulder, and the faithful dog steadily watching his master, waited only his order to fall upon the Brigands, and disperse them. However, they very wisely took the hint, and filing right and left, the carriage proceeded onwards, and was soon out of all risk. The Counsellor offered Rondino a considerable recompence, but he generously refused it, saying, "I have done no more than is the duty of every honest man; to-day I am not in want of *any thing*; but if you desire to shew your gratitude to me, merely tell your farmers to give me a *fifteen-penny* when my powder-flask is empty, and to give me a *dinner* when I am hungry."

Two years after this, Rondino fell into the hands of justice in the following manner:—He had sought for a night's lodging at the house of a priest, and, as was his custom, asked for the keys to be given up to him. The Curate had the address to retain *one*; by which, when Rondino was sound asleep, his foot-boy issued to give intelligence at the nearest military post, for a surprise. Accordingly, a party of gens d'armes set out on the expedition, and when near at hand, Rondino's dog, who was endowed with the peculiar instinct of scenting his master's enemies, awoke him by his loud barking. Rondino tried to escape out of the village, but all the avenues were already in possession of his besiegers. He hastily ascended the tower on which the clock was erected, and scrambling in, fortified himself as well as he could by pulling out the iron from the windows, which, when the day dawned, he showered down upon the gens d'armes, and made them retreat into the houses. The assault was kept up during the day, and Rondino luckily escaped a wound; but he had nothing to eat, and the weather was suffocating. Several of the gens d'armes had been disarmed in the affray: but feeling that his hour was come, and there was no longer a chance for him, Rondino flung out a flag of truce, by suspending his white pocket-handkerchief from the stock of his gun. He then addressed his besiegers, saying "I am tired of the life

I lead; I willingly give myself up to the Authorities, but no gens d'armes shall have the glory of taking me captive. Let an officer of the line come hither, and I will give myself up to him." Just as he spake, there passed through the village a detachment of Regulars, headed by an officer who consented to Rondino's proposition. The soldiers were drawn up around the building, and Rondino sallied forth. He approached the officer, and having saluted him, spake in a firm and manly tone, "Sir, I request you to accept my dog as a parting gift; you will be much pleased at his fidelity, and I hope you will be kind to him." To this request the officer acceded, promising to preserve the animal in remembrance of the bravery of his master. Rondino then broke his musket in token of submission, and was led unresistingly away by the soldiers, who treated him with the greatest consideration. Having awaited the decision of his fate nearly two years, he listened to the decree which condemned him, with the utmost *sang froid*; and submitted to the axe of the executioner, with the characteristic bravery of a MAN, and a SOLDIER.

OH! WELL I KNOW THAT SHE IS SPRUNG!

———"She is all perfection;—

Yet out, alas! she gives her smiles away,
That like the sun, do cherish that they reach,
Whilst I but pine in shade—"

A. M. T.

Yes, well I know that she is sprung

Of noble stem, and race,
That music dwells upon her tongue,

And beauty in her face;
I note her fairy foot which flies,
Light as the wild Gazelle's;

I feel about her hazel eyes
Dwell fond love's holiest spells:
Yes, all the heaven of charms I see,
But, ah! they were not made for me!

Yes, yes, 'tis true, her pencil's trace

To Genius stores belong;

'Tis true her pen imparts a grace

To Poesy's bland song:

That language gains from her a tone

It scarce could boast before;

And at her smile that woe is flown,

And joy begins adore:

Yet wherefore are these gifts divine?

I'd give a world if they were mine!

But yet I dare not touch those lips,

More rich than honied store,

That e'en the roses do eclipse,

Sweet though the tints they bore;

I must not those fair fingers press

Which soon will wear a ring:

Which he will place—his happiness!

When I am withering!

He won her—and, oh! Heaven defend

Lest I should curse my dearest friend!

Away, away! my barque rides now

Upon the rocking deep;

Away, ere she has said the vow

That banishes my sleep!

Away, though tempests rend my sail,
 And the mast, shiver'd, part,
 Rough as the wreck storms there prevail,
 I've wilder in my heart :—
 Now stretch the canvass o'er the main,
 I perish if I gaze again !

S.

THE CLERGYMAN'S OFFSPRING.

If a large family might be looked upon as the foundation of felicity, there was not a happier man than the Rector of W—, whose living was by no means valuable ; he had ten children,—the goodness of his character, however, enabled him to find provision for most of them, and one friend or another gradually took the greater number off his hands.

The youngest and only daughter became naturally his favorite, she shewed uncommon perfection both of mind and person ; having lost her mother in her childhood, she was considered in a manner the mistress of the family, and received an education much superior to her fortune. Her amiable qualities, united to a most lovely person, made her the admiration of the surrounding neighbourhood. But at length a malignant fever, caught in attending a sick parishioner in his last moments, proved fatal to the good Rector ; his daughter, from her constant attention to her languishing parent, was also afflicted with the same direful disease, but the strength of her constitution at length conquered the disorder. Alas ! the information of having lost, during the height of her delirium, the best of fathers and only surviving parent, tended greatly to retard her ultimate recovery. The lively interest she had created in the hearts of her surrounding friends and neighbours, brought in this hour of trial a host of competitors, to offer to the lovely orphan a home. Forced to relinquish the abode of her childhood, she became the temporary inmate of Mr. Darnley's family, as a burthen upon her relations was incompatible with her independent feelings. Mr. Darnley was an India Director, and had, through his own interest, procured for the son of his early friend and college companion (many years since) a cadetship ; a regular correspondence had been maintained between them, and about this period he received a letter from young Courtney, stating his desire of uniting himself with an English lady of good education and morals, but that fortune was not a consideration ; that if, among Mr. D.'s extensive acquaintance, such an individual could be found, he would willingly defray all the expences attendant upon her equipment and voyage. It happened about this period that Lord G— was appointed Governor General to Calcutta, and it was expected that, with his family and suite, he would leave England early in April. Mr. D. therefore lost no time in procuring, through the medium of his friends, an introduction to the lady of the governor ; this lady, with the feelings of a parent, warmly entered into the views of our heroine's benefactor ; she not only promised that his young *protégé* should be considered as a relation, but that she should be placed immediately under her protection, that the matrimonial engagement should be kept a profound secret, and that, if her inclinations towards forming an alliance with Mr. Courtney were repugnant to her wishes, she should be at liberty to decline them. Mr. Darnley wrote by the first ship a circumstantial letter to his young friend, which reached him before the arrival of his intended bride. Thus was this

lovely girl spared all the humiliation attendant upon such an adventure. Mr. Courtney availed himself of the earliest opportunity of presenting himself at the governor's levée, as likewise at the ball, where he was distinguished by marks of condescending kindness, and introduced to Lady G.'s lovely charge. To a prepossessing and manly character, Mr. Courtney united a pleasing and easy manner ; and our young heroine soon became susceptible of his attentions towards her, which terminated in their union a few months afterwards. The magnificence which his wealth enabled him to support, without any charge of imprudence, ended not with her wedding ; it was his pride to see her display a taste and elegance in all her schemes of pleasure, which had never been seen there before, a gross profusion of expense being the only thing which had, till then, distinguished the highest from the lowest classes of the people. Such a life, so suited to her wishes in every respect, that the misfortunes which had led to it, seemed but the shadow of a dream, but soon, too soon, was she awoke to the remembrance of them. Mr. Courtney fell a victim to the yellow fever, in the second year after their marriage. I must here draw a veil over the grief which pervaded the heart of the lovely widow. As the greatest part of her late husband's large possessions were in the hands of a person whose probity was somewhat doubted, it was deemed advisable that Mrs. Courtney should lose no time in going to one of his most distant settlements, where there were effects of considerable value. The war, which then raged with the greatest fury among the natives, rendered it impossible for her to procure a sufficient guard to protect her, if she travelled publicly ; she was forced to set out attended by a single native, who was well acquainted with the route, and had been attached to his late master by many acts of beneficence. The difficulties of travelling in such a country, can only be conceived by those who have experienced them ; after many days of inexpressible fatigue and affright, Mrs. Courtney arrived within sight of her destination—a place which she was not destined to reach without sufferings still more severe than any she had yet undergone ; being surprised by a party of the natives, who were strolling about the country in search of prey. Imagination can frame no state more truly terrible than that into which she had fallen,—a captive to savages, who knew no use of their power but to make the unhappy sufferers endure every misery which the vicious ingenuity of man can devise. The ready fidelity of her attendant, however, in the very moment of the utmost peril, saved her for that instant, and threw her misfortunes into a different train. He informed them that his mistress was the wife of the governor of one of our settlements, who would certainly pay the highest ransom for her liberty, provided she was restored without injury. The name he mentioned, added weight to his scheme ; that governor being respected by his virtues by those who held the rest of his countrymen in detestation. They instantly conveyed her, with her faithful attendant, to the commander ; but, alas ! if beauty is a gift, it sometimes proves a misfortune : the governor, struck with her situation, as well as personal charms, was unable to resist them ; he endeavoured, by every means in his power, to inspire her with a return of his passion, by offices of tenderness and professions of regard. A severe fit of illness, into which she was thrown by such accumulated fatigue and distress, brought her to the brink of the grave. Fortunately for the lovely sufferer, the operation of the war called the governor away before her recovery ; he left her with every

L 2

respect, ordering her commands to be obeyed as implicitly as his own. Many months elapsed ere his return, but at length the dreaded day arrived. Crowned with victory, loaded with spoils, all of which he laid at her feet with the most passionate professions of love. Her last resource was to recount to him her early history, and endeavour, in the most lively and earnest manner, to express her anxiety to return to her native country. When she had finished her narrative, what was his astonishment to find, in the widow of Mr. Courtney, his only sister! for this, her eldest brother, had been sent to India when a boy of fourteen, and had become the heir of Colonel Maitland, who stipulated in his will, that Edward should assume his name. It had long been the intention of governor Maitland to realize his property and return to England, and this discovery tended more strongly to put it into effect. The war being now ended, they commenced their journey without delay. Arriving at Calcutta, measures were employed and arrangements entered into with the agents of the late Mr. Courtney, to forward his property as soon as realized. After a prosperous voyage, these happy relatives at length reached their native soil, where a re-union with the rest of her family, and those friends to whom she was so greatly indebted, tended to reconcile her to the dispensations of that Providence, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

D. M.

MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Twilight has fled,
Heav'n's dews are shed,
The brilliant flowers in incense rise
To see the morn unclothe her eyes.

From lowly thatch
Th' uplifted latch,
The dog, whose loud bark tells his joy,
Announce the watchful Shepherd Boy.

'Neath yon beech-tree
Now cheerfully,
With song that well the new day hails,
The rosy Milkmaid yokes her pails.

Half sunk between
The ivy's green,
Yon church-clock, in the sun's young ray,
Urges the Ploughman on his way.

Fast works the mill;
The tinkling rill,
Behind the parted hawthorn led,
Bright ripples o'er its pebbly bed.

Heath-bells invest
Yon mountain's crest,
And, o'er the vale's dark woods beneath,
From huts, the light smoke twines its wreath.

The Huntsman's horn,
From distance borne,
Floats o'er the meads and smiling lakes:—
In Nature's joy the scene awakes.

T. W. KELLY.

THE WREATHS. TO ———.

From the Spanish.

I pluck'd these flowers at break of day,
When the dew-drops, like diamonds, shine,
Meet offering for thee, and was on my way
To compare their charms with thine.

But lingering their blossoms in wreaths to form,
To adorn thy golden hair;
Some bees all around me flew in a swarm,
And stung me fiercely there.

Now, smarting with pain, I bring thee home
Those wreaths, in the Bees' despite;
And, sure 'twould be just that the honeycomb
Of thy lips, should their stings requite.

T. W. KELLY.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER, OR THE BRIGAND OF BOVINE.

The widow's daughter followed the brigand of Bovine, who had for two years been the terror of the country round La Pouille, and had by that means acquired the name of "*King of the Mountains*." She loved him without knowing who he was, believing he was a deserter from the army under sentence of death. Pity for his fault had penetrated her heart, and afterwards the beauty and courage of the brigand was so renowned, that all the young women were interested in his favor.

She loved him without knowing him, and when *she* did know him, it was too late to part! She followed him to the mountains to shield herself from the wrath of her parent; she traversed the deserts frequented by the banditti; she partook of their fatigue, their perils. Unhappy girl! thy imprudence has cost thee dear!

She also gave birth to a son, who resembled him, and who became her only comfort; for the brigand resumed his ferocious temper and was no longer to be appeased, even by her caresses.

Reflection harassed him, and drove love from his resting place. His troop, formerly numerous and valiant, was dispersed, a party of French soldiers had encountered them, and the banditti had fallen. Treachery had ruined some, and others had fled; and 2,000 piastres was to be awarded to whomsoever should produce the head of the chief, dead or alive.

Four of his comrades alone remained. Four, out of sixty! to resist any longer would be both useless and imprudent. They hastily endeavored to gain the last and most secure of their retreats, closely followed by the enemy. Happily the strangers were ill-acquainted with the difficult roads in the mountains, but the smallest noise would guide their steps in the pursuit! The little troop marched cautiously onwards, speaking low and at long intervals. The child slept in the arms of his mother; at length he awakes; "Peace!" said the chief, in a deep and terrific voice.

The young girl kissed her dear babe, and called it by every tender name she could think of, "my child! my son! my beautiful babe! my little Ambrosio!" she wanted to make him comprehend the danger to which he exposed them; but the child understood nothing save the feelings of fatigue and hunger which provoked his tears.

"Quiet him!" said the chief, "his life is of less consequence than ours. Quiet him, I say!" The horror-struck mother looked at him, and could with difficulty believe the terrible suggestions his words inspired.

In the mean time the French soldiers heard the child's cries, they followed the sound, for they knew that a woman and child were with the chief. They gained upon them; the Spaniards hear their footsteps, they know they will be taken if a speedy silence does not make them lose their track. "Quiet him!" resumed the chief.

The child ceased to cry, and a profound silence succeeded to the noise which had alarmed the fugitives. To save himself and his companions, he dashed his child's head against a rock!

The poor mother never shed a tear; and the chief turned aside his head. The banditti cast their looks to the earth, while she took up the body of her child and wrapped it in a piece of linen. She carried it a short distance, but the chief ordered her to give up the babe; she insisted upon retaining the body until they should gain some sure refuge; she wished to enclose the dear object in a grave, that she might sometimes visit and water with her tears; but the brigand, enraged at her resistance, snatched the babe out of her arms and giving it into those of his companions, they dug a pit at the foot of a tree where they laid the body. Still the poor young woman did not weep. The chief threatened to treat her as he did the child if she wearied him with her reproaches; she, however, said not a word. At night, the banditti overcome by fatigue, wished to repose themselves; but not one could resist his desire to sleep, in order to watch over the safety of the others. The young woman offered to be their guard, and in effect, her swollen and enflamed eyes proclaimed aloud an indisposition to sleep; she took up a musket and assumed a station at a little distance from the banditti.

They slept; she looked attentively at one of them, he was the murderer of her son; she thought of his youth and innocence, she thought of her mother, who, perhaps was dead, and in dying had cursed her! she thought of her *love*, so eagerly sought for by many, and which the brigand now so ill repaid. She thought of all these things, and revenge occupied her heart. Revenge in Italy! gloomy! terrible! like the bursting of the volcano's fire! she thought above all of her child, massacred in her arms. "Wretch!" said she, "he did not dread my vengeance; on that point he is deceived;" she laughed, and the musket which had been confided to her, was rested on a sure spot. The blow was struck! The report awoke the comrades of the chief, but the girl had fled and secretly retraced the path which conducted her to the foreigners, towards whom they were afraid to pursue her lest they should be entrapped.

She reached the French party and asked to speak to the commander. "I have killed the brigand chief" she cried, "he who has for two years despoiled the country and whom they named '*King of the Mountains*;' give me the recompense which you promised to his captor."

The commander looked at her with astonishment; and the soldiers defied her to have done the act she asserted, but upon her telling them her story, they changed their tone, and pitied her.

She led them to the spot where she had killed the brigand; his body lay there but his companions had fled.

The 2,000 piastres were counted out to the young girl;

but her mother, for whom she had destined this sum, no longer wanted it; she was dead, and perhaps in dying had cursed her.

One of the soldiers struck with her beauty and tempted by the money she possessed, addressed her. "You are young, beautiful, courageous," said he, "be my wife, and we will have a son as beautiful and well made, as he which you deplore, and who shall console you for his loss." She agreed to his proposals, and became the soldiers bride; but at the birth of this second son whom she had so much wished for, a frightful delirium took possession of her senses and she kept constantly crying out that they were cutting the throat of her child; nothing could appease her; she ran all over the country and madly dug the ground up with her nails to find the body of her eldest born.

The daughter of the widow has followed the brigand of Bovine. She loved without knowing him, and when she did *know* him, it was too late to part.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Scene.—THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

Messrs. BONCŒUR and CAUSTIC meeting.

Boncœur. My dear Caustic, I am devilish glad to see you! How long have you been in Paris?

Caustic. Quite long enough to wish myself at home again: I arrived this morning.

Bon. I think myself fortunate in meeting you.

Caus. No you don't. A man never thinks himself fortunate in meeting with an adversary, who is always sure to have the best of the argument; and you know very well that is your case.

Bon. Soh—mild and polite as usual I see. Well, let us hope that the air of Paris may do something towards rendering you amiable. In the mean time, I repeat, I am glad to see you, and above all to see you here; because it is the very place to settle our last dispute.

Caus. What do you mean by that? I never left a dispute unsettled with you in my life.

Bon. Oh, yes you did. Don't you recollect the argument we had at Lord E——'s, about French and English beauty?

Caus. Yes, I recollect now that confounded puppy of a Lord, put me into such a passion with his namby-pamby jargon of French, English, and Italian, that I was obliged to make my exit, lest I should have been tempted to knock him down. To say the truth, 'twas enough to put a saint in a passion, to hear an animal like that set himself up for a judge of beauty.

Bon. You must, however, acknowledge that he spoke the truth, when he said that English women were less graceful than their fair neighbours. Look at those two ladies coming towards us, they will afford one proof at least, of the truth of my assertion.

Caus. No such thing. I maintain that the Englishwoman, if she would let nature alone, would be the most graceful of the two; but she spoils herself, and that is the common fault of English women, by an imitation of the French manner. Now let us examine a little in what this

grace, which you panegyrisé so strongly, consists. Not in their walk certainly, for the mincing, tottering, tripping step of a French woman, is any thing but graceful.

Bon. Why as to the walk, I give up that at once, but the air of the head, the motion of the arms, the ease in short with which a French woman does every thing.

Caus. And says every thing, is inimitable; and I hope it will always remain so; Heaven forbid that our women should ever succeed in acquiring it! I have seen some of these charmers say and do things with perfect ease, that I have felt confoundedly awkward in witnessing.

Bon. Well, but badinage apart, you must acknowledge that there is a great charm in the perfect ease of a French lady's manner.

Caus. I acknowledge that it would be charming if it were natural; but the least observation will convince you, that it is never natural. Every word, every look, every motion of a Frenchwoman is studied. One idea, and one only possesses her, that of appearing to advantage. Thus variety, the very thing that constitutes the soul of grace, is never found in the attitudes of a Frenchwoman.

Bon. (*Ironically.*)—But you will find it, I suppose, in those of an Englishwoman.

Caus. Yes, I maintain you will find it in those of an Englishwoman, provided she is unspoilt by travel and the affectation of foreign manners. Look at each in society. The tones, gestures, looks even of the Frenchwoman, are the same to day, as they were yesterday, and will be tomorrow. Can you say that of your countrywomen?

Bon. Why in that point of view indeed—and yet there must, after all, be some reason for the generally received opinion, that Englishwomen are comparatively awkward. You know the French commonly say of them, that they are all born with two left arms.*

Caus. Superficial observers, who look no farther than the surface, may sometimes mistake timidity for awkwardness; but let an Englishwoman be fairly judged, fairly contrasted with her rival; let her unstudied motions, looks, and tones be viewed beside the other's artificial ones, and then see to which the palm of grace will be decreed.

Bon. Hang it you have made me more than half a convert on this point. But then a great deal depends on expression; and there you will allow that Frenchwomen have a great superiority. Look at a Frenchwoman when she speaks to her lover, or to her friend; or even when she thanks an indifferent person for any little service, and then tell me, Cynic as thou art, whether thy heart, even defended as it is by the seven fold shield of prejudice, can resist the magic of her eye, of her smile.

Caus. I maintain that there is no magic for those who are forwarned of the spell. It is a vulgar error, that Frenchwomen have more expression than the English. Their expression is in fact like their grace, artificial. I grant you indeed, that they are unrivalled in the art of calling up a look, and long may they continue so. But, can the looks and smiles, which you know have been prepared some hours before at the mirror, give you the same pleasure that the glowing blush, the beaming smile, and the eye

which, true to every emotion of the soul, still has its lustre chastened by that genuine modesty, which is at once the charm, and the glory of our women?

Bon. Bravo! Bravo! Why man, the subject has inspired you, you grow poetical upon it.

Caus. I wish you would grow *common-sensical* upon it. Never mind the word, it is the fashion to make new ones. *Mais reverrons a nos mentons.*

Bon. Why faith in the way that you put the thing, I hardly know what to say. Still, call it what you please, modesty or pride, there certainly is something—now my dear fellow, none of your knock-me-down looks,—something repulsive in the manner of most of our fair countrywomen.

Caus. There is, and I hope there always will be, something repulsive for fools and coxcombs; but a little observation will convince you, that the delicate reserve which marks the manners of a genuine Englishwoman when with strangers, is never found repulsive by men of sense and good-breeding; because such men always know how to dissipate it, by those polite and respectful attentions, which are due to women; but which, thanks to modern refinement, and the march of intellect, they are very little in the habit of receiving from the *exquisites* and *dandies*, that constitute so large a portion of fashionable men.

Bon. But in fact we are spoiled, such of us as travel I mean, because we are so accustomed to be—to be—

Caus. To be courted by the women, in short. Oh yes, I know that foreign ladies, and French ladies more than any other, are *bien carressantes*. But let me ask you, would you wish to see your wife, sister, or daughter, equal them in this respect?

Bon. Umph! Why, I rather think not.

Caus. So, so, I perceive that point is settled. With regard to shape, feature, and complexion.

Bon. Oh, in these respects there is nothing to be said; the superiority of English women in all that regards mere personal beauty, must always be as unquestionable as their pre-eminence in every domestic and feminine virtue.

Caus. Honestly and heartily, said Lionel, give me your hand my boy! that speech of your's atones for all the nonsense, and you know it was a great deal, that you have uttered for the last six months.

Bon. Oh really your politeness overwhelms me. There is positively no answering compliments so peculiarly timed as yours. But come, since you are in such a flattering mood, let me present you at the toilet of the beautiful Madame de C—.

Caus. *Allons.*—But, stop, stop, acknowledge that our dispute is decided. Confess yourself fairly conquered.

Bon. Without making any confession at all, I shall leave you to gather my opinion from the assurance I now give you, that whatever country my mistress may be of, my wife shall be English.

Caus. That's enough, I am satisfied, and every one of your countrywomen that possesses a grain of common sense will be satisfied also.

* It is a fact that this compliment is sometimes paid us in Paris.



THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

No. 74.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1830.

VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—A CORRECT LIKENESS OF HIS LATE LAMENTED MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

PLATE THE SECOND,—ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV. IN HIS PHAETON.

PLATE THE THIRD,—COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, SPANISH AND EIGHT FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—A MORNING VISITING DRESS, TWO PROMENADE DRESSES, AND TWO FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FIFTH,—A MORNING CARRIAGE DRESS, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE SIXTH,—A WALKING DRESS, A DINNER DRESS, AND SEVEN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

HIS LATE LAMENTED MAJESTY, GEORGE IV.

"There are signs of woe in the strong holds of kings, lamentation and sorrow is abroad, for the mighty cast down; and Death hath gotten the victory!"

Our worst fears, our gloomiest apprehensions are fulfilled! GEORGE the FOURTH, he who was his country's pride, his subjects glory; the beloved of his family; the father of his people, *is no more!* after a severe visitation of illness, borne with that serenity of conduct which characterised his life, caused his name to be revered, and his reign glorious, he was summoned to lay down an earthly for an immortal crown, at a quarter past three o'clock of the morning of Saturday the 26th of June, a day which must henceforward be remembered as a dark one in the calendar.

England has frequently been ruled by great and good kings; heroes have swayed her sceptre, scholars have presided over her destinies; but she never possessed a monarch so beloved when living, so deplored now dead, as the just and energetic prince whose demise we sorrowing record, and which causes his people to feel they have lost a parent, and every Englishman to know he has parted from a friend.

The official announcement of his death was conveyed to the public through the medium of the following *Extraordinary Gazette*:

Whitehall, June 26th, 1830.

A bulletin, of which the following is a copy, has been this morning received by Secretary Sir ROBERT PEEL, one of his MAJESTY's principal Secretaries of State:—

"Windsor Castle, June 26.

"It has pleased Almighty God to take from this world the King's most Excellent Majesty.

His Majesty expired at a quarter past three o'clock this morning, without pain.

(Signed)

HENRY HALFORD.

MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY."

GEORGE (FREDERICK AUGUSTUS) the IVth, was born on the 12th August, 1762, and, consequently, was in his sixty-eighth year; ascending, on the demise of his royal father, GEORGE the THIRD, the throne of these realms, an event which took place on the 29th January, 1820, and one of the first acts of his splendid reign was to advance ARTHUR, LORD WELLINGTON, to the Peerage, in consequence of his brilliant and successful conduct in the Peninsula. The

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Coronation of his late Majesty took place on the 19th July, 1821, and was a ceremony of almost unrivalled splendour, and unparalleled magnificence. In the same year the King visited his kingdoms of Hanover and Ireland, and in the following twelvemonth that of Scotland also; in each of which, and every where he shewed himself to his subjects, his reception was enthusiastic, sincere, and satisfactory.

On Thursday, the 15th of April of the present year, the nation was first alarmed by the issue of a bulletin by his Majesty's Physicians; to the ambiguous nature of which it would be now unseemly more particularly to revert. It had, however, the effect of postponing, and subsequently forbidding the celebration of the Levee and Drawing-room intended to be held in celebration of the birth-day of our Monarch. We pass over the period of long but nobly endured suffering, to come to the last scene of the departed one's eventful history; the closing of the mundane career of a justly beloved Monarch; and which may be summed up in a few emphatic words, to the effect that, at the period stated in the Court announcement, GEORGE the FOURTH, after a brief but glorious reign, resigned himself without a painful struggle, to his Heavenly Maker, quitting the world at peace with all mankind, and with a holy assurance to wear an incorruptible crown in brighter and better spheres.

*"Now for his death, a nation's tears must flow,
To evidence sincerity of woe;
The old man's wishes will his memory bless;
The young man's prayer attest his gentleness;
Nor feud, nor party, will assail his tomb,
But round it smiling charity shall bloom;
And purest incense gratitude will raise,
To embalm his name, immortalize his praise."*

His Majesty's disorder was an extensively diseased organization of the heart; this was the primary disorder, although dropsical symptoms subsequently supervened; and, in fact, there was a general breaking up of His Majesty's constitution. The torture which the King must have suffered during the paroxysms of this disorder, must have been excruciating: his moans were at times heard by the sentinels on duty in the Quadrangle, the stations of two of whom were removed some weeks ago to a greater distance, in consequence of the soldiers having mentioned the sounds which they had overheard. This appears to have been a chronic disorder, and to have been gradually creeping into His Majesty's system. From the irregular

O

and at times languid circulation which the disorder of the heart had occasioned. His Majesty has, within the last three months, found temporary relief from a regulated use of some liquors: mixed Curacao, Eau de Cologne, weak brandy and water, have been (under regimen) his general liquids. But no hope of recovery was entertained either by His Majesty or his physicians (as we have been informed) for the last seven weeks; the struggle of the Royal sufferer was hard, but he was daily sinking under it, until death relieved him at last by the pure exhaustion of the system.

The *post mortem* examination shewed that the King had died of a diseased organization of the heart. That organ was uncommonly enlarged, (which sufficiently accounts for the swollen appearance of the chest,) but there was no effusion of water in the thoracic cavity. The valves of the heart had become partially ossified, and there was a considerable degree of fatness about that organ generally. The liver was not diseased; the lungs were, we understand, ulcerated, and there were dropsical symptoms of the skin in various parts of the body, but not of a nature necessarily to produce death. They appeared rather the eventual consequence of the impeded circulation of the blood, owing to the disorganization of the functions of the heart. There were also indications of disease of the bones, arising from the primary disorder: indeed the debilitated circulation of the vital fluid had everywhere left the traces of its long existence.

The operation was performed by Sir Astley Cooper, on Monday morning, June 27.

GEORGE THE FOURTH is succeeded on the throne by his eldest brother, the Duke of Clarence, now WILLIAM THE FOURTH of England; who was, on the day of his Royal Predecessor's demise, sworn in by that title in full Council at St. James's Palace; and from all that we have observed of the activity, and heard of the good disposition of the Sovereign, we have no apprehensions, now that the hour is come, to "wear a kingly crown upon his brow," but that he will not shrink from the claims, the duties, the activities, and the benevolences of his commanding station; but that taking an example from that worth, liberality, and greatness, the loss of which not only our own nation, but Europe must deplore, he will not only have the wisdom to consider his subjects his friends, his people his children; but convince us he possesses the magnanimity, to sacrifice individual considerations to public benefit.*

* It must be interesting to give here a brief summary of the family of the *new Sovereign*. It is curious in shewing how closely certain *subjects* are now connected with their King.

His ROYAL HIGHNESS was born on the 21st of August, 1765, and was united to the PRINCESS ADELAIDE LOUISA THERESA CAROLINE AMELIA, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the reigning DUKE of SAXE MEININGEN, on the 11th of July, 1818, when the Duke was in his fifty-third year, and the Princess in her twenty-sixth. The issue of this marriage was the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, born and died the 27th of March, 1819, and the PRINCESS ELIZABETH GEORGIANA ADELAIDE, born the 10th December, 1820, who died the 4th March in the following year. The Earl of ERROL, the Hon. JOHN ERSKINE KENEDY, (second son of Earl CASSILIS), Mr. PHILIP SIDNEY, (member of Eye, and only son of Sir JAMES SYDNEY, Bart.) and Lieut.-Col. CHARLES FOX, of the 34th regiment of foot, stand in relation of sons-in-law to the illustrious Duke, having married the Misses ELIZABETH AUGUSTA

ON DITS OF FASHION.

We have it from a source on which reliance may be placed, that *his present Majesty, William the Fourth, will hold a Levee, and her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, a Drawing Room, in about a fortnight after the interment of his late lamented Majesty George IV.*

The great and peculiar interest that is felt by all ranks of society in every thing relative to our late beloved monarch, will necessarily render the following little anecdote particularly gratifying to our distinguished readers. We give it upon unquestionable authority. It is well known, that he for whom a nation mourns was always distinguished for the filial affection entertained by him for his venerated parent; for his anxiety and solicitude during the whole of that lamented monarch's malady, his devotion to his service, and in short his earnestness to lighten the woes that pressed so heavily upon him, to soften the couch of sickness. The prince was always constant in his attendance at Windsor, and one morning, upon entering the monarch's chamber with the silent foot of caution, his ear caught the sounds of his aged father's voice, mourning over his affliction, and repeating the fine and impressive words of Milton,

"Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark,—total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!"

in tones so plaintive and distressing, that the prince affected almost beyond utterance, exclaimed as he passed the attendants, "My dear father!" and hurried into the adjoining chamber, to give vent to his excited feelings in tears.

We are informed upon good authority, that the anecdote relative to the interview of his Majesty and the heir presumptive, a few weeks ago, which has been generally talked of in fashionable circles, is substantially correct. The king feeling considerable relief from pain, was dressed in his usual evening costume, and upon the arrival of the duke, the latter was surprised to see his beloved brother in such a favorable state, his Majesty observing the admiration of the duke, instantly held out his hand, and exclaimed with a smile, "Ah, Clarence, here I am dressed again, and feeling as well as ever I did in my life!"

How ridiculous was the assertion of some of the papers, that Mr. Nussey, the apothecary, *was called in* to prescribe for his late majesty; the king being, in fact, surrounded by physicians, in whom the utmost confidence was placed by the suffering monarch. It would be acknowledging that the *advice of an apothecary* was the only chance left for the royal patient. That the latter might have been *helped* into the presence of the monarch by a physician, as a beneficial recommendation, and to give him a kind of *éclat*, there can be no doubt, but that his advice was requisite to the physicians is absolute stuff. He might too, have had the prescriptions given to him to make up, and any apothecary at Windsor could have done the same kind of work; nay, he might have set up at night as a nurse. If

SOPHIA, and MARY FITZCLARENCE, his ROYAL HIGHNESS's daughters. Col. FITZCLARENCE, of the 7th Fusiliers, married in 1821, Lady AUGUSTA BOYLE, daughter of the Earl of GLASGOW, and Col. G. FITZCLARENCE is son-in-law to the Earl of EGREMONT. Captain ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE, R. N., and the Rev. AUGUSTUS FITZCLARENCE, rector of Maple, Durham, are unmarried.

the recovery of the monarch depended on the advice of an apothecary, notwithstanding his majesty was under the care of such eminent men as Sir H. Hallford, &c. &c., we say that all hopes of the king's restoration to health must have been given up!!!

A pleasant anecdote is in circulation respecting His ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE OF CLARENCE, *now* our gracious KING; it is to this effect, some person strongly imbued with the too *fashionable mania* for every thing of transmarine production, recommended a *foreign* domestic to the DUKE. The reply of the latter was worthy not only of the then *heir-presumptive*, but is deserving the consideration of every well judging Englishman. "As long as I find faithful servants *among the subjects of my ROYAL BROTHER*, I will never employ either Frenchman, German, or *any other description of foreigner*." Speaks not this volumes, that *our own people will be patronized again* to the exclusion of bold and covetous intruders?

Can it be true that a LORD of the BEDCHAMBER, (even whilst shewing the bulletin of his AUGUST MASTER's health) could "*wager a good round*" sum, that "the latter would not live three days?" We would willingly believe this not true, but still we *think* our belief may fall us. Adieu to the "spirit stirring drum," adieu to the "ear piercing *fife*" and "*all quality*," if our "*thinking*" be correct.

"Of your companions tell me, Charles, true, I then can judge the character of you."

We wish some of our fashionable people upon town, would recollect that "*curiosity*, like all other desires, produces *pain* as well as pleasure;" and that, as many of them apply it, it becomes *effrontery*; and should be *chastised accordingly*. Now we would ask the *noble lord*, he

"—Who comes up with *supercilious nod*,
Shakes his *ambrosial curls*, and looks the God;"

and who seems to think, like Samson of old, that in *such* consists his strength; we would ask whether it does not better become him to behave, *now*, at all events, with some shew of gentlemanlike decorum? "The graceful action, and the polished word," may occasionally distinguish him, but these are more than neutralized by the impertinent glances he casts, and the silly simpers he uses, towards respectable females. These are neither indicative of correct manners, nor prudent forethought. Pure and well regulated minds laugh to scorn, (whilst they feel disgusted at,) *such* insolence. We regret to say he of the *curled locks*, (by the way they are horridly *unfashionable* in the male just now,) is not singular in this species of insolence; for, like him, whether walking or riding with their friends, whether in St. James' Street, the Park, *Epsom*, or *Ascot race-course*, stare! stare!! stare!!! seems their catechism. By and by, however, some one of them will get a rebuff, which *all shall remember*; and it would afford us great pleasure to furnish the material to any real gentleman, who shall be the first to have the spirit to resist any such insults which may be passed upon the females of his acquaintance.

It may not be within the knowledge of the whole of our readers, that PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, lately arrived here, is the eldest son of her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND, whose first husband was the late PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, brother to the reigning monarch of that kingdom. Our recent visitor, in question, is the present candidate, since the resignation of PRINCE LEOPOLD, to undertake the very responsible office of reigning over the

Greek nation, and it is generally believed will be the successful one. At all events, it is a consolation to know that our country appears determined to support him, who is bound by strong ties to hold us his friends.

It has been said, that "to be a foreigner, was always, in England, a reason of dislike;" now though this is probably an exaggeration, yet we cannot wonder, from what has recently occurred, that such an impression should have a foundation. Thus we have it in our power to affirm, it was not one of the English nobility, but a *foreign* princess, famous for her gallantry and coquetry, who has been so officious in degenerating our English fair. A constant and inveterate visiter at all fashionable parties, she compelled tender age and mature years to follow and to imitate her. One poor young creature, meek and gentle in her nature, certainly met her death, and like a fragile green-house plant, too early exposed to the elements, drooped and pined away from an unsparing introduction to late hours, intemperate suppers, and want of rest. The truth is, *foreign manners* do not accord with English constitutions. Our habits are ill suited to the *looser* ones of transmarine countries. We give up our character when we give up our prudence, and we cease to seem superior, (as we assuredly are,) in external appearance, when we appear careless of keeping pre-eminent over those of other countries in the maintenance of decorum, and the establishment of propriety! *Recent exposures* (and if we are compelled we will speak out,) may cure the evil; if not, an *honest pen*, and an *unhesitating tongue shall*!

We think it was Dr. Johnson who said, "a man will commit an action with undisturbed self-complacency, which he cannot hear of without pain. What a pity the tympanum of the ear should be so sensitive, and the conscience so deaf." We are sure Lord F. B——c felt this at a recent *fête*, at a certain "*lodge*," where he was so inveterately rallied by the Countess of W——, for his rusty black coat, and shrunk up trowsers, and *tout's ensemble* of miser-like habiliments whenever he appears o'mornings in public. One would really imagine the days of DANIEL DANCER, or the Rev. Mr. HARVEST were come back again. For the same reason we quite pitied the good humoured Lord WORCESTER should have all eyes cast upon him, and his "well-worn" suit, when he was *constabled* across the course at Ascot.

Why does Lord E—NB—B—H not suffer his very *fine grey horse* to make its own grand paces, without *curbing* the steed to create attention to the rider; or why does he so often, during his promenade excursions, *take off his hat*? Is it to convince us that the "*wisdom is in the wig*?"

We certainly have no right to interfere with the respective "*hobbies*" of our noble friends; but really if the "*lords of the creation*," like to have their "*whistle*," it is but right, we think, that they should "*pay for it*." Now we do not blame my Lord of HARRINGTON for keeping *Greek boys* to swell his retinue, and make a shew in the vicinity of Harrington House, but really he should bestow upon them, more respectable habiliments than those which they at present wear. We never saw any thing in a nobleman's mansion so dirty and shabby; they look for all the world like the wretched puppet-shew people that we may imagine assemble at Bartholomew fair, and such like disreputable places. We trust that my Lord H. will instantly send for his tailor-general, and issue orders for the better dressing of his troop.

There has been some talk of one of the Miss Brandling's being upon the eve of a sacred compact with a gay young gentleman, but we believe the report is incorrect. The agreeable Miss BRANDE has appeared in considerable grace and loveliness, as has also the youthful and elegant Miss BURDETT, during the month. We must not omit our note of admiration at the shrine of the fascinating Miss CADOGAN, whose charms have spread "light and life" over many of the most brilliant parties. Miss VILLIERS, Miss STANHOPE, and Miss CAPEL, have been the principal beauties at *Almack's*.

Lady KEITH, and the fascinating Miss ELPHINSTONE, have introduced a new dance to the circles of *ton*, which is likely to become a favorite, since it is more easy of accomplishment than the Mazurka, and infinitely more elegant. It is rather a slow movement, and somewhat resembles the waltz, with the addition of some of the most admired steps of the Galoppade. It excited universal admiration upon its introduction; the graceful manner of Miss ELPHINSTONE's dancing adding considerably to the effect.

The temporary loss of the lovely EMILY COWPER, and the equally attractive Miss SHERIDAN, has been much felt in the circles of fashion, of which they have been such distinguished ornaments. We trust, however, soon to renew our acquaintance with their agreeable merits, and that when, as Lady ASHLEY, and Lady ST. MAUR, they join the gay circles of *ton*, their appearance will still be characterized with all that spirit of youthful happiness that has so fervently endeared them to their friends. We cannot miss this opportunity of congratulating those fair stars of fashion upon their nuptials, and sincerely wish them every felicity of which humanity is susceptible.

Our fair readers will rejoice to hear, that the Horticultural Society intend to admit *ladies* to the enjoyment of their benefits, and that the measure for their introduction is to be proposed at the next meeting. This is as it should be; and we have no doubt of the fruit and flowers thriving prosperously under the cheery sun-smiles of the beauties of Fashion's World.

We wonder why it should be deemed necessary by foreign potentates to give their infants, when at the baptismal font, such a multiplicity of titles. We just now learn that the daughter of the crown Prince and Princess of Sweden has been named Charlotte Eugenia Augusta Amelia Albertina. There is "alliteration's artful aid" indeed; but could not the parents of this many-named baby remember that we had an ELIZABETH! that we had an ANNE! that we had a CHARLOTTE! and learn wisdom?

From the Age Newspaper, June 20th, 1830.—CHINA.—It does not appear that the quarrel with the Chinese will be of very long duration, from some Tea Dealers being so indifferent to it and its consequences; for we are now buying of George Bywater, No. 16, Oxford Street, a most excellent Congou Tea, at 5s. a pound; and remarkably fine Pekoe, at 6s., with Hyson, equal to Gunpowder, at 8s.

From the Lancet, May 22d, 1830.—"I know of no article more pernicious to health in general, or more likely to irritate our nerves, than the common or Bohea Teas, and it behoves the Public to be on their guard against them, and encourage the fair trader. I have been most forcibly struck with this idea from having purchased some Five Shilling Breakfast tea from Mr. George Bywater, 16, Oxford Street, and finding it far superior to what I had been paying my grocer 7s.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The festal torch of Hymen has been lighted during the past month, for some of the most wealthy and splendid members of that radiant World we chronicle, and of whose absolute queen we are slaves. Our duty, therefore, is first to record in our nuptial list, the happy union of one of the loveliest flowers that deck the garden of fashion, the elegant and fascinating Lady EMILY COWPER, whose beauty and accomplishments have been so frequently celebrated by ourselves and the distinguished contributors to our magazine. Her ladyship has at length honoured Lord ASBLEY with her hand, an honour which that amiable young nobleman fully deserves.

The gay circles of *ton* has suffered another temporary deprivation, in the loss of the lovely Miss JANE GEORGINA SHERIDAN, whose praises also have been frequently "said and sung" in our lively pages. Lord ST. MAUR, (SEYMOUR,) eldest son of the Duke of SOMERSET, has been the successful suitor to the shrine of such excessive worth and loveliness. Their nuptials were solemnized in Grosvenor Place. His Grace of SOMERSET has settled £2000 per annum upon the happy bride, who, with her noble consort, is passing the honeymoon at Wimbledon, previous to a continental tour.

"Oh, who can tell the happiness,
The happiness of mutual aspirations,
Crowned with success?"

So sings the bard, and so enquire we, when we glance at the happiness of the Rev. CHARLES BARING, youngest son of Sir THOMAS BARING, Bart. M. P., whose happiness must be indeed "beyond the reach of thought," crowned by the felicity of the hand, and the vows of truth, fidelity and love, plighted at the holy altar, of the amiable and fascinating daughter of the late Major CHARLES SEALY, of the *Bengal artillery*. This happy event occurred on the 13th inst. at Marylebone church, near the Regent's park.

Our joyous list of those sunshinings of nature, must be also swelled with the gratifying record of the mutual felicity of the gallant Major General, Sir CHARLES PHILLIPS, and HARRILT, relict of the Rev. RICHARD SIRODE, of *Newnham park, Devon*, daughter of the late Sir FREDRICK ROGERS, Bart. of *Blachford*, who have been happily united at the church of *Tor, Devon*. Nor must we omit to mention the union of the beautiful CATHERINE, youngest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. the Lord Bishop of WATERFORD, and neice to the Earl of MAYO, with the Rev. HENRY PRITTE PERRY.

We must now turn to the darker portion of our chronicle, and as we have dwelt upon the smiles of fashion, linger for a moment upon her tears; and they have been shed, unaffectedly shed, for the passing into the silent tomb, of the amiable and venerated Countess of POWIS, who expired on the 3rd ult. at Walcot, Shropshire, in the seventy-second year of her age. The grave has also, since our last, closed upon the lamented Mrs. SULLYARD, relict of the late EDWARD SULLYARD, Esq., of *Haughley park, Suffolk*, and mother-in-law to Lord STAFFORD, at whose seat, *Cortessy Hall*, she resigned her spirit to that omnipotent power that bestowed it, and with meek and pious resignation, glided into "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

A sigh must also be breathed to the memory of the amiable and highly talented M. J. STAPLETON, the eldest son of the

Right Hon. Lord La DESPENSER. This Hon. and Rev. gentleman expired at Tunbridge Wells; his genuine and unaffected piety, his generosity and kindness of heart, must long live in the grateful remembrance of his friends.

"The chill, cold hand of the last enemy,"

has also been directed towards the life springs of the respected Mrs. POYNTZ RICKETTS, aunt of the late Earl of LIVERPOOL, who since our last publication,

"Has fled to that land of deathless bliss,
Where reigns eternal love!"

With the name of the venerable Earl HARCOURT, we close our mournful list; this lamented nobleman had been a daily inquirer, at the castle after his Majesty's health, till within a few days of his decease; upon the King's asking why Lord HARCOURT had not called as usual, and being informed the cause, his Majesty immediately replied, "Then let Sir HENRY HALFORD go to him immediately." Alas! the exertions of Sir HENRY were unavailing, the venerable Earl expired on Thursday the 17th, at his seat in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

Numerous are the offerings that are preparing for the festal shrine of hymen, the cakes that are being broken, and the wedding presents prepared, the sacrifice of which shall be especially noticed in this magazine, the supreme organ of the fashionable world; but as our readers like to anticipate these happy "doings," we subjoin a few of the matrimonial unions that are spoken of as being in contemplation. Lady ELIZABETH HERBERT, it is said, will be led to the holy altar by Lord CLANWILLIAM; and it has been reported that the prince of *beaux*, Lord CHESTERFIELD, tired of a bachelor's monotonous life, intends to vary it by the harmony of a *wife*, and that the lady about to honour our fashionable friend, is the amiable Lady EMMELINE MANNERS. Lady EMILY BERTIE, and not Lady CHARLOTTE, is to marry Mr. BATHURST. And we have heard it reported in some high circles, that Lord PORCHESTER is to be honoured with the hand of Lord HENRY HOWARD's daughter, the Duke of NORFOLK's niece, Miss HOWARD MOLYNEUX.

THE DRAMA.

The STAGE is the truest and most intelligible picture of human life.

TAGLIONI!—The far-famed, *delicious* TAGLIONI, has floated before our enraptured eyes with the consciousness of real and eminent genius, proudly challenging the severity of criticism, and compelling us to lay down our wand at her shrine: the sacrifice of criticism is indeed demanded by the extraordinary performances of this *déesse de la danse*, we can offer nothing in dispraise, and yield ourselves up entirely to the fascination which she excites, the beautiful absomment which pervades our "soul and sense," as we behold her in all the might and majesty of loveliness, floating like the young gazelle, as if she disdained to tread the common earth, and sought a brighter dwelling in the skies! But to descend from the raptures which the recollection of TAGLIONI first excites, we must, in plain language, express ourselves in the most unqualified terms of admiration and approbation of her splendid talents,—talents which we fearlessly assert have never been equalled upon the Opera stage, and this we say with the full remembrance of the great achievements of FANNY BIAS, MERCANDOTTI, NOBLET,

and RONZI VESTRIS,—the charming, little, never-to-be-forgotten RONZI VESTRIS. It is with pleasure we behold the engagement of this delightful creature meeting with such eminent success; and though her stay with us has been short, we trust to have the gratification of a prolonged visit in the ensuing season.

MALIBRAN has been indulging again in her own *airs*, instead of her composer's; she fell ill during the performance of *La Cenerentola*; LAPORTE was in dismay; BLAIS, however, having been luckily found in the theatre, she kindly consented to finish the part, but when dressed for that purpose, behold a wonder;—MALIBRAN, suddenly restored to health, renewed her performance, and with increased spirit, whilst the young *enchanteuse*, who had effected this wonderful cure, again returned to her box. We have to express our gratification at the very fine performance of *Don Magnifico* by LABLACHE, who continues to enjoy the high reputation which his *Geromino* excited. His *Leperello* was not at all equal to either of those assumptions. *Semiramide* has been performed during the month, for the purpose of introducing LALANDE in the character of the heroine; it was a very weak and inefficient performance, and though at intervals some gleams of genius broke from the general mediocrity, they were not sufficiently powerful to claim particular notice.

Drury Lane closed on the 14th, after producing a play called the *Spanish Husband*, or *First and Last Love*, written by Mr. HOWARD PAYNE, and *pain* enough we endured in witnessing its performance; it has, however, passed to the "tomb of all the Capulets," and so peace to its remains.

Covent Garden has closed the most successful season experienced since the period of the celebrated Master BETTY mania, which is solely to be ascribed to the exercise of the pre-eminent talents of Miss FANNY KEMBLE. We regret that circumstances deprived us of the pleasure of witnessing that highly-gifted young lady's personation of *Lady Townly* (*Provoked Husband*), but if we may credit the reports of contemporary critics, her performance was truly beautiful and correct. We shall take the first opportunity next season of paying our own tribute to its merits.

The *benefits* at each of the theatres were very attractive; that of Miss FOOTE deserves especial notice. The performances were well selected, and we were glad to perceive the house crowded, and that too with fashionable company. The play was "*The Wonder*," in which Miss FOOTE sustained the part of *Violante* in a most finished and exquisite style; there was throughout a peculiar grace and lady-like demeanour, blended with the passion of the character, which we have in vain looked for in other representatives, and which, while it evinces the taste and judgment of the actress in its adoption, also clearly appears to have been gathered from actual mingling in the refined circles of society. There is no actress upon the stage who can so fully preserve the elegance of genteel life throughout their performances as Miss FOOTE; her representations are indeed charming, and upon this occasion she displayed abilities of the very highest degree of excellence. Her chair scene with CHARLES KEMBLE (an inimitable *Don Felix*), was faultlessly correct, beautifully imagined, and executed with corresponding skill. Miss FOOTE's excellent performance of this difficult part must add considerably to the very high reputation she already enjoys, and we anticipate much gratification from her performances in the ensuing season. After the play, Miss PATON endeavoured to *amuse* us with the old hacknied air, "*Black-eyed Susan*," without accompani-

ments; such worn-out things will never do in these "march of intellect" times. Miss P.'s "*Sweet William*" was somewhat ill-timed, and which Mr. Wood was reminded of when he appeared in the afterpiece.* Between the play and farce, the *Mazurka* was attempted, but it was a vile attempt; it had not the least resemblance to that which it professed to describe, and the dancers were wretchedly dressed.

The *Haymarket* has commenced its season, and with considerable success. The opening comedy, *Speed the Plough*, introduced to us our old favorites. FARREN, as *Sir Abel*, the man of many inventions, was capital; we wish we could say the same of Mr. WEBSTER, who *endeavoured* to imitate EMERY in *Farmer Ashfield*, and struggled through the character to the evident pain of all the audience assembled; if this comedy is again performed, we advise the manager to put Mr. WEBSTER into the character of the *Postillion*, or something similar, and not suffer him to offend respectable audiences by his palpable inefficiency; the same Mr. WEBSTER marred a very creditable "*School for Scandal*" by his buffoonery in *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. FARREN'S *Sir Peter Teazle* was in his finest style, and VINING and COOPER, as the brothers, were highly respectable. The character of *Lady Teazle* introduced Miss MORDAUNT, of Drury Lane, who sustained the part in a very elegant and unaffected style. There is a spirit and propriety about this lady's performances that we think will render her a decided favorite with the town.

A very inferior interlude by Mr. POOLE, called *Conjectures, or the Man in the Camlet Cloak*, obtained a short existence, by some very lively and spirited acting; Mrs. HUMBY, in particular, played her character in a most able and original style. We shall take another opportunity of noticing the abilities of this clever actress.

Mr. KEAN has commenced a series of performances at this theatre, which are, it is stated, to terminate his career "upon the London boards." We look upon this statement as rather apocryphal; indeed, it is our wish that it should not be correct. The energies of Mr. KEAN may be injured, but they certainly are not destroyed; intemperance, and other causes, which plant the locks of age upon the brow of youth, may have reduced him but to a shadow of what he used to be, but he still possesses his transcendent powers, which only require *temperance* and *quiet* to be renewed in all their pristine vigour, and again to irradiate the British drama with their splendid flow of sun. We were never very great admirers of Mr. KEAN'S performances, because we considered his style to be replete with errors; but we, nevertheless, felt considerable pleasure from beholding many of his delineations, from the wild and, apparently, unstudied bursts of passion so peculiar to himself, and which no other actor upon the stage has ever been able to attain. The part of *Richard*, which many people strangely think his best, was his first performance at this theatre.† He has

since sustained *Othello* and *Shylock*. The great abilities of KEAN, however, and the circumstance of his parting, are scarcely sufficient to enable us to endure the scenes in which he is not engaged, in the performance of the dramas of Shakespeare. With the exception of COOPER, and the *ladies* (F. H. KELLY in particular), there is not an individual actor who does not deserve to be discharged from the theatre without a character for his dreadful assault upon the tragic muse! Some of the pathetic scenes are indeed truly laughable. Cannot the manager engage other players for the evenings of KEAN'S performances, and not suffer him to bid us farewell in such discreditable company?

A young lady of great vocal talent has made a very successful debut in *Polly (Beggar's Opera)*. The *Haymarket* is certainly not the most favorable house for the debut of a vocalist, but the abilities of the fair *debutante* effectually overcome the local disadvantages, and her success has been commensurate to her merits. We may observe, however, that she seems too great an admirer of the style of MALIBRAN. The meretricious ornaments of that favorite syren appear to have been too sedulously studied, and the consequence is productive of an effect which, although it may excite admiration for the moment, will, ultimately, with the decline of novelty, cease to be regarded. We remember a lovely woman, and delightful singer, who strikingly evidences the truth of these remarks—Mrs. AUSTIN,—whom our readers may probably recollect a few years ago at *Drury Lane*, and subsequently at the *English Opera*. Mr. HORN was the *Captain Macheath*; the size of this theatre is better adapted for the compass of this gentleman's voice, and we, consequently, hear him with more pleasure than we used to do at *Drury Lane*. The *Lucy* of Mrs. HUMBY was an admirable performance. The *Filch* was wretched; out of charity we forbear to mention the performer's name. *Popping the Question* has been transferred to this establishment with success. FARREN'S *Primrose* is an excellent personation.

We have more than once directed the attention of our fashionable readers to the *Theatre in Tottenham Street*, from the general merits of the performances, and the popular actors who have been engaged by the spirited proprietors: we have again the pleasure of speaking in favorable terms of the establishment, which has, since our last notice, enrolled among its members, Mr. BENNET of *Covent Garden*, J. VINING of *Drury Lane*, WILKINSON, the *Liston* of the *Adelphi*, Miss NELSON, a young lady of great comic abilities, whom we occasionally caught a glance of at *Covent Garden*, during the two last seasons, and that delightful vocalist, Miss FORDE, who bids fair to rival in popularity the most eminent of our *prima donnas*. F. VINING having returned to his *Haymarket* engagement, his situation of manager is filled by his brother William, a very clever performer, assisted by Mr. CHAPMAN (the talented husband of "the late" ANN TREE). Mr. PERRY has succeeded to the place of ALEXANDER LEE as composer.

* We have nothing to offer upon this distressing subject; the statement in the "*Ago*" bears too strongly the stamp of *authority* to admit the shadow of a doubt respecting its accuracy; and with so striking an evidence of the criminality of the parties, we will pass over the detail without observation; the facts are in every body's mouths, and let our readers form their own opinions,—if more than one opinion can be formed.

† It may not be generally known that Mr. KEAN'S first

appearance in London was upon the boards of the *Haymarket Theatre*, in the insignificant part of the *Goatherd*, in Colman's play of the *Mountaineers*; of course, this event was some time previous to his engagement at *Drury Lane*, when he burst upon the dramatic world in the full splendor of his powers.



Costumes of the Nations. 1850. *Newest Fashions for July, 1830.* Fashionable Coiffures.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's *Magazin de Modes* is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

General Mourning for his late Lamented Majesty, George IV.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1830.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, June 26, 1830.

Orders for the Court's going into Mourning, to-morrow, Sunday, the 27th inst. for our late Most Gracious Sovereign, King George the Fourth, of blessed memory, viz.

The ladies to wear black bombazines, plain muslin or long lawn linen, crape hoods, shamoy shoes and gloves, and crape fans.

The gentlemen to wear black cloth without buttons on the sleeves and pockets, plain muslin or long-lawn cravats and weepers, shamoy shoes and gloves, crape hat-bands, and black swords and buckles.

THE MOURNING FOR HIS LATE LAMENTED MAJESTY, GEORGE IV.

Will be made up strictly according to the Monthly Fashions—the only difference will be the materials used in the making of the dresses, &c. &c.

The DRESSES will be made of black and white crapes, black bombazines, black *gros de Naples*, plain black gauzes, black Aerophanes, black printed muslins, with white figured stripes.

For BONNETS—Black and white crapes and black *gros de Naples*—crape flowers.

For CAPS and BERRETS, &c. &c.—Black and white crapes, and black and white crape laces.

Shoes and Brodequins of black *gros de Naples*.

Stockings,—black silk.

The ornaments will be of jet.

A SECOND EDITION OF THE WORLD OF FASHION

Will be published on the 6th of July, showing how the Fashions for July are to be adapted and made conformable to the Mourning as officially ordered for his late lamented Majesty, George IV.

PLATE THE THIRD.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS—(SPANISH).—No. 60.

This is a costume well calculated for the fair daughters of Spain, their slight and graceful figures appear to advantage in it; and the *coiffure* singular, and generally unbecoming as it is, is nevertheless suitable to their style of beauty.

The dress is composed of rich silk of a deep citron colour, finished round the border with a row of rich black silk knotted fringe of the richest description; the skirt is made extremely ample, without gores, and set in with nearly equal fulness all round. The *corsage* is cut very low behind and before, but comes high upon the shoulders. A second *corsage* of dark blue velvet laced before, behind, and at the sides, in such a manner as to display the silk one, is worn over it. The under one has a short tight sleeve trimmed with point lace, over which is a hanging sleeve of white crape with a trimming of the same material, the other *corsage* is ornamented on the shoulder with a fancy trimming of blue silk. The scarf is of point lace; the hair is divided on the forehead, and gathered under a net, which fastens behind with a full bow of citron and dark blue ribbon. The *coiffure* consists of very broad ribbon to correspond, arranged in *demi-tou*, and trimmed at the

back part with broad blond lace which forms a point behind. A bandeau of narrow ribbon goes round the head, and finishes in two scalloped ends in front. The slippers are of silk to correspond with the dress.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A back view of the next head-dress, No. 2.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE No. 2.

A pleasing smile, a fine open forehead, a pretty nose, and a dimpled chin, distinguish this face. Her small and well formed mouth, indicates discretion; and the under lip a little thicker than the upper, announces a heart full of sensibility; it is also the sign of true and sincere love, of fidelity, and of constancy.

A head-dress over-loaded with ornaments would not be at all suitable to such a countenance; the arrangement of the *coiffure* ought to be simple, *déagé*, but elegant.

COIFFURE 2.—EVENING HEAD-DRESS OF HAIR AND RIBBONS, ARRANGED *en baret*.

MANNER OF ARRANGING IT.

The hair must be turned up very high, and then divided into two equal parts, to form the two bows represented in the engraving. In order to make the bows of ribbon such as we represent them, it will be necessary to employ six yards of ribbon; but this head-dress admits of great



diversity of arrangement: for a very young lady, two or three *nœuds* will be sufficient, and will have indeed a better effect, a yard and a half will be quite enough for that. A lady more advanced in life than the subject of our print, will look better with a few curls on the forehead, and the bows of hair placed farther back.

COIFFURE 3.—A back view of the fourth head-dress.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 4.

This countenance is grave, and, however, the features taken altogether have something agreeable, and rather prepossessing. The eyebrow denotes a thinking mind, the *coiffure* ought to be such as displays the forehead advantageously, and the bows of hair should be full and large, that is to say, if the lady who wears them is at all *en bon point*.

COIFFURE 4.—AN EVENING HEAD-DRESS OF HAIR, THE FRONT VIEW OF FIGURE 3.

This head-dress consists of three bows of hair, the positions of which are marked on the back view. A massive gold chain disposed *en demi couronne*, is fastened in the centre of the forehead by a gold clasp, with a large diamond in the middle.

COIFFURE 5.—A back view of Figure 6.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE, NO. 6.

"*Av beau teint, de beaux yeux,*
Traits distingués, gracieux,
Le sourire agréable,
L'air grand doux et affable,
En langage des dieux,
En vers harmonieux,
Je veux peindre tes charmes;
Mais ma muse en alarmes
Emprunte d'un auteur,
La verve et la chaleur."

COIFFURE 6.—A BALL-DRESS OF HAIR, ORNAMENTED WITH FLOWERS, THE FRONT VIEW OF FIGURE 5.

The hair must be brought up very high behind, and divided into four braids, the first which comes from the left side must be very thick, because it is used to form the bow marked in our print; the second, of equal thickness, forms another bow; the third is something smaller, and is arranged in front in a half circle; the fourth forms a soft braid wound round the bows, in such a manner as to sustain them. The front hair is disposed in light full clusters of curls, very much parted, so as to display the forehead. A full blown rose is inserted in the tuft of curls on the right side. A bouquet of wild flowers is placed between the bows at the back of the head, and another at their base on each side, the bouquet on the left is much smaller than that on the right. The comb is of gold, with a very high *galerie* richly wrought.

COIFFURE 7.—A back view of the figure No. 8.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE, NO. 8.

The predominant expression of this countenance is candour; those pretty features do not as yet bear the impress of any passion, and their regularity renders it easy to choose a becoming head-dress; but we must warn those among our fair readers who have similar countenances, that if the hair is dressed full at the sides of the face, it ought to be much parted on the forehead, for nothing can be more unbecoming to such a face, than a mass of heavy curls falling over the eyebrows.

COIFFURE 8.—A HEAD-DRESS OR HAIR ORNAMENTED WITH CURLS, THE FRONT VIEW OF FIGURE 7.

This is a style of *coiffure* entirely novel, the larger bow behind is termed by the Parisian inventor the *coque ondoyante*. The hair must be divided into three braids, two of a moderate size, the third excessively large; this last forms that full and graceful bow, called the *coque ondoyante*; the second braid, twisted round the *coque*, sustains it in its elevated position, and the third forms the bow, arranged in a half circle on the left side. A double row of pearls is wound round the tufts of curls on each side of the forehead, and is brought low in the centre, from which a single pearl of extraordinary size and beauty, descends upon the forehead.

THE FOURTH PLATE.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of changeable silk, the colours are *prisme*, shot with green. The corsage is made square, and moderately high; it sits close to the shape, and is finished round the bust with a *revers*, of the same material, pointed in the centre of the back and bust, and at each end, and open on the shoulders. A very narrow silk fringe, of the lightest description, surmounted by a rouleau of emerald-green satin, borders the *revers*. The sleeves are *à la Médicis*. The trimming of the skirt consists of a wreath, composed of two rows of ornaments of the most novel description, formed alternately of green satin and of silk to correspond with the dress, and edged with fringe to correspond with the *corsage*. The head-dress is a white crape hat, trimmed under the brim in the cap style, with blond lace, and rose-coloured gauze ribbon. The ribbon is disposed in *toques* on one side of the crown, and on the other in a large *nœud*, from which issues a full bouquet of scarlet geranium. Bracelets of green satin ribbon, fastened by gold buckles.

PROMENADE DRESS (*centre figure*.)

A *peignoir* of blue and white striped silk. *Corsage* partially high, and very full, the fullness confined on the shoulders by bands; it wraps considerably across the front; sleeve of the *gilet* form; *chemisette* of very fine cambric, with a standing collar, which, as well as the front of the *chemisette*, is richly embroidered. Cravat of ribbon, fastened at the throat in a bow, without ends, by a gold brooch. The *manchettes* correspond with the collar. Rice straw hat, profusely trimmed inside the brim, and round the crown, with ribbons to correspond with the dress, and a wreath of blue bells, placed in an oblique direction from the top of the crown to the edge of the brim. Half-boots of lavender-coloured silk.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A redingote composed of grey *gros de Naples*, *corsage en habit d'homme*; the collar is extremely deep, and the lappels very large; both are bordered with narrow scoloped white blond lace, and each lappel is ornamented near the point with a gold lozenge. The sleeve is of an extraordinary width, and much puffed out on the shoulder; it terminates with a double cuff, the one very deep, fastens in front of the arm with gold buttons, of a lozenge shape; the other, which is somewhat in the shape of a shell, is not near so high, and is edged with lace to correspond with the *corsage*. The front of the skirt is trimmed with per-





Latest Fashions for July, 1830





*Newest Fashions for July, 1890.
Morning & Dinner Dresses, &c.*



Newest Fashions for July, 1830.
Walking & Dinner Dresses, &c.

pendicular rows of lace, with lozenges placed between each row at the bottom. Very broad ceinture, with a large massive gold buckle. The head-dress is a Leghorn hat, trimmed with white gauze ribbon, and a profusion of white ostrich feathers placed round the crown.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A half-length back view of the morning visiting dress.

Fig. 2.—A back view, also half-length, of the promenade dress.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

An open dress of the pelisse form, composed of azure blue *gros de Naples*. The back of the *corsage* is disposed in full folds, which are arranged *en cours*; the front, also arranged in folds, wraps a little across; the fulness is confined on the shoulder by a single band. The sleeve is of the *imbecille* form, and exceedingly wide. The skirt is somewhat shorter than the white cambric slip worn underneath it; it is trimmed down each front, and above the hem with a rich white Grecian border. The *chemisette* which, from the form of the dress, is very much displayed, is of the finest cambric, small-plaited; it is finished round the throat with a triple frill, which stands up, and which, as well as a frill that trims the bosom, is very small plaited. Leghorn hat, trimmed with sprigs of foliage, intermixed with exotics, and *nœuds* of gauze ribbon. Scarf of salmon-coloured gauze, figured with white at the ends. The Grecian brooch, bracelets, ear-rings, and *chemisette* buttons, are all of silver, exquisitely wrought.

Fig. 2.—A back view of the above dress.

DINNER DRESS.

A *redingote habillée* of white watered *gros de Naples*. *Corsage à la Leonine*, over a *chemisette* of blond net, richly embroidered round the top. The lappels are open before and behind; they are bordered with a rose-coloured rouleau, which, crossing at the waist, goes down each side of the front; the centre of the dress is ornamented with rose-coloured *nœuds*, placed at regular distances from each other. Sleeve a *double bouffant*; the *bouffant* formed by a band and *nœud*, placed just above the elbow. The cuff is of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, and is surmounted by a *nœud*. A full fall of blond lace forms a *mancheron*, which is ornamented by a *nœud*, placed between the lappels on the shoulder. *Chapeau à la Marguerite*, of rose-coloured crape, ornamented on one side of the crown with an *evantail*, in white blond lace, and on the other with seven or eight white feathers, so placed that some turn back over the crown, and some fall in the neck. A very full *nœud* of white gauze ribbon is placed in front of the crown, the ends of which fall back.

Fig. 4.—A back view of the dinner dress.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Coiffure 1.—A dress cap composed of blond lace; the crown, which is low, is adorned with rouleaus of cinnamon-coloured gauze ribbon; there are five placed horizontally, so as to form a globe. Blond lace borders, turned back, and intermixed with *nœuds* of ribbon. A twisted rouleau encircles the front of the caul, and a full bow of ribbon is placed at the back.

Coiffure 2.—A hat composed of *gaze de Lyon*, striped with soft straw; the gauze is a new shade of rose-colour; the brim, which is finished round the edge with a light open work in straw, is extremely wide, but not very deep; it is ornamented with a rouleau of gauze ribbon, placed close to the crown on the inside, and two small *nœuds*; the latter are both placed on the right side; the crown is trimmed with three *nœuds* of gauze ribbon. *Mentonnières* of blond net.

Coiffure 3.—A back view of Coiffure 2.

Coiffure 4.—A back view of Coiffure 1.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

WALKING-DRESS.

A muslin dress, it is one of the new French patterns striped in white and rose-colour stripes, and sprigged at regular distances. The sprigs are of that novel shade of green called *vert colibri*; the *corsage* is made plain behind and *drapé* across the bosom. The sleeve is excessively wide to the elbow, where the fulness is confined by a band of the same material trimmed, with a full quilling of white *tulle*; from the elbow to the wrist the sleeve is of moderate width, it is finished by a narrow band trimmed at the upper edge with *tulle*. A flounce of *tulle* of very moderate breadth headed by a rouleau of *vert colibri* satin, goes as high as the knee. A satin rouleau is set on round the skirt near the bottom. The hat is composed of rose-coloured crape, and lined with rose colour and white striped gauze. The crown, which is in the form of a helmet, is partially covered with rose coloured and white striped gauze, disposed in large *dents de Loup*. A bouquet of roses is attached by a *nœud* of ribbon to the right side of the crown, it is placed perpendicularly. A smaller bouquet falls over the edge of the brim on the left side. Strings of gauze ribbon—they hang loose.

DINNER-DRESS.

A dress of lilac and white striped *tissu cachemere corsage à revers*, excessively low behind, and on the shoulders, but rising high on each side of the bosom. *Bêret* sleeve very short and full, the *corsage* is trimmed round with a double range of *pattes* disposed in opposite directions, they have the shape of scollops, are corded with lilac satin, and edged with blond lace. A double row of trimming of the same description but much larger, goes round the border just above the knee. The hair is disposed in full tufts of curls on each side of the face, and in two soft bows folded one within another on the summit of the head. The only ornament of the head-dress is a tortoise-shell comb, the gallery of which is exquisitely wrought; it is inserted in the bows and rises above them, the gallery is of the diadem form.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A coiffure composed of hair and flowers;—the hair is arranged in a full double bow, which is crossed by a plaited braid, and from the braid an ornament of hair, which resembles exactly the shape of a comb, hangs pendant. A bouquet of flowers is inserted in each of the bows. This is a most original and singular head-dress.

Fig. 2.—A hat composed of white glazed *gros de Naples*, a low crown trimmed horizontally with satin rouleaus, and a full clustre of bows of lilac gauze ribbon. The brim, which is very wide and deep, is trimmed on the inside

close to the crown with *nauds* of blue ribbon. The strings are passed through the brim.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the preceding hat.

FIG. 4.—A head-dress of hair and ribbon; arranged in the same manner as figure 1, except that the braid which crosses the bows is not plaited.

FIG. 5.—The back view of figure 6.

FIG. 6.—A rice straw hat; the crown formed *en coques de Chevalier*, is ornamented with rouleaus of azures blue satin. A *coque* of blue and white striped gauze ribbon, is placed on one side, from which issues a long blue and white ostrich feather, which droops over the brim. A second feather placed on the other side falls back over the crown. The brim is adorned on the right of the inside with two *nauds* of ribbon.

FIG. 7.—A back view of the dinner head-dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1830.

If ever thy altar deserved to be decked with flowers, Oh! goddess of the changeable mien! it is at this moment, when aided by thy wise and faithful councillors taste and simplicity, thou publishest those edicts which oblige thy lovely lieges to appear in a style of chastened elegance so consonant to the character of British beauty; admitted to thy temple, we have there viewed with admiration the various and elegant novelties which thy magic wand has this month called into existence. Permitted by thy chosen priestesses to inspect the costumes now preparing for thy most distinguished votaries, we select from them such as cannot fail to satisfy the taste of even the most difficult of our fair readers.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Several of the new shapes in hats of rice straw, have the crown entirely round, and divided horizontally by *lièrre* or narrow rouleaus of satin. This shaped crown is called *calote côtelée*. We have seen some of these hats, the brims of which bore a resemblance to the *vizor* of a helmet half open, the inside of the brim was trimmed with ribbon, which passed below the edge of the brim behind, and fell in the neck.

A new and beautiful material for hats, is a mixture of gauze and straw, it is likely to be much in favour, our readers will judge of its elegance by a reference to our prints.

Some leghorn hats have the brims now cut square behind, and a *bavolet* of the same material attached to it. Feathers are much used to trim Leghorn hats. We scarcely know whether white or straw-coloured ones are most in favour, but there must not be less than five plumes arranged *en bouquet* on one side of the crown; they fall in different directions.

Crape hats are trimmed with branches of foliage, or of lilac, jessamine, &c.; or else sprigs of roses, or camelias; they droop from one side to the other. The newest and most favourite ornament of this description, is a light *panache* of white double poppies. We must not forget to observe, that of whatever description the hat is, it must be placed very far back upon the head.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Open dresses of the pelisse form, both in silk and muslin, are very much in favour. Many of the latter made with a *corsage drapée et croisée*, have the front and the *corsage* bordered with lace, which forms a point *en fêche* in the centre of the back.

We see also several muslin dresses, the *corsages* of which are separate from the skirt, and form *canezous*; they cross

in front, and have *pelerines* which form *jockeys* on the shoulders: they are either embroidered, or richly trimmed with lace, but the skirt has no trimming whatever.

Coloured muslin dresses with *corsages à schall*, are also much in favour; they are of very various and beautiful patterns; some have a brown ground thickly covered with roseries of very lively colours; the patterns of others are in columns thickly strewed with foliage, and several are corded in different colours, but the most novel are the *etruscan* patterns, or those flowered in the large *bouquets*, called gardeners nose-gays.

Many coloured muslin dresses are made in the *redingote* form; we have also seen some with the *corsage à la Vierge*; these last are generally worn with the *canezous*.

Many muslin dresses have the sleeves made to sit close to the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, but the lower part of the sleeve is not cut tight, it is formed so by four or five rows of plaits separated by a band; or if the dress be white, by a row of embroidery.

The newest *canezous* are of the shawl form, and made without a seam upon the shoulders, the lapel which is open in the middle forms an epanlette to the under dress.

DRESSES.—Nothing is considered more elegant in *négligé*, than muslin *peignoirs*, embroidered in feather-stitch over under dresses of white or straw-coloured *gros de Naples*. They are sometimes fastened in front by *nauds* of gauze ribbon to correspond in colour with the under dress. They have almost all a double square *pelerine*, or a *pelerine* forming a shawl, the points of which are fastened down by the *ceinture*.

One of the most elegant half-dresses that has lately been invented, is a *redingote*, composed of pale rose-coloured clear muslin, trimmed round the border, up the fronts, and round the *pelerine* by very broad English point lace. This dress was worn over one of white *gros de Naples*.

The distinguishing feature of full dress is at this moment an elegant simplicity. Nothing is more novel than clear muslin, embroidered in cachemire worsted, or in coloured silk. The embroidery often consists of bouquets strewed over the ground of the dress, or in small wreaths, forming columns, which turn towards the *ceinture*, and are separated from each other by an interval of some inches.

The prettiest dress of that description that we have seen, was embroidered in shaded silks, in columns of foliage, the interval which separates the columns, was strewed with small spots of gold coloured silk. Each column terminated just above the hem, by a bouquet of foliage, embroidered to correspond, and falling *en gerbe* upon the hem, which was also spotted in gold coloured silk.

Gauze is also in favour. We were struck with the beauty of a gown of Surin gauze, rose colour, striped with white. The *corsage* was cut very low, and five large folds, half entering into each other, formed the drapery of the *corsage*, the back was made plain. *Beret* sleeves with a pretty and singular epaulette, composed of seven *pattes*, placed in contrary directions, four above and three below, the border of the skirt was trimmed to correspond with the epaulette, that is to say, with groups of *pattes*.

White gauze dresses, the ground embroidered in vine leaves, at considerable distances from each other, are also in favour, the embroidery is in white floss silk; these dresses are not trimmed at bottom.

Flowers are coming much into favour. We have just seen two dresses made for a distinguished lady of fashion, which were both trimmed with flounces; one dress was

of blue Organdy, with a single deep flounce, set on as high as the knee; it had no binding, but was cut round the border in large dents, which were slightly embroidered in white silk; the other dress was gauze, there were two flounces disposed in full round plaits, and with a scalloped binding; the binding was formed by a narrow satin rouleau.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Blond caps are much worn both in half and in full dress. We have seen in the former some caps, the borders of which fell partially over the face on the right side, and turned back on the left. Several dress caps are made with a caul, composed of satin rouleaus, arranged in open lozenges, a full border of blond lace turns back round the front, and crosses the crown from the left ear to the right temple in drapery; it terminates there with a bow of ribbon, in which is inserted a bouquet of lilac, that droops in a stifle of a feather across to the left side.

We see also many dress caps trimmed with bouquets of red or white pinks, mingled with branches of jessamine or clematis.

Some of the new *bérets* are of a most becoming form; we have seen one composed of blue gauze, the upper part of which was a *treillage à jour* in pearls; the front was ornamented with three *sigrettes* of the plumage of birds of Paradise, two were attached in an inverse direction on the turned up part of the *béret*, and the third placed on the opposite side, but over the cheek.

Another of these elegant head-dresses is composed of rose coloured glazed gauze, trimmed in front with a wreath of roses, which become gradually larger as they approach the elevated part of the *béret*, and terminates in a beautiful *gerbe* of flowers and foliage.

Fashionable colours are different shades of rose colour, green, lavender, lilac, straw colour, and brun-hanneton.

OF THE DIFFERENT SORTS OF COLLARS.

This article of dress contributed formerly to the decoration of both sexes; the statues of their deities were dressed in them, and they attributed to them, under favour of the gods, some particular virtues against devils, against disgrace, against accidents. They have also been considered as the reward of bravery, and the mark of warlike distinction; as in our days, are become the collars of the various military orders of Europe. Our ancestors made it one of their most brilliant decorations. That which Manlius bore away of the spoil of a Gaul with whom he combatted, was made of gold. He made an ornament of it, which was the cause of his acquiring the surname of *Torquatus*.

The custom has been long established of enriching collars with pearls, or brilliants, or other precious ornaments. Females wear them in full dress, of one or more rows, commonly suited to the ear-rings, and to the other brilliant accessories of the toilette; the handsomest, forming what is termed a *river of diamonds*; such was that which became so famous a few years before the revolution, under the name of *Cardinal de Rohan*. Some persons wear gold chains of delicate workmanship, which descend low on the chest; some of amber beads, and of various coloured paste, coral, crystal, seeds and steel. Undress collars, which are worn on the gowns, are made of some very light material and ornamented with lace and embroidery; the names of these different collars are changed repeatedly according to the forms.

At the sight of the vast quantity of pearls, and diamonds, which is required at a female toilette, and which in public assemblies where they are assembled in numbers, the congregated blaze is like the dazzling of so many lustres; one might be tempted to believe, that the richest store-houses in India had been opened to beautify the ball-rooms of London and Paris. A much more simple method however has furnished that apparent profusion of wealth, of which luxury has enhanced the value, by making its excess the happiness of some, and the envy of others; it has excited industry; and the rarest jewels are become the work of laborious hands, and rival the splendour of nature's richest productions. Time, it is true will come at last and establish a distinction in their origin; but then the facility of renewing them, at small expense, warrants them without a parallel.

At the last exhibition at the Louvre, artificial diamonds proved to demonstration their perfect resemblance to those of the mines of Golconda: they only require a greater durability, to assure to their brilliant effects, the permanence of ages.

False pearls partake of the like advantages; they have such a conformity with those that are taken from the sea, for the lustre of their water, that they cause an illusion in the optics of the most experienced. Small glass globes of a blueish tint and the scales of a fish commonly found in the Seine and Marne, effect this transformation.

It is owing to these inventions, and a crowd of others equally economical, that fashion has succeeded in spreading every where the richest colours, dazzling in buckles and ear-rings—collars, combs, rings, pins, and crosses, of all those forms whose domain of civil and religious vanity, she has so prodigiously aggrandised.

"The world is old,—a truth we cannot doubt,
And childish rattles please the modish rout."

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—*Capotes* are now universally adopted for the morning walk, those of plain *gras de Naples*, either white or blue, or of rice straw, are most in favour. Veils are very generally adopted, those of English lace, either black or white, are in great request. The number of *digènes* who ride on horseback in the *bois de Boulogne* increases daily; the riding hats have always very low crowns, and brims turned up; these hats are sometimes of black beaver, sometimes of grey; we have seen them also in Leghorn, which is certainly more appropriate to the season. Of whatever description the hat may be, a green veil is an indispensable appendage to it.

Crape, rice straw, and *gaze de paille*, are the materials most used for *chapeaux*; they are trimmed with flowers *en grappes*, intermingled either with branches of foliage or ribbon, disposed either in *narade* or *coques*. A good many hats have the brim bordered with a *riche*, and a still greater number have the brim ornamented on the inside with blond lace.

OUT DOOR COSTUME.—The most novel feature this month in the out-door dress, is the form of riding habits; the most fashionable are composed at present of *drap zephir*, the colour is *vert russe*; the corsage is à *schall*; the fronts ornamented in the hussar style, with silk *brandebourgs*; the sleeve is of the *gilet* form. Cambric *chemisette* with a

double frill and plaited collar. Cravat of black or very dark grey silk, which sets off the brilliant brooch in the centre.

Some *délégantes* are attempting to bring into fashion *redingotes* composed of white flowered marcella, the flowers of a very small size; very few of these dresses have yet appeared, nor do we think the fashion likely to take.

Some novel gingham called *guinghams en lèzes* are coming into favour for the morning walk. We see also some *merveilleuses* in *redingotes* of white marcellas, fastened in front by five or six rosettes of the same material.

Coloured muslins of various descriptions, particularly those called *althumbra*, are in favour for the promenade. Changeable *taffetas mousseline de laine*, and white muslin, embroidered either in white or colours are also worn.

Redingotes à la Louise are in much estimation. We can hardly say whether they, or those *à schall* prevail most. Sleeves are of three kinds, those of the *imbécille* from those made in the style of the sixteenth century, and those of the *gigot* shape; the last are beginning to come much into favour.

Some ladies, particularly unmarried ones, appear in the promenades in square pelerines to correspond with their dresses, with a very broad trimming arranged in a twill quilting; these pelerines are fastened in front by buttons which are sometimes of gold or silver.

DRESSES.—In consequence of the different grand parties given in the course of the last month, full dress is much more splendid than usual at this season of the year. Dress gowns are always cut very low; some are *drapée* and *croisée*. Others are trimmed on the shoulders with three rows of blond lace, which form *jockels*. We have seen one dress with *jockels*, one half of which offered a perfect imitation of a drapery thrown carelessly on, while the other side was quite plain without a single plait, it opens *en cour* to display the elegant *chemisette*, which is an indispensable appendage to these dresses.

Many ladies appear even in the fullest dress with gowns untrimmed at bottom, but when that is the case, the corsage is in general richly ornamented.

The dresses which we are about to describe, were among those most admired at the ball given by her royal highness the Duchess of Berry.

A dress of white *mousseline Cachemire* painted above the hem in *palms* of gold, similar to those of Cachemire shawls, but not above half the size. *Corsage uni*, ornamented with a single palm in front of the bust. Sleeves of the double bouffant form. Ceinture of dead gold tissue.

A dress of blue organdy, the ground thickly strewed with half crescents, embroidered in white silk, a rose leaf embroidered in the same manner, issued from the centre of each crescent. The *corsage* of this dress was *drapé*, and the sleeves composed of blond, and very large; this dress was particularly admired for its elegant simplicity.

One of the most novel dresses was composed of a new and excessively light tissue of a peculiar shade of red, bordering upon salmon colour, corded with satin; it was trimmed above the hem with satin points placed in contrary directions, and edged with a narrow blond; similar points bordered the upper part of the *corsage*, and fell *en pelerine*. *Beret* sleeves ornamented with points issuing from the shoulders, but so much larger than those on the dress, that they nearly covered the sleeve.

RURAL BALL DRESSES.—The beautiful *jardin de Tivoli* is this year more fashionable than ever. We have seen

even some ladies of the court appear at the balls there. The ladies always go in half dress, and with hats. We have noticed some pretty silk *redingotes* trimmed round the shawl part, and the fronts with embroidery in silk, one or two shades darker than the dress. But in general the dresses are either of white or coloured muslin. These gowns are made with extreme simplicity, the only trimming being a light embroidery, generally in coloured worsteds above the hem, or else two narrow flounces cut in scallops, or points, one placed as high as the knee, the other about half a quarter lower. A few ladies have been seen in clear muslin dresses with a single very deep flounce of *tulle* embroidered, and *à grandes dents*, headed by a double *riche*; a similar *riche* bordered the *corsage* which was *à la Vierge*. This is the general form of those *corsages* which are not made in the *redingote* style. The most elegant women are seen at these balls in a *collier* of satin gauze ribbon, not tied at the throat, but in the centre of the bosom.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Flowers form the general ornament of *coiffures* at this time of the year, but at the late court balls, of which we have already spoken, the head-dresses were remarkable for their magnificence. The Dauphiness and some other ladies wore head-dresses between a *béret* and a *toque*; that of her royal highness was particularly magnificent, it was raised in front by an *agraffe* in diamonds, and trimmed besides with five white feathers, three on the brim, and two under. A sprig of flowers and foliage in diamonds, ornamented the back part of the crown of the head-dress, which we must observe was very low.

One of the most original and elegant, as well as splendid *coiffures*, was composed of three bows of hair, inserted in the centre of which, were seven *epis* of diamonds, forming a fan.

Four rows of diamonds arranged *en bandeau* were placed *en bias*, on the forehead of a lady *coiffée* entirely *en cheveux*. Corkscrew ringlets, *à l'Anglaise*, fell very low on her neck, and a diamond arrow went from the right to the left, through the soft bows of hair on the summit of her head; a star composed of brilliants surmounted the highest of the bows, and completed a head-dress remarkable at once for its taste and magnificence.

Among the *coiffures* composed of jewels and flowers mingled, one of the richest that we have seen is of red dahlias and rubies mounted in *epis*.

JEWELLERY.—Not only all the galleries of all the gold combs are now wrought in open work, but also bracelets and earrings, instead of the massive appearance which has lately been so fashionable, are flat, and also wrought in open work.

Among the newest articles of jewellery are garlands *à la Ceres*, composed of ears of corn in emeralds and diamonds. Half wreaths of stars in diamonds, mounted in such a manner as to appear suspended on one side of the head, and diamond combs, the galleries of which are of the diamond form.

Enamelled trinkets are much in favour. We have seen some necklaces in *plaques* or lozenges of enamel, in which coloured gems are incrustated. The newest rings are so excessively large that they reach nearly to the first joint of the finger. The bracelets most in fashion are a *grecque à jour* of enamel in *or brun*. But trinkets for which there is at this moment quite a mania, are pins *à gros médaillons gothiques*. The form, the fashion, and the colours of buttons vary almost daily. Sometimes as many as five are worn, formed of five stones of different colours.

. LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Hic patet ingenii campus certusque merenti
Stat favor ornatur propriis industria donis."**"Here, for inquiring minds, a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXII.—English Earls.

EARL BROOK AND WARWICK.

*"A name renowned, for many an honor'd age,
In history's ample and instructive page;
A house, upon whose banner floats no stain,
But where the quarterings of fame remain;
A title got by merit, and well-worn,
Invincible to envy, or to scorn:
These, in his person, pleasantly combine
To shed a lustre on an ancient line."—A. M. T.*

GEORGE GREVILLE, Earl Brook and Warwick, Baron Brook of Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire, now in his 51st year, is the third possessor, to whom has descended, in its present form, the noble title of Earl of Warwick.

Of much earlier creation, however, and of time-vindicated authority, is the *Barony* of Brook, inasmuch as we find that FRANCIS, the grandfather of the subject of our biography, was the eighth descendant of that name, being born in 1719, and having succeeded his father in his well-worn wealth and distinctions in the year 1723. On July 7, 1746, he was raised a step higher in the peerage by being created *Earl* of the name to which the honors of a *Baron* were, as we have observed, only previously allotted; and on November 27, 1759, he was still further distinguished by the favor of his Sovereign, GEORGE the SECOND, who, at the period mentioned, advanced him to the further dignity, and assuredly it was no light one, of being made the *first* Earl of WARWICK;—

*"A title his descendants has sustained
With such a bearing as, Sirs, not to shame
The bounty of the King."*

The wisdom of well-selected alliances (independent of their being the most solemn leagues of perpetual friendships, and calculated to banish artifice and concealment for ever), especially in high life, all ages have shewn, inasmuch as such are most assuredly calculated not only to increase the influence, but to multiply the splendour of great houses. Of these truths the EARL appeared perfectly impressed, when (on May 16, 1742,) he married into the noble family

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of HAMILTON, by espousing ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Lord ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, the son of WILLIAM, Duke of that name.* By this marriage he had issue:—LOUISA AUGUSTA, born April 14, 1743 (who married WILLIAM CHURCHILL, Esq. of Henbury, April 23, 1770); FRANCES ELIZABETH, born May 11, 1744 (who united her fortunes, on July 17, 1764, to Sir HARRY HARPER, Bart.); CHARLOTTE, born July 6, 1745, who entered into the marriage state with JOHN STUART, Earl of GALLOWAY, August 14, 1762, but whose enjoyment of it, Death, the uncompromising tyrant, envied, for he claimed her as his own, in less than a little year of connubial fidelity, since his summons came on the 31st May, 1763; GEORGE, who succeeded to his father's title;—ISABELLA, who just opened her eyes upon the world to close them from its pomps and vanities for ever, as she died on the day of her birth! CHARLES FRANCIS, born May 12, 1749; ROBERT FULKE, born February 3, 1751;† and, finally, ANN, born August 26, 1760, who died—real tears of regret falling upon her coffin-lid—May 26, 1783.

THE SIRE of this large family, after leading a life of beneficence and usefulness, was called to render up an account of his stewardship to another and a better world, and to exchange the pride, and pomp, and pageantries of an earthly, for those of an heavenly state, on July 3, 1773, when he was succeeded by GEORGE, the second Earl, and father of the present.

This nobleman was born Sept. 16, 1746, and married April 1, 1771, (a proof that the day which is

*"—marked, in custom's rules**As one for being and making fools,"*

is often very sadly libelled,) GEORGIANA, only daughter of Sir JAMES PEACHEY, Baronet, (well remembered for his virtues and liberalities in his native county of Sussex, and respected wherever known,) and by her had issue, GEORGE Lord BROOKE, born March 25, 1772, but who lived not to enjoy the future honors his parents hoped were destined for him, since, at the early age of fourteen, his dwelling was

* The COUNTESS's sister married Lord CATHCART, by whom she had the Countess of MANSFIELD, who was married on October 19, 1797, to ROBERT FULKE GREVILLE, Esq. the brother of the second Earl of WARWICK, who was, consequently, the father of the *present* Earl. After the decease of her Lord, ELIZABETH of HAMILTON, not tired of wearing Hymen's rosy bands, chose a second husband in the person of General CLARKE.

† This gentleman afterwards became a captain in the first regiment of Foot Guards, and married Miss GRAHAM, by whom he had issue a son, CHARLES, who was wedded (March 31, 1793) to CHARLOTTE, daughter of the Duke of PORTLAND, by whom he had a son, born January 30, 1798. He married, secondly, on October 19, 1797, the Countess of MANSFIELD, mother of the then Earl of that name, and daughter of the gallant Lord CATHCART, who was his first cousin. Thus noble alliances continued to characterize the family, and add to its influences.

P

not upon earth. The COUNTESS, one year after her marriage, was also summoned to the final bourne which all pilgrims of mortality are enjoined to reach, yielding up her breath, to the mighty one who gave it, on the day of the 3rd April, 1772.

His Lordship, feeling that "the infelicities of marriage"—and to lose the partner of our bosom is a terrible infelicity indeed—"are not to be urged against its institution, as the miseries of life prove equally, that life cannot be the perpetual gift of heaven,"—entered again into wedded existence by espousing (July 9, 1776) HENRIETTA, daughter of RICHARD VERNON, Esq. by Lady EVELYN LEVISON GOWER, widow of JOHN FITZPATRICK, Earl of UPPER OSSORY, and sister to the present venerable and universally respected Marquis of STAFFORD; and of whom it may be said that his name, his praises, his honorable conduct, shall be remembered when those who assume talents, and affect graces, nature nor education ever endowed with, are quite forgotten, and,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Of this marriage was born a son, (the present Earl,) April 4, 1779; another son April, 1780; and a daughter, born October 3, 1787. On the death of the *second* possessor of the family name and honours, the subject of our memoir was necessarily called upon to assume them; and he did so with the full conviction of those who knew him best, that he would neither sully the one, nor disgrace the ancient splendour of the other. This belief has been fully vindicated as one, founded, like the dwelling built upon the rock, not that whose foundations were rested only on the rolling sands of the eternal sea. His LORDSHIP, if not so much abroad in the *great world* as many, whose pretensions are not half so valid, if not so prominent in the *senate* as some whose voices are louder, but whose judgments are less matured, has shewn, upon many occasions, spirit and generosity, embellished with elegance; vigour and determination tempered with generous action, and gentlemanlike bearing.

In selecting a partner to share his possessions, and to be entrusted with his confidence, the Earl of WARWICK evinced much discrimination. He married LADY MONSON, widow of the Lord of that name, and a female as distinguished for talents as acknowledged for amiability; the consequence of such a union has been, not only to add to the descendants and offspring, but to the harmony and affections of the *house of WARWICK*. Both the lady and her liege lord, appeared to be of the same opinion with a great moralist, that marriage is a social compact, that has "something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, for we find its pleasures, its home, and heart-springing delights so great, that even occasional ills, or even the ill-choice of a companion, can hardly overbalance them." It is the giddy and thoughtless only, who unite themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers; only those who throw themselves into the arms of parties whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please, who rail against happy unions. Let such, and sad and lamentable instances do all classes of life too frequently supply, learn wisdom from the example (quite a contrary one to that recorded last month) we have set before them, and learn, once for all, that, in their cases, "they are neither to wonder nor repine, that a

contract begun on such principles has ended in disappointment."*

The EARL of WARWICK has been some, but not a very warm, nor a very successful, supporter of the turf; that is, fair readers, of horse-racing. He now seldom, if ever, hazards his chances upon such amusement, rightly perhaps judging, with an ancestor's of his, that society is on a wrong basis, when characters meant for a certain line of duty assume a power to accomplish another, for which they were never manifestly intended.†

The *motto* of the family is singularly modest, yet pregnant with a lesson as if deduced from the very mouth of wisdom itself. *Via ra nostra voco;—I can scarce call these things our own!* is surely to ascribe to a *higher power* the giving of those honours which neither mortal prowess, (and who remembers not the power and prowess of the *early WARWICKS*—their almost kingly pride, their certainly kingly defiance!) nor mortal deeds, can command; is surely to admit that in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, they may be stripped from our grasp, and the *coronet of to day*, be changed for the death fillet; the robes of the court-dress be altered to the winding sheet of to-morrow! Far off be the hour, when the *escutcheon, over its portal*, shall proclaim that such is the case in the dwelling of the EARL of WARWICK.‡

* Upon the principle that "suspicion always haunts the guilty mind," as "each thief doth fear each bush an officer," we should not marvel were certain *rather* public characters even in *high life* to consider we are here *making a cap for them*. All we reply is, that "conscience doth make cowards of us all," and if, upon reflexion of their own conduct, they fancy the *cap will fit*, in justice-name let them wear it; and the bells into the bargain.

† It was an EARL of WARWICK who, in his place in Parliament, stated, that "he did not wonder at the country going down-hill, since the rack-renters would not now be content to drink their cider, without a *glass of port-wine in it*," thereby inferring that they were *got beyond their business*. This speech of the EARL's, made him exceedingly unpopular with the agriculturists, and as the farmers at the market houses, drank *their pints of port*, they invariably, in an *ironical style*, prefaced their first glass with a toast to the "*liberal LORD WARWICK*." Does not, however, the context prove (when *cider* is even now deemed too good by many of our tillers of the soil) that his EARLSHIP *might have been right*. At all events it seems not improbable, that the days of

"The boy to the plough,
The girl to the cow,"

might come back again. Recurring, however, to the *present* Lord's racing speculations, we have now to add that he was lucky in getting a good bargain, in the purchase of *Merman*, from Mr. COOPER for £400. With this clever horse his Lordship subsequently won the King's Plate, thereby returning to his pocket a fourth of his previous outlay. Lord WARWICK ran another horse at Ascot, but which ran behind.

‡ This *dwelling* is one of the very few baronial castles which holds its state in the noble grandeur of former times; the very brocade-arrayed old housekeeper, grown in her calling, evidences of a former day; and the armour-trophied cloysters, the tapestried chambers, the oaken halls, all tell stories of the age when GUY, Earl of WAR-

BRETISLAW AND JUTTA.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

When Udalrich was Duke of Bohemia, there lived in Bavaria an illustrious Count, sprung from the imperial blood, and commonly called Otho the fair. This nobleman had a most lovely daughter named Jutta, whose virtue, gracefulness, and affability, were the theme of universal praise. In order to prevent her from the snares and contamination of artful and dangerous gallants, and to have her, at the same time, properly instructed in the Holy Scriptures, particularly the Book of Psalms, he took her to Regensburg, where he placed her, along with some other young ladies sent thither with the same view, in a well guarded convent, denominated Zumprod. Here, according to the common practice of those times, he left her consigned to the pious vigilance and tender care of the holy sisters, that presided over this institution. But notwithstanding the secluded manner in which Jutta now lived, the fame of her beauty, virtue, piety, and mental attainments, spread to the most distant countries, and soon reached the courtly residence of Bohemia's Duke.

Bretislav, the son of Udalrich, was as noble as he was handsome. Eminently endowed with every manly virtue, he excelled also in running, fencing, tilting, and in all the exercises which in those days of chivalry were considered to adorn the Knight. No sooner had the report of the beauteous Jutta's superior charms and qualities reached his ravished ears, than a flame kindled in his heart, which no power of reasoning could extinguish. It grew into the most ardent love and affection. To gain a sight of the charming maid, and, if possible, to obtain her for his lawful wife, became the sole object of his thoughts, the great aim of all his actions. For this purpose he was long considering his means, and devising plans for seizing and carrying off the chosen one of his heart; but all his favorite schemes were, on closer examination, found to be impracticable, till at length a thought suggested itself to his mind, by the faithful and successful execution of which he expected to attain the completion of his wishes. The Prince repaired immediately to his father, and begged his permission to attend the Court of the Emperor Conrad, in order to make himself acquainted with the customs, manners, and languages of other nations, which was granted him both cheerfully and without delay. Bretislav then chose thirty of the bravest and most active warriors of the country, and, accompanied by these, hastened straight towards Bavaria. On the road he strictly commanded them to treat him, during the journey, as their equal, and not as their Prince; and, accordingly, to converse with him on that footing. This injunction, however strange it might seem to them, was observed with implicit obedience.

wick, was talked of, and chivalry and tournaments flourished. By the way, the drinking cup, or "Guv's porridge pot" as it is called, is invariably shown as one of the *great* (so it is) wonders of the place. It holds one hundred gallons, and is usually filled and emptied on any great era in the family;—on the marriage of the Lord, the birth of an heir, the christening of a child, &c. &c. In fact, every traveller, whether for pleasure or profit, whose road is in its track, is unpardonable not to spend a day in viewing the wonders of Warwick Castle; it is, in fact, worth a journey, and a long one, on purpose.

Arrived at Regensburg, whither the Prince's eager desire had been so long directed, his first care was to walk assiduously round the convent, and seek some early opportunity to obtain a sight of the fair Jutta. Amidst these circuitous wanderings, a thousand various plans presented themselves to his heated imagination. At one time he was for storming the convent with his armed troops, and, amidst the confusion thereby created, to carry off the beloved fair, as the most precious booty bounteous Heaven could bestow upon his ardent zeal. But then, the small number of his companions would not allow him to entertain any rational hopes of success from an open attack. He therefore deemed it more prudent to try and gain admittance into the convent, and if he should prove fortunate enough to obtain a sight of the fair Jutta, to seize and carry her off in the face of every risk and danger. This last scheme seemed to him the most feasible; he abode by it, and fortune favored him in the execution.

One Friday morning, some of the ladies boarding in the convent, and among these the lovely Jutta, received directions from the Lady Abbess to ring the bells for vespers. At the very time when they were performing that sacred duty, the Prince happened to enter the church, soon recognised the Countess by her unequalled beauty and costly apparel, and was so enraptured with her charming person, that he could hardly restrain his emotion, and continued gazing upon her with immovable eyes, and looks of the most impassioned affection.

His remarkable appearance did not escape Jutta's observation. It soon attracted her undivided attention. She also directed, in her turn, her scrutinizing eyes towards him, and the longer she viewed him, the less was she able to withdraw them. He was indeed a most elegant youth, tall and handsome in person, possessing a truly noble expression of countenance, and the most prepossessing demeanour. Hardly could Jutta persuade herself that this was the first time of her seeing him, so thoroughly did his exterior answer the original model, which, in many a solitary moment, her active fancy had framed of the man, over whose house she would feel happy to preside as the lawful mistress.

For some time both of them remained speechless, and gazing upon each other. At length, Bretislav awoke from this state of stupor; approached with beating heart the object of his wishes; seized her with his vigorous arms, and, without experiencing much resistance from herself, or any great obstructions from those present, who, lost in amazement, knew not what measures to pursue, carried her without loss of time out of the church, then promptly mounted his swift steed, which was in waiting for him in the forecourt of the convent, and placed his beloved behind him, intending to rush with the utmost expedition through the gateway.

In the mean time, all was stirring in the convent, and on the first report of this act of violence, all the watchmen and servants hastened to the spot, and were fastening across the gateway a large iron chain kept for the express purpose of barring the passage. At this very moment the Prince arrived, and seeing himself in this extremity of danger, did not hesitate long, but drew his strong and trusty sword from the scabbard, and at one stroke severed the chain, to the terror and astonishment of all; and without further impediment, rode off full speed with his precious charge.

No sooner were the Prince's companions informed of this adventure, than they also hastened to their horses, and pre-

pared to follow their undaunted leader. During these transactions, the numerous vassals and dependants of the convent had found time to assemble, and began to press hard upon the Prince's troop. These, though overpowered by the constantly increasing number of their opponents, fought with such determined valour, that they secured their Prince's flight, and their own retreat to the neighbouring forests, even before night set in, and put a stop to the pursuit.

For two days and as many nights, Bretislav and Jutta travelled through the gloomy darkness of these forests, and on the third day reached, at last, the confines of Bohemia. Freed now from all apprehensions of their pursuers, they proceeded on their journey with less haste, and greater comfort and convenience. But within the convent walls reigned the greatest confusion, astonishment, and consternation, respecting this extraordinary achievement; the more so, as not even the smallest suspicion could be entertained of who this mighty knight was, that could cut an iron chain asunder with as much ease as another would an hempen rope. The guards carried the links of the broken chain about them with admiration to the wondering multitude. In later times the chain itself was suspended from the walls of the convent, and was long viewed as a remarkable object of curiosity.

By this time Bretislav had arrived with his beloved Jutta at the Court of his anxious father. To him he gave a faithful account of all the various circumstances connected with his no less hazardous than successful enterprise. The Duke could not conceal his surprise and astonishment, but the inward joy he derived from the thought that Heaven had so graciously protected his noble-minded son admitted all his dangers, would admit of no allay. He determined to overlook the consequences, and without offering the smallest opposition, allowed the bishop to unite the now happy couple in holy wedlock. Bretislav, however, could not entirely divest himself of uneasiness respecting the result of this venturesome exploit, and therefore sent immediately after his marriage some confidential servants to Regensburg, to procure every intelligence possible of the light in which it was viewed in Bavaria. These servants, on their return, informed him, that Count Otho the fair, in the violence of his grief for the loss of his daughter, was incessantly importuning the Emperor to assist him in revenging the affront. And though the Emperor was a sincere lover of peace, he yielded at last to the unremitting solicitations of the Count, for whom he entertained an unfeigned respect; and swore that, to avenge the insult offered to him and his daughter, he would drive both the Duke and his son out of Bohemia, and establish the Count in the heart of that country. When Duke Udalrich heard of the Emperor's resolution, he felt his mind filled with alarm; but the manly and chivalrous spirit of Bretislav remained undismayed. In order, however, not to occasion farther uneasiness and trouble to his revered father, he took leave of him and retired with his newly espoused wife to Moravia, the sovereignty over which had lately been assigned to him by his indulgent parent. Here he continued for the space of six years, in the full enjoyment of undisturbed peace, and of the highest felicity in the sweet society of his beloved Jutta. Then at length burst over him the storm that had so long been gathering on the side of Germany, threatening himself and his dominions with utter ruin and destruction.

To fulfil the engagements, to the performance of which he had bound himself by oath to Count Otho, the Emperor

Conrad had issued orders for the levying of a considerable army; and, preparatory to his intended invasion of Bohemia, had sent ambassadors to both Duke Udalrich and his son Bretislav, demanding of him immediately to restore his daughter to Count Otho, and to pay a fine of two hundred weight of gold to himself, by way of reparation for the misdemeanour. It was at the same time announced to them, that unless they complied with these demands, the Emperor would resort to forcible measures to obtain the restitution of Count Otho's daughter; in short, that he would lay the whole land of Bohemia waste by fire and sword, and fix his throne in the ancient town of Bunzlau, which city lay in the very centre of the country.

It is said that Conrad was further instigated to this violent act of aggression, by the treacherous counsel of Preslaw Wizzowir, that declared enemy of the reigning dynasty. This ungenerous man, actuated by a most vindictive spirit, was incessantly labouring to impress upon the Emperor's mind a vast idea of the immense wealth that flowed into the Duke's treasury from his Bohemian mines; and by thus working upon Conrad's avarice, added not a little ardour to his zeal in the cause of Otho.

The Imperial Ambassador, as may be easily supposed, met with no very favorable reception at the Bohemian Court. Their imperious demands were rejected with disdain, which greatly increased their master's anger.

He accordingly ordered his numerous army, consisting of the choicest troops of Bavaria, Saxony, Misnia, and of other German nations, to assemble without loss of time; and, at the head of these, entered without opposition the Bohemian confines.

It was with the utmost dismay that Duke Udalrich heard of this invasion of his territories. But his undaunted son inspired him with fresh courage; collected speedily a respectable force of brave and well armed Bohemians and Moravians, promised his father to chase the Germans, like a swarm of wasps, from his dominions; and full of confidence in his own powers, made a solemn vow, in his turn, to visit Germany itself with fire and sword.

Relying on the attachment of his hardy and valiant fellow warriors, Bretislav marched with alacrity to meet the Emperor, who had, in the mean time, pitched his camp upon a high hill, not far from the confines. When the latter heard from his scouts of Bretislav's determination to make head against him in the field, and try the chance of war, he began to intrench his camp with all possible care and expedition, for having persuaded himself that the Bohemians, so far from venturing on an engagement, would not even dare to wait his coming, he was quite unprepared for such heroic boldness as Bretislav and his brave followers manifestly displayed. But he now saw the necessity he would be under of fighting a decisive battle, and that too very soon, as the intrepid troops of Bretislav had already advanced to within three bow-shot of the Emperor's outposts.

And now both parties were intent upon their several arrangements for the battle, which was on the eve of being fought; especially Bretislav, who united prudent foresight with a truly chivalrous spirit, bearing constantly in mind the certainty of war, and the doubtful chance of victory, forgot nothing that might either procure a successful issue, or, in case of unexpected defeat, ensure a safe retreat to himself and his brave followers.

Whilst the Bohemian hero was still engaged in these reflections and preparations, he was surprised by the sudden

appearance of his so much beloved Jutta. Mounted on her favorite snow-white palfrey, she came galloping into the camp; and seeing her husband surrounded by both the whole of his staff, and the generals of his army, she immediately alighted, went up to him, and, with tears in her eyes, entreated him to defer the meditated attack for a few days, as she entertained well-founded hopes that she should be able to bring the existing differences which indeed regarded herself only to an amicable adjustment, and thus prevent bloodshed, and save the lives of many a dear friend and relation now opposed to each other with the most hostile design.

Bretislav could not refuse to comply with her request. She accordingly sent immediately a trusty servant to the Emperor, and another to her father the fair Otho, demanding a free passage and admittance to the imperial presence, together with a guard sufficient to secure her safety both in going and returning.

When the Count heard his dear daughter's name mentioned, he felt the most unbounded joy, and even to the Emperor it afforded great pleasure. He had reason to suspect the attachment of his people, and was not a little alarmed at the thought of having to meet in battle the valiant Bretislav and his brave companions. Hence both the Emperor and the Count, having heard of his determination to oppose them in the field, would have cheerfully agreed to an accommodation with the Duke and his son; but their pride would not admit of their making the first advances. As they, however, now conceived that the chief object of Jutta's request of a safe conduct, was to promote a mutual reconciliation, they gladly embraced this favorable opportunity of extricating themselves with some appearance of honor from their critical situation, and readily granted her request, and sent the Emperor, commissioned her own ambassador, to inform her of his willing compliance.

Upon the return of the ambassador, this amiable daughter, attended by a suitable retinue, proceeded straight to the imperial camp, where her father, who had not seen her for such a length of time, received her with the tear of joy starting from his eye, and with every demonstration of undiminished parental affection, and conducted her without delay to the imperial tent. After being introduced to the Emperor, whose eyes could not but dwell with unfeigned pleasure upon her lovely form, she addressed him without displaying the smallest symptoms of embarrassment, and in a strain of the most persuasive eloquence used such cogent and unanswerable arguments,—such forcible representations of the absurdity and unprofitableness of this untoward contest,—of the great probability that its issue would prove unfavorable to the imperial army,—of the possibility of an amicable adjustment of its causes, and of her beloved husband's willingness to proffer the hand in amity, that Conrad, whose natural disposition leaned more towards peace than war, that he gave a kind and attentive hearing to the whole of her reasoning, of the correctness of which he began to feel fully convinced. Similar means of persuasion, to which were added the most urgent entreaties and the most lively expressions of filial anxiety for the dear life of her father, were employed with him, and did not fail to find an easy passage to his heart. In short, the no less amiable than beautiful Jutta left the camp with the gratifying reflection of having performed her duty, as a subject, daughter, and wife, and with the pleasing and consolatory answer, that if her husband would yield obeisance to the Emperor his liege lord, and allow him to march un-

molested to Altbrinzelaw, and place, agreeably to the oath he had sworn, his throne in that city, a firm and lasting peace should be immediately concluded; amity should be restored, and for the future reign between the Emperor and Bohemia's Duke; and Jutta should remain at present, and continue for life with her beloved lord.

Jutta did not delay to communicate the whole result of her journey to her anxious husband, and to use all her influence to prevail on him to accept the proposed conditions. Nor were her pious endeavours unavailing. Bretislav summoned immediately a council of war, in which it was unanimously resolved, that the Emperor's proposals should be accepted, provided some of the more humiliating conditions were remitted; and that Bretislav were on his side allowed to ravage and burn some German villages on the borders of Bohemia, to save him from violating the solemn oath he had sworn, to lay Germany waste by fire and sword. And now Jutta once more proceeded as mediator to the Imperial camp. Both parties released in some degree the offensive part of their demands; and an agreement was accordingly concluded.

On the morning of the following day, as the narrative of the respectable Bohemian Chronicler, Wenzel Hageh von Liborzau, represents this singular interview, Duke Bretislav, betook himself with only a small escort, and yet in great state, to the Emperor's tent. In it a temporary stage had been erected of about man's height, and on it a throne, on which the Emperor was seated, the whole being covered with a rich canopy. Hitherto he was conducted by the Emperor's chamberlains, who made him ascend eight steps, and then prostrate himself before the Emperor, to which humiliation his affection for his dear Jutta made him readily submit. At this very moment, the cunning Germans, who had dexteriously contrived to fashion the covering of the tent in such a manner that it might on a sudden be easily removed, loosed the cords that kept it up, and thus exposed to the view of both armies, the gallant Bretislav kneeling before the Emperor who was seated on throne. At sight of this humiliating spectacle, the Bohemian warriors inflamed with rage and indignation were eager to fall without delay upon the Germans; and now resounded from all quarters the cry for battle and the din of arms. But the generous and intrepid Bretislav rushed immediately from the Emperor's presence into the midst of his incensed companions, and ordered the chiefs to do their utmost to allay the turmoil. He exhorted, commanded and entreated; and at length succeeded in appeasing the infuriated multitude, whom he that same day disbanded, with leave to return to their several homes. The next day he accompanied the Emperor to Altbrinzelaw, treating him constantly with all the respect, due from a duke to his sovereign lord. Here the Emperor was seated on a throne of stone, which had been prepared for the purpose, when Bretislav again did him the homage, and was again received into favor; he was presented with a new shield and brilliant arms. The Emperor relieved him from some humiliating duties, and permitted him and his descendants for the future to bear, as his ancestors had done, a black Eagle, touched by the flames of Heaven, on a white field. Bretislav then dispatched some of his cavalry, to fulfil his vow by burning two or three villages in Germany.

Not long after Conrad and Count Otho took leave of Bretislav, and returned in peace into their country. But Preslaw Wizsowir, the chief instigator of the whole, find-

ing that his plans and counsel had entirely failed, and dreading the Emperor's anger, withdrew to Poland. Bretislav lived to an advanced age, in the full enjoyment of comfort and happiness with his beloved Jutta, who bore him five sons, the eldest of whom, named Spitilinev, was his successor in the duchy which, after the death of his father Udalrich, had fallen to him. When he at length, after a long reign, paid the last debt of nature, he was universally mourned and regretted by all his subjects, and left behind the reputation of having been a wise, active, and prudent ruler, ever anxiously intent upon the welfare of his people.

EVENING LANDSCAPE.

*Goldner Schein
Deckt den Hayn.*

The Woodland height,
With magic light
Is deck'd—and o'er the castle walls
The golden tinge of Evening falls.
The silent sea
Flows ripplingly;
And, swan-like, gliding to its home,
We see the Fisher's light skiff come.
The silver sand
Gleams on the strand;—
Now redder here, now paler there,
The hues of heaven the bright waves bear.
The zephyr-bound
The golden crown'd
And rushy-cover'd foreland height,
Is circled by the sea-bird's flight.
'Midst blushing flow'rs
And close-twined bow'rs
And fountain's drops, with gems that vie,
The Hermit's cell salutes the eye.
While on the stream
Day's parting beam
Fast fades, and, o'er the ruins grey
Of yon old castle, dies away.
The lone moon pale
Shines through the vale,
Lighting the warrior's sunken tomb—
Where spirits seem to haunt the gloom.

T. W. KELLY.

THE BROKEN HEART,

A TALE.

"The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd,
Will fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves will droop away." BYRON.
"A whirlwind from the desert comes, and all is in the dust!"
Literary Souvenir.

Marian Woodley was the sweetest specimen of artless innocence, whose beauties irradiated the glades and meadows of the beautiful valley of C—, a little spot of earth whose pride and envy seemed unknown, and passion buried in the beautiful magnificence of nature; where every face

bore a smiling aspect, unmarked by the furrows of care, untinted by the fearful colouring of sorrow,—where the earth, the air, the skies, seemed to mingle in unison and harmony, and to breathe content and peace, and where the weary and the riven-hearted might lay down their sorrows and be at rest. Marian was the presiding deity of this sylvan scene, honoured, respected, nay almost idolized by the villagers, there was not a lip that did not join in the universal prayer that was breathed for her prosperity, there was not a hand that would not have been raised in her support, had circumstances rendered such an interference necessary. She was just blossoming into womanhood, upon that interesting verge, when the girlish indifference is struggling for mastery with the more subdued and matured feelings, and throwing additional interest upon every feature of her character, from the contending emotions which agitate the heart. She was not really beautiful, but while gazing on her pale expressive features, where benevolence and content seemed to mingle and unite, you heeded not the formal rules by which opinion is influenced, but thought her of excessive loveliness; her cheeks were pale, white as the pure unspotted lily, but her eyes, her soft blue eyes, seemed melting into tenderness and pity wherever their glances fell: her bright auburn hair too, of the same delicate tinge, harmonized with the peculiar beauty of the countenance, so fair, that it seemed made not for this nether world, but rather to inhabit realms of purity, as that itself was pure. But Marian was an orphan; though few in years, sorrow had already passed its fearful hand across her heart, and affliction had subdued in her bosom that little germ of pride, which is always incidental to the period of youth; thus while engaged in acts of kindness and benevolence—while, like an angel of pity, pouring a healing balm into the scathed breast, the tears of sympathy were excited for her own sufferings, and the voice of gratitude for her heavenly deeds. Marian Woodley was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the defence of his country, and left his only child to the care of a distant relation, who had often befriended him, and to whose generosity in his last moments he confided Marian. Mr. Welford, however, was altogether a man of the world, he could feel for the sufferings of his fellow-beings, but his sympathy was transient, and soon entirely forgotten in the more attractive engagements in which he was employed; he received Marian to his home as the legacy of a dear friend, and endeavoured to treat her in a manner which he considered the laws of honor and humanity demanded, but to real kindness Mr. Welford was a stranger; he considered that his interesting charge required nothing more than education and a home, and in extending to her those advantages, considered that he had discharged his duty: he had also a daughter, rather older than Marian, but whose habits, manners and disposition were totally dissimilar; Julia Welford was, indeed, what might be expected to result from education under such a system as her father's; he took no pains to encourage or promote the kinder feelings of the heart, which were at length overrun and choked by the spreading weeds that so eagerly twine among the tender blossoms of virtue, and destroy them at length by their noxious power. Julia envied Marian the good name which she enjoyed among the peasantry, but had not courage to imitate her virtues; she would discern her faults, and reprobate, but Marian bore her sufferings contentedly, she was acquainted with affliction, and the jealous rivalry of Julia was forgiven with a sigh.

The nature of Mr. Welford's engagements attracted always a considerable number of friends to his country-mansion, but notwithstanding the daughter of the host essayed to throw the virtues of the orphan Marian into the shade by an affectation of superior goodness, the silent loveliness of the latter, spoke a language more forcibly to the heart than all the energies of Julia; the meek and simple elegance of Marian, her artless manners, and the tones "so silver sweet" in which her every word was uttered, irresistibly attached each eager listener, and while the evident efforts of Julia were turned from in disdain, the humble innocence of Marian excited friendship and esteem.

Among the numerous visitors at Mr. Welford's, no one appeared more attached to Marian than a Mr. Willoughby, an elegant and accomplished young man, of high and influential connections; he appeared completely fascinated by her unpretending manners, and every hour spent in her society, appeared to endear her more fondly to him, nor was the fair girl insensible to the attentions of Willoughby, her heart owned a secret prepossession in his favour, she believed him kind and amiable as herself, and when he talked of that intense but delicate passion which she alone had excited in his breast, she murmuringly confessed each secret thought of her innocent soul. Alas! she knew not the human heart: in her artless confidence she thought she perceived regard in every face that wore a smile, that there was happiness in every word that breathed it, and that each murmur that fell from the beguiling lip was true, as she herself was true.

Edward Willoughby was a man of fashion, one of the *élite* of *ton*, whose pride was pandered to by the mis-called refinements of that little "world" which excludes all that bears not its own peculiar seal and impress. Tired and palled with the *tedia* of the many pleasures of town, he had fled from the *ennui* which they encouraged, to divert his thoughts by enjoying the rustic pleasures of the country. An adept in the arts of gallantry, he was skilled in all those little artifices that succeed in making favorable impressions upon woman's heart, which generally seeks no farther than the surface ere it relies implicit confidence, too often to experience blighted hopes and faith betrayed, a broken heart, and an early grave. Willoughby was certainly not a man of a bad disposition, but the natural sentiments of his heart had been perverted, from the eagerness of the varied beauties that had irradiated his path of life, to attract attention and ensnare regard: his penetrating eye could discover the lurking motive that was hidden in the little captivating artifices of women, and, unfortunately, meeting in his progress none but those whose charms were disfigured by such characteristics, he deemed that woman's faith and woman's love,—the refinement of her feelings, the innocence of her affection, the strength of her constancy, that undying fidelity which gleams above the ruins of fortune, and expires but with life itself,—he deemed them all but the specious artifices of poetry and romance, to attract attention to mere tales of what woman ought to be, rather than as the reality in which woman in many situations actually was. It was through this bigotted medium that he beheld Marian Woodley; never in his eventful course of existence, had he beheld a creature so wholly infatigable, he had no ideas of the truth, he believed such attributes but fables, and unsophisticated woman to have no reality in nature. Marian had attracted his attention in the same manner as many other beauties had previously done, and

the same gallantries he had been accustomed to use, served also to ensnare the affections of the village maid, but here the similitude ends:—Willoughby could declare eternal love, call the most sacred powers to witness for his sincerity, without scruple as to the truth of those vows, or indeed any desire that they should be considered true, but Marian's heart was unacquainted with such perverted feelings. Willoughby declared he loved, and Marian believed; no sentiment can convey more fully the nature of her thoughts than that one word, she *believed*; in a warm, youthful, and enthusiastic heart, like hers, belief is truth, affection, sympathy, and love. Her every thought became associated with her love, the only image that floated before her deluded eyes in the dreams of day, the predominant, the only subject of her visions in the night; all her hopes were placed upon his constancy, and with such fervor were his transports uttered, so sincere did all his vows appear, that Marian could have staked her life upon his truth. Her life *was* staked, but her stake was on a bending reed; the winds of heaven blew around it, and like those winds was the object that held her happiness—fragile, false and fickle: it bent beneath the blast and broke, and the hopes of the maiden perished!

The beautiful retreats in the peaceful valley of C—, apparently first formed by nature for souls of poetry and romance, where the enraptured mind might drink inspiration from that brilliant gush of heaven that flowed from grove and bower, mountain, waterfall and rill, raised high the emotions of Willoughby and Marian, as they traversed delightedly through all the varied beauties of the scene, each serving to awaken newer and happier impulses, and to raise them, for the moment, superior even to humanity. This is the characteristic of love, *real* love; let those who are unsusceptible of its enjoyment, censure or deny; this feeling, this deep enrapturement, pure even from its very deepness, attends, surely attends every heart in which the refinement of the passion is experienced; it may be transient, alas, too often it is (dare we say there are but few exceptions) but its very fragility adds to its intensity, and we more fervently enjoy the bliss that we know not how soon fate may snatch from us, and dwell in the intoxication of joy that the breath of a moment may leave us in tears, for ever.

"Yes, love, indeed, is light from heaven,

A spark of that immortal fire,

With angels shared, by Alla given,

To raise from earth our low desire."

The peculiar attention paid to the humble Marian, could not fail of awakening the envy and jealousy of the proud Julia Welford; and, in consequence, her every exertion was directed to the one great and important object, that of depriving the orphan of her lover. With all the resources that were at her command, it was but natural that she should succeed in her endeavours upon such a heart as Willoughby's, and they *were* successful. His situation in regard to Marian was altogether new, his sensations strange and undefined, it might have been that with such ductile materials, the orphan could have moulded the feelings and thoughts of her lover to the shape of her own, that she might have rooted the prejudices from his misguided, but not corrupted heart, and have led him into the paths of rectitude and honour, but happiness was not to be the lot of Marian, the fair flower held up its head for a draught of the sun's light, but ere the blooming cup could be warmed with the genial glow, a dark cloud rolled ra-

pidly between, and the blighted flowret died ! The attractions of Julia Welford flashed upon the sense of Willoughby with all the fervor of his old enjoyments, and the new delight, as yet too undefined to make him constant, was eagerly forsaken, for a renewal of the conquests that had heretofore attended his career in town.

Mr. Welford's mansion was now the splendid scene of gorgeous festivity ; the hills blazed with a thousand lights, and the crowded tables "cracked beneath the weight of curious viands." The light notes of music and minstrelsy resounded from various apartments, where groupes of dancers were thriving upon "light fantastic toe," the wildering mazes of the dance, every eye beamed gladness, reflecting the enjoyment of the heart, every face was irradiated with smiles, and every lip breathed joy and pleasure. Julia, the triumphant Julia, was the presiding goddess of the scene, the fascinated Willoughby her attending slave. Marian saw the attentions of her lover to her rival, but her fond heart placed too much confidence in his vows, to think for a moment he could be false and faithless ; those who had known the previous attachment pitied Marian, others, who knew it not, envied Julia the possession of such a lover.

Julia had been the confidante of Marian,—to her the inmost secret of her soul had been revealed, which now the treacherous girl converted to her advantage. Willoughby, much as he was fascinated by the artifices of Julia, still lingered round the shrine of Marian, fearful to lose her, and almost disbelieving the dark insinuations, that had been propagated by her rival, but the latter was determined to make her game sure, and by the deepest falsehoods and base ingratitude, weaned at length the regard of Willoughby from Marian, and the beautiful "lily of the vale" became utterly forsaken and despised.

A few months afterwards, Julia was the wife of Willoughby, but Marian knew it not ; the last to perceive the faithlessness of her lover, she was also the last to hear of Julia's treachery. Willoughby had parted from her with all those agonized regrets which he knew so well how to use, and which, even though suspecting the truth, she was willing to believe ; so ready are we to place confidence in those we love. She *must*, however, soon hear the dreadful truth ;—she did hear it. Appalled at the dreadful reality, she pressed her hand to her burning brow, but her sorrow was too deep for words ; not a tear fell, not a sigh was breathed, a mournful languor of her beautiful eyes was the only alteration visible upon her countenance ; but though no tear was on her eyelid, no sigh upon her lip, a deep corroding canker had struck to her heart, and its poison spread in every vein. Her exertions in the support of the poor peasantry, were still, however, unabated ; her ministry of pity unrelaxed ; but then when the day was closing, and the last rays of the sun's light beamed upon the tops of the surrounding hills, casting a beautiful richness upon the vale beneath, she would traverse the spots wherein she had previously listened to the vows of Willoughby,—dwell long in the glade and bower which memory had endeared to her, and then silently return again to her once happy home ; meekness and resignation mingled with the melancholy that characterized her countenance, and sometimes when "they won a smile," a deep rose-tint would play for the moment upon her delicate cheek, as if she blushed for the betrayal ; but, alas ! it was merely that hectic glow which flushes even in the arms of death, that awful note of inward decline which tells so sad a tale,—a mournful omen

of the grave. Once only afterwards was she heard to raise those powers of song with which she had been blessed by nature, those sweet bewildering powers which could "compose even care to silence," and that was the only time she ever alluded to the faithlessness of her lover. She was alone, at nightfall, in the little bower of clustering honeysuckle, in which they last parted, he with the strongest vows of love, she with mingled hopes and fears, those fears, alas ! too true. A voice of melody, so soft, so sweet, rose upon the wings of the breeze, and her every tone was breathed in such delightful accents, that it seemed

" ——— the warbling of a bird,
So sweet, so soft, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard.
That sort of sound we echo with a tear."

The moon was shining in the heavens, solitary and alone, like her own forsaken fate ; she regarded the beautiful orb with tearful sympathy, and thus breathed forth the deep feelings of her breaking heart.

MARIAN'S SONG.

I gave,—I gave a light blue flower,
When the farewell tear was starting,
That might throw a joy o'er the last sad hour,
And cheer the pain of parting.
And the light wing'd fairy leaves,
A magic power had got,
For ne'er on the heart that deceives,
Will bloom love's *Forget-me-not* !

Oh no, never !

And my kiss, and my kiss still glow'd on the flower,
He prest to his faithless lip,
And he vowed that no human strength nor power,
From his heart should the blue gem strip ;
But his vows are all false and broken,
Whilst despair is my only lot :
For is perish'd my true love token,
My fragile *Forget-me-not*.

He is blest, he is blest,—so they say of the throng
That crowd in his glittering home ;—
Oh no,—can the bliss of repose e'er belong
To the heart of the faithless one ?
No,—the traitor to love bears a sting in his breast,
And wretched and hopeless his lot ;—
Can the false one be happy ?—he ever have rest,
That blights love's *Forget-me-not* ?

Oh no, never !

Thus passed the hours of Marian ; deserted and desolate, she stood in the wide world like the blighted plantain in the desert, all within her bosom cold and cheerless, all around her barren, dreary and forlorn ; no ray of hope flashed for a moment across her path, her every feeling was absorbed in the calm sullenness of despair, and when she glided through the wildernesses of the valley, she appeared like an angelic spirit moving for a limited space upon the surface of the earth, to minister peace and pity to the careworn and unhappy ; she looked so beautiful even in her very sadness, so lovely even in the embrace of death. One fair summer's evening she was, as usual, melancholy, musing in one of those delightful spots which memory had endeared to her, though their enjoyment was mingled with such painful feelings.

" ——— There she stood,
Her head leant on her arm, the beech's trunk

Supporting her light figure, and one hand
 Prest to her heart as if to still its throbs ;
 You never might forget that face,—so young,
 So fair, yet traced with such deep characters
 Of inward wretchedness ! The eyes were dim
 With tears on the dark lashes ;—you look'd, and said
 What can have shadow'd such a sunny brow ?
 You turn'd away,—then came and look'd again,
 Watching that pale and silent loveliness,
 Till even sleep was haunted by the image !"

The last rays of the burning sun left the summit of the surrounding hills, and the pale moon rose in the heavens, to supply the place of the great orb of day, but Marian had not returned to her home. She had not for some time been accustomed to remain in the glades of the village, thus late ; the night air affected her, and her trembling feet occasionally refused to support even the pressure of her delicate frame. All attention, all the services of friendship were of no avail, she repaid the kindness of her grateful dependants with a smile that spoke the calm resignation of her heart. Often now was she missed from the cot of penury, often now was the abode of sorrow uncheered by the sympathy of Marian ; the work of the fell-destroyer, was, alas ! too near its fulfilment, and the angel of death waited but the summons to waft her spirit beyond the cares of earth. Her long stay from home, in consequence, excited the most painful apprehensions, and as the winged hours sped, the fears of Mr. Welford became greater, and he at length departed in search of his lovely charge.

Marian was still lingering on the melancholy spot, but every moment that she stayed, increased her inability to return ; there she stood, leaning against the beech tree that supported her delicate form, her brain was burning, but her heart was cold, cold as the faithless world ;—a light breeze floated over the brow, and in some degree revived her dying spirits, her languor departed, and she essayed to return. Trembling and slowly she progressed through the entangled paths, so difficult, but still so well, so fondly known to her, and at length emerged into the road-way. The moon was shining calmly and clearly in the sky, tipping the leaves of the trees and flowers with all its silvery splendour, and imparting a holiness and purity of aspect to every thing around ; Marian sighed as she gazed upon such delusive bliss, so flattering, but still so false ; could such a world, apparently so chaste and beautiful, and holy, know aught but good ?

A slight noise in the distance caught the ear of the mourner, and as she turned her face to discover whence the sounds proceeded, the light of the moon fell upon a horseman that appeared rapidly progressing in the same direction as herself ; in a few moments he was passing, Marian cast a hasty, trembling glance, and discovered in the passing stranger the person of the faithless Willoughby ; unable to withstand her emotions at the sight, she shrieked, and fell senseless upon the ground. Willoughby instantly sprung from his horse, and raised the dying girl in his arms. The surprise, however, of the meeting had been fatal, the shock had severed the last fragile tie that held her to the world, and now her spirit was departing. Willoughby pressed her hand in his, but no pulse returned the pressure, he called upon her loved name, raved of the perfidy of Julia, which he had discovered, and from whom he had separated, and strove to restore her again to animation, but Marian raised only her fair

eyelids to gaze once more upon his face, and for the first time those beautiful orbs were suffused in tears. Willoughby pressed her to his bosom, and endeavoured to raise her upon his horse, but she motioned him to desist, " Forgive me, dearest," exclaimed the agonized lover ; " I do,—I do !" murmured the dying girl, and with forgiveness on her lips, she sunk lifeless in his arms. The agonies of mortality were past,—she had fled from a bad world to seek communion with kindred spirits in the skies, the cup of affliction had now passed from her lips, its canker was destroyed,—the path of her existence had been rugged and thorny, the pilgrimage of life most painful, but her pure spirit was now wafted to a better sphere,—the hope of sorrow, virtue's great reward, that world of joy, where the scathed heart is healed, where the " wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Mr. Welford arrived in search of his ward, but to receive her lifeless from the arms of Willoughby, who was now, alas ! too late awakened to a sense of his injustice, and the evil disposition of his wife. Julia returned to her father, and Willoughby retired from the busy world, to solitude and seclusion, but he bore with him that grief that springs from crime,—his crime a *broken heart*.

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THE VAULTED CHAMBER.

During a long autumn evening, when the heavens were black and lowering, and the rain beat against the windows, and the bleak wind whistled over the hills ; at a late hour, on such an evening there was assembled at an old castellated mansion in Cumberland, a numerous party of young persons, whose hilarity and good-humour was loudly called upon, to counteract the effect of the appalling elemental strife.

The great hall had been lately refitted in modern taste ; nevertheless, the owners had retained some fine specimens of gothic ornament, which rendered it still a little gloomy in appearance, but the party which surrounded the hospitable hearth were so occupied in their amusements, that time passed unheeded.

One principal subject that engrossed their attention, was the terrible and frightful tales of by-gone days ; and the old village pastor, (who formed one of the groupe,) contributed not a little to these details. He told of travellers who lost their way in the woods, and were never heard of more ; of secret doors which had been known to open imperceptibly, and give entrance to mysterious and horrible personages ; and of dark vaults where the condemned vassals of ancient lordlings were shut up for ever from human eyes. The candles had been neglected during these recitals, consequently the snuff emitted an unequal and dull light, which was in unison with the subject.

For some minutes a dead silence reigned throughout the apartment, when the curate smilingly resumed the conversation, asking, " which of them would venture at that late hour to descend into the vaults of the castle, and inscribe his name upon the blackened wall ?" The females shuddered and turned pale ; but the jocularity of the old man soon restored their former gaiety.

Emma, the beautiful daughter of the house, was affianced to her cousin Lionel, and on the point of marriage. The lover, confident of his courage, and wishing to look well in the eyes of her friends, (we suppose) started up, saying, " I will venture to descend into those vaults, and I am

sure that my lovely cousin will not refuse to accompany me thither." Accordingly having lighted a branch of pine which lay ready to replenish the fire, he took Emma by the hand, and they disappeared amidst the plaudits of the company.

They peaceably thrived the numerous windings of the dark abyss. Emma, however, being vain of her courage, insisted upon leading the way, and ran laughing onward. A sudden thought flashed over Lionel's mind: "what if I were to leave her to find her way alone through these vaults? we should see to what an extent her courage would reach?"

Emma, who proceeded in her project, had already reached the last division, thinking with how steady a hand she would trace their two names upon the humid wall; when quickly the torch-light grew dim and flickering, and feebly shadowed upon the opposite wall a menacing form. Emma was terrified—she turned back, and found herself alone; deserted!—Her fears were overpowering; imagination pictured a thousand phantoms in pursuit of her—she fled! she screamed! and the echo of the vaults repeated the sound. All at once an irresistible force arrested her steps,—her blood froze—her hair stood erect—she essayed to utter a piercing shriek—but nature was exhausted, and she fell senseless on the earth.

Meantime, Lionel finding she did not return, began to feel uneasy, and retrod the path to where he had left her, calling aloud upon her name; but no voice of Emma greeted him. At length on reaching the entrance of a small vaulted chamber, he found the lovely girl lying with her face to the ground, her dress having been caught by the old rusty hinge of the door. He darted forward and raised her in his arms, but his Emma was become a lifeless corpse!

SERENADE.

"Good night, love!"

The sun on the western hills casts his last ray,
His last sparkling beams are fast fading from our sight;
Languid and weary, I hail the glad close of day,
And sing, dearest Adelaide, good night,—good night,—
Good night, love!

The lonely wanderer benighted on the moor,
Gains some friendly hut by the moon's pale light;
Greeted with a joyous welcome at the forester's door,
He joins the minstrel peasants as they sing,—good night,—
Good night,—good night!

Darkly lowers the evening clouds, and threat'ning is the gloom,
Fled from our darkling realms is every ray of solar light;
No beam of joyous sunshining the vast expanse illumines,
Then dearest, dearest Adelaide, good night,—good night,—
Good night, love!

L. PERCY.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

What a bewildering scene is presented by the *coup-d'œil* of a pictorial exhibition! Having ascended a sober flight or two of stairs, hung with gray, or crimson drapery,

according to the taste of the committee, we suddenly break upon a view which, at once, confuses the ideas and scatters the imagination. Eye and ear are assailed and overwhelmed: dazzling colours, glittering frames, fairy forms and features, floating ringlets of shadowy silk, eyes brighter than diamonds, and lips sweeter than the damask rose; *Blonde*, and Brussels, golden opera glasses, chains and pendants, contribute to the pageantry of the thing, while the hum of admiration, the whisper of enquiry, the cynic tone of censure, and, occasionally, the merry laugh strike upon the *tympanum* and utterly confound the judgment. A few minutes elapse and enable us to recover from the embarrassment of an *entrée*. There,—standing before that spirited, and singular production by *Cattermole*,—is an Artist; his dress, his manner and his expression point him out; a certain negligent appearance of the gentleman, as if his *surcoat* had been thrown on in his painting-room, a wild disorder in his hair (sometimes assumed as the insignia of *genius*) and a *bizarre* adjustment of his neck-cloth and collar, are the external indications of his profession. As for his brow, pale with study and inspiration, it displays thought and enthusiasm, while an air of pleasure and surprise blended with the fervor of the painter, dwells upon his features as, with folded arms, he silently contemplates the admirable design before him, and welcomes a brother candidate for fame. In that corner, studiously gazing upon the exquisite specimen by *Cox*, is a critic,—a little elderly man with a face of mingled acidity and sweetness, shrewd and satirical; tablets in the one hand, and pencil in the other, he is busied in noting down his observations for the benefit of the "gentle readers" of some monthly oracle of rank and fashion, and seems, while thus occupied, as wholly undisturbed by the buzz around him as though he were the sole tenant of the place. What! have we female critics also? If not, why does that young lady with a *Je-ne-scai-quoi* in her countenance, and a quizzical cast with her eye-glass, why does she pop notes into her catalogue and fix her eyes upon the masterly productions of *De Wint*? Oh! it is plain,—she is a *theorist* and is, perhaps, willing to inform the world that blue and yellow make green, and that neutral tint is the basis of water-colour drawings. But stay, there is something more attractive in the graceful girl beside her; the characters of delight and admiration illuminate her youthful features, as the works of *Cox*, *Fielding*, *Barret*, and *Gastineau*, salute her eyes; with one hand she removes the long clustering ringlets of auburn brown that fall in rich luxuriance down her face, while the other is passed through the arm of her companion: she seems scarcely fifteen, but, from the expression of her pale and intelligent countenance, we dare swear that she is an Artist in *embryo*. Who are those ladies forming a *trio* round "*The domestic scene*" by *Miss Sharpe*? The eldest displays a mien worthy of being commemorated in marble—*Behnes* or *Baily* would find in it a noble model,—a commanding brow, an eye of powerful expression, a nose somewhat inclined to the aquiline, and an intellectual mouth, animated by a sunny smile, form the outlines of her face. From the marked resemblance between them, the fair girl, with dark eyes and hair, upon her right, is evidently her daughter, but who the arch maiden, on her left, may be, we cannot possibly determine, stay—she addresses the senior as her "*Aunt*," an indescribable sportiveness of character plays upon her features—something *piquante* and lively

to an extreme. A dark complexion with light hair, grey eyes full of vivacity, and a mouth capable of infinite expression impress the spectator—her figure is *petite* and inclining to *en bon point*, her air *French* and striking. Curiosity enquires "who they are?" but the initiated, only can reply. Lo! in the centre of the room, is a dashing Life-Guardsman, all scarlet and gold, essence and impudence, laughing loudly, talking audibly, and staring impertinently at every bit of *Blonde* that passes. Near him, a mingled contrast and reproof, is the sober figure of a Reverend divine; his staid expression, clerical hat, formal wig, sable attire, and square-toed shoes, with their silver buckles, tell quaintly, against the military swagger and ostentation of the officer. There is a young puppy just liberated from the *surveillance* of his *mamma*, and longing to tread in the steps of his *papa*;—a hat stuck on the top of his head, hair frizzed into a bush on either side, face buried in his collar, a waist *literally nothing* in comparison with that of the celebrated and beautiful *Duchess of D—*, (the political patroness of the great *Charles James*), a pair of feet, mathematically placed in the fifth position, with a catalogue in one hand, and a delicate little horsewhip under his arm, complete his appearance. He affects the air of an "exquisite," and utters lisping impertinences upon the works which he cannot appreciate. But we must cut short the thread of our *personal* remarks and turn from the *animate* to the *inanimate* portion of the scene, of which we may premise that it sustains the character of "*The Society of Water Colour Painters*," and affords a flattering promise of its future exertions.

No 4.—"Comrades free

Carousing after victory"—G. CATTERMOLLE.

A spirited composition happily arranged; the touch like the dash of *Salvator*, is full of fire and impatience. There is nothing finished, or laboured in the drawings of *Cattermole*; originality, perfect originality of style pervades the whole of his performances; bold, broad and vigorous, they seem the hasty impressions of a mind teeming with the stores of genius, conceived in an instant and struck off in the moment of inspiration.

No. 9. "*Distant view of Ambleside, Westmorland*," H. GASTINEAU.—A beautiful view of a romantic spot fit for the contemplation of the Poet and the Painter.—In richness of colour, harmony of tone, and mellowness of pencil, *Gastineau* is, particularly, fortunate. An Autumnal splendour, a sweet and solemn stillness, a golden and luxuriant twilight, breathe a charm over his productions, that renders them secure claimants of admiration.

No. 13. "*Part of an ancient palace at Bamberg*," S. PROUT.—In the delineation of ancient continental structures there is perhaps no artist superior to *Prout*; but with considerable mastery, and much originality of style, it is to be regretted that he is too decidedly a *mannerist* to study nature with veracity.

No. 17. "*Cottages on a Common*," D. COX.—A *bijou*, by one of our cleverest water-colour painters. Glare of colour, flashy bravura of touch and fictitious effects of light and shade are wholly excluded from this artist's productions. Calm and unobtrusive, yet invested with that exquisite charm which a faithful adherence to nature, only, can impart, they present the true testimonials of genius, and are as dear to the eye of the *real connoisseur*, as the flaring impertinences of a meretricious pencil are repulsive to his taste. One little bit of his lonely road-side scenery, with a ruined mill, a plashy stream, a broken arch, and a distant

common, is, to us, like the breath of music, or a dream of poetry.

No. 19. "*Retirement*," G. BARRET.—Illustrative of a passage from *Beattie*. Wild and solemn, with no small degree of singularity in his style, BARRET is, nevertheless, not entirely to our *gout*; grand and imposing as his landscapes unquestionably are, they are, still, forced in their effect, and often slovenly in their execution; and while there is much of classical beauty in his conceptions, they are not unfrequently black and heavy.

No. 22. "*View of Lincoln from the Brayford*," P. DE WINT.—A splendid production by this captivating artist: the varied features of wood and water, earth and air, are felicitously portrayed. A broad mellow pencil, the very touch of which floats like shadowy gold upon the paper, a judicious arrangement of colour, and a sweet and sunny aspect in the light and shade, confer value upon his performances.

No. 38. "*Composition from the Odyssey—Nausicaa and her Attendants*," COPLEY FIELDING.—A landscape in the classical style of *Gaspar Foussin*; warm and luxuriant, and, perhaps, one of the most favorable specimens of the artist. Deep olives, shadowy greens, mellow purples, and a bright blue distance, constitute the features of the colouring. The figures are grouped and sketched with spirit; but why do our landscape painters so much disdain the study of "the human form divine," as to transform it into any thing but "*divine*" when they attempt it? CLAUDE LORRAINE, it is true, was a miserable hand at figures, but he ever regretted his deficiency, and frequently availed himself of the assistance of his brother artists. Might not a little care—a tithe of attention—be paid to this branch of design by the LORRAINES and SALVATORS of the day?

No. 40. "*An Interior*," W. HUNT.—An old man in a strange, ruinous, out-of-the-way sort of kitchen, is, apparently, enjoying the contents of a basin of soup (we dare not think it *tea*): the light shines in at a narrow window placed high in the opposite wall; brushwood, broken bricks, &c. &c. form the accessories. A clever production, in a peculiar style, by a clever artist.

No. 56. "*A Study*," G. CATTERMOLLE.—An elegant and fanciful composition, depicting a young girl, attended by her *fille-de-chambre*, seated in her *boudoir*; she is richly habited, with a profusion of dark ringlets shadowing her brow and falling upon her neck.

No. 64. "*A Gale coming on at Sea*," COPLEY FIELDING.—A capital production, full of spirit and accuracy. The character of the breeze freshening into a gale, the labouring of the vessels, and the agitation of the waters, are in admirable union.

No. 68. "*Mary, Queen of Scots, the morning of her Execution, attended by Sir A. Pawlet, accompanied by the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury*," J. STEPHANOFF.—An interesting illustration of the tragical end of the fair and ill-fated rival of the haughty ELIZABETH; but where is that dignified fortitude, that noble serenity, which, according to all historians, sate upon the features of the royal captive when led to the completion of an unjust and arbitrary sentence? Peevish discontent is *all* that we can here trace upon her pallid brow.

No. 70. "*Anticipation*," W. HUNT.—A broad piece of rusticity, which cannot fail to create a smile upon the most rigid countenance. A platter-faced urchin, of seven or eight, evidently fed upon "bacon and beans," is seen seated upon a rush-bottomed chair, with his elbows

cased in the sleeves of his pin-afore, and placed on the table before him; his face brim-full of *gastronomic* delight, is turned to the spectator, and his very eyes twinkle with joy, while a grin of the most exquisite satisfaction bestrides his features. A pudding of ample dimensions occupies a dish before him, and affords a clue to his expression.—Inimitable.

No. 73. "*A domestic Scene*." Miss E. SHARPE.—To the fair critics a subject of peculiar interest. A young and beautiful female is represented the centre of a happy circle, consisting of her mother, her husband and her children: she is engaged in that most hallowed office of maternal love, the instruction of her infants in their religious duty; two fair little creatures, kneeling at her feet, are raising their hands in prayer, and a third, a babe of a few months old, is sporting in her lap. Behind her, and close to her left shoulder, is seated the partner of her life, a handsome young man, a book is on the table before him, but his attention is evidently attracted by the cherub on its mother's knee: to the right of the spectator, the grandmother is employed in luring a wilful thread through the eye of her needle. A Gothic book-case, drapery, &c. &c., form the subordinates of this very pleasing production. The drawing and expression, colour, and *chiaro-scuro*, are highly meritorious, and entitle the talented paintress to much commendation. One defect in her performances must, however, be noticed,—the faces are uniformly *too handsome*,—(it is a lady's error) *more ideal than natural*; and again, we may object that the *cherry-tint* of her lips is too equally diffused; a warm roseate hue judiciously applied, would be infinitely more delicate and beautiful: at present the mouths are too red and spotty.

No. 78. "*An Interior*." F. MACKENZIE.—A procession of monks passing through the aisle of a church; a clever little bit, with an illusive effect of light and shade.

No. 88. "*Durham*." G. F. ROBSON.—A rich and glowing specimen of the master; commanding in size, and beautiful in execution. The dark blue river running its way through bank and bower; the verdant knolls, the green-sward tufts, the clumps of trees, the little dells and glades, with the lofty city towering above all, are given with the happiest effect.

No. 99. "*The Merchant of Venice*."—G. CATTERMOLLE.—Admirably treated. The figure of *Portia* is sweet and poetical; and the countenance of *Antonio* is indicative of that calm and unshrinking determination, which, in a strong mind, springs from the utter abandonment of hope; while the ashy face of the relentless *Shylock* expresses the quivering anticipation of fiendish triumph; his attitude is correspondent; with his right hand, he firmly grasps the fatal knife, and in his left clutches the balance.

No. 103. "*The Squire*." J. F. LEWIS.—A bluff, fresh looking sportsman, in the scarlet coat, and jockey boots of the field, is portrayed sitting at his ease, in a large arm-chair, before a cheerful old fashioned hearth, piled with blazing faggots; a favourite dog is entrenched between his knees, and another, less privileged, is couched before the fire. A table, rendered attractive by the apparition of a piece of beef, with divers bottles, decanters, and wine-glasses;—and other characteristic accessories, furnish the snug retreat of the bachelor "*Squire*." The pictures upon the walls require to be subdued in tone; as they are, they completely interfere with the principal objects.

No. 118. "*The rival Guests*." G. CATTERMOLLE.—Some traditionary subject appears to be illustrated in this mas-

terly production. A banquet, numerously attended, is represented; and a sort of thrilling sensation is produced by the appearance of the mysterious stranger, who, cased in complete armour, with his vizor down, pledges the mantling goblet to the lordly guest upon his left.

No. 121. "*View looking down Glen-coe from near King's House, Argyllshire*." COPLEY FIELDING.—A sweet and lonely scene, not unlike many of *Van Goyen's* umbery productions.

No. 127. "*Girl with a Guitar*." Miss L. SHARPE.—A tasteful specimen of this lady's pencil. A dark haired girl, elegantly attired in white satin, with loose sleeves of gold and silver gauze, is seen leaning upon her guitar, and looking towards the spectator. A window of stained glass, embowered with the leaves of the vine, throws a pictorial light into the Gothic, and richly furnished retreat, of the fair sylph. The countenance is pretty and animated, but the hands are meagre, and badly drawn; and the attitude is ill conceived.

No. 137. "*Come unto these yellow sands*." J. CRISTALL and G. BARRET.—A fine poetical subject, combining the powers of two of our celebrated painters in water-colours. It represents a mazy dance of wood-nymphs and bacchanals upon the sea shore; the back ground discovering a superb landscape. The positions are varied, and full of character; the frantic joyousness of the dance, the reeling merriment of the bacchanals, and the airy extravagance of the nymphs, are well displayed; the colouring is vivid and harmonious, and a due balance of freedom and detail is observable in every part.

No. 156. "*Cattle Scene near Boxhill, Surrey*." R. HILLS.—Cleverly drawn, but of this artist's cattle it may be said that they are too well fed in general, and wear but one livery, viz.—purple and brown.

No. 164. "*Interior of Fielding's house at West Stour, Dorset*."—The admirers of the novelist will find this as interesting as the devotees of *Shakespeare*, and "*Shakespeare's festival*," find the old residence of the poet at *Stratford-upon-Avon*, a little sketch by *Cattermole*.

No. 246. "*Fruit*." W. HUNT.—A capital treat.

No. 280. "*An old warren*." J. F. LEWIS.—A curious bit of nature in an antique form. The accessories are cleverly introduced.

Nos. 315, 318, 327, 333. "*Four subjects intended to illustrate a portion of the Lay of the last Minstrel*." J. STEPHANOFF.—Beautiful and attractive sketches by an artist not unlike *Stothard* in the courtly style, and romantic elegance of his designs.

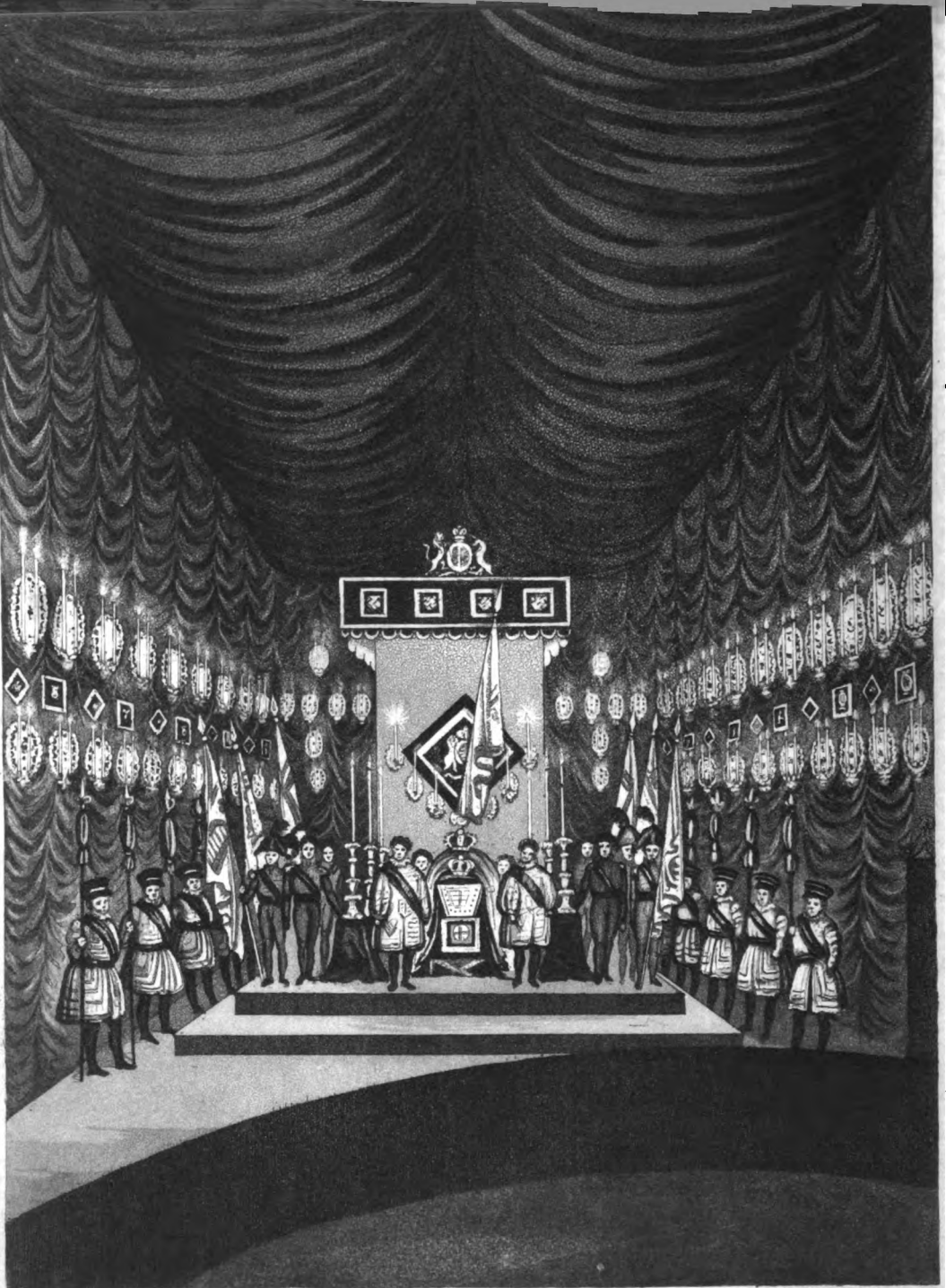
No. 353. "*Rembrandt and his models*." J. STEPHANOFF.—The great enchanter of light and shade, is beheld displaying his choice collection of armour, weapons, tapestry, and turbans, &c. &c. to a wealthy Burgomaster and his lady, who regard it with mingled curiosity and surprise. The national characteristics of the heads are well maintained, and the resemblance to the celebrated artist of "*The three Trees*," "*The Coppenol*," and "*The Hundred Guilder Print*," is sufficiently correct. The accessories are well grouped, and spiritedly touched.

With this we reluctantly terminate our observations upon "*The Society of Painters in Water Colours*," regretting that we have not space to do justice to the many other works of merit contained in the Exhibition.

C***Y.

(*Somerset House Exhibition in our next*)

PRINTED BY JOSEPH ROBERTSON AND CO. OLD BUSELL COURT.



*Miss Hastings George, N.
lying in state in Windsor Castle*

Engraved from an Engraving by J. Smith drawn expressly for the Engraver

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

No. 75.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1830.

VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FIVE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—A CORRECT REPRESENTATION OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV. LYING IN STATE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

PLATE THE SECOND,—A MORNING DRESS, SEVEN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, AND A RIDING DRESS.

PLATE THE THIRD,—A MORNING DRESS, A COURT DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FIFTH,—A DINNER DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AND SEVEN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

THE LIFE OF THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY,
DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

"God save our gracious King,
WILLIAM, our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!"

If there were an individual in the nation, *British-born*, who at the moment of the commencement of his rule, would have hesitated to join in our national anthem, as *now constructed*, the conduct of HIS MAJESTY since he has assumed the sceptre of his ancestors, must have turned the doubts of that individual into a certitude of loyal admiration, and consequently the entire people of England are now *every day*, joining in the general acclaim, since WILLIAM THE FOURTH, has already given them "cause

"To sing with heart and voice
God save the KING."

If a *new reign* is always a season of promise and hope, we may confidently affirm, and facts bear us out, that with respect to the present Ruler of these realms, those promises have been kept, not only to the ear, but to the sense, and those hopes instead of being, as they often are "deferred," have become, in the language of the author of the ode to the Passions, "delightful measures."

Let us briefly review, (and thereby narrate,) the principal events connected with the throne, since Death came to its late well-beloved, and revered possessor,

"—and with a little pin

Bored through his castle wall, and *farewell King*."

Respect for the *dead*, equally with esteem for the *living*, command us to notice first the affectionate, and at the same time, noble minded conduct and commands of HIS MAJESTY, respecting the preparations for, and during the awfully splendid ceremonial of our departed Monarch's interment. A ceremonial which whether we consider the liberality of its arrangements, the unequalled nature of its grandeur, for royalty and nobility followed the dead, or the sincerity of sorrow, (since all were real mourners,) which accompanied its measured march, was alike honourable to the character of the deceased potentate, and the feelings of the nation over which, during many years of an honourable peace, won by a previous series of glo-

rious victories, he so triumphantly reigned. Upon this awfully august occasion WILLIAM the FOURTH, accompanied by his nearest relatives, wept over a *Brother's coffin* as *chief mourner*, the feelings of a man and a christian absorbing every idea of the potency of a KING! But no sooner had all those duties ceased, which the departed claim of the living, and HE was convinced that the ashes of GEORGE IV. rested free from interruption, in the mausoleum of his race,—an office which the Duke of CUMBERLAND fraternally superintended,—the silent dwelling of all that remains of many Princes, but he felt his people claimed attention from him, and his Capital his presence; and he at once came to London and commenced a series of active duties, and useful commands, which not only immediately made the monarch popular, but his subjects happy.

We have mentioned his early consideration for those to whom the loss of a night's salary at the theatres would be of material consequence; his wise and considerate care that the poor should participate in the pleasant relaxations, and taste the refreshing breezes of the Parks along with richer and better appointed subjects; and to these we now add his determination of causing our soldiers and sailors to discard much of that tawdry trapping, and *foreign costume*, which not only ruined many a young officer in procuring, but to a considerable extent (though they could not affect the prowess and manly character of our gallant fellows) took from them the *appearance* of Britons, and the "bluff tars" of the main.

HIS MAJESTY has also shewn, in a very distinguished manner, his high consideration for those three most useful and very meritorious corps, the Royal Marines; having expressed his intention to present each detachment with his portrait (by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence,) appropriately framed, (with devices alluding to the marine service,) in order that they may be hung in the mess rooms of their head quarters; where they must be esteemed the most precious of trophies. HER MAJESTY has, in consequence of this great compliment paid them, been solicited to sit for her portrait, in order that it might accompany that of her Royal Consort; to which application HER MAJESTY has, in the most affable manner, signified her compliance.

Aware that the more a Sovereign evinces confidence in his people by appearing among them, the more will the people hover round him to respect his decrees and protect his authority, WILLIAM the FOURTH has daily made it his royal business to perform some high and useful duty of office,

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where, without lowering the dignity of the crown, he could illustrate the affability of the man. We ourselves were present, when, without a lance to guard him, a lacquey to wait upon his steps, or a trumpet to announce his approach, he departed from his breakfast table into the Court-yard of St. James's (plainly habited in black, without a star), and walked into the square formed by the soldiery, ere they or the populace discovered their "liege-lord the King" was among them. When they did, however, the reverence was just, and the acclamations sincere; which his MAJESTY, in the most unaffected manner, acknowledged, laughed and chatted with the officers, encouraged the soldiers, bowed and smiled to the people, and finally departed (after visiting the guard-room and requesting the new military dress should be speedily exchanged for the old), in the same unostentatious manner which characterised his approach, followed by the unanimously expressed good wishes of hundreds.

As if aware "there is a divinity doth hedge a king," and that the very name is a "tower of strength," our MONARCH has continued to repose this confidence in his subjects by divesting himself of any military or civil protection upon his quitting the Palace. After reviewing the Third Regiment of Foot Guards on the Parade ground in St. James's Park, on the morning of Tuesday, July 20th, His GRACIOUS MAJESTY, accompanied by his amiable QUEEN (who has equally, with him, won the hearts of the people), paid a visit to the Exhibition at Somerset House. There was no military, no police, to guard the royal party. KING WILLIAM felt that he had in every individual a champion, and he reserved the lance and the broad-sword for greater emergencies. His MAJESTY was in a carriage and pair only, as was also his suite. We need hardly add that the reception of the royal party was enthusiastic, or that

"Long prolonged shouts did rend the air,

From thousands glad to hail their Monarch there."

We should have mentioned that HER MAJESTY witnessed the review from the mansion of the Earl and Countess of Bathurst in Downing-street, who gave a public breakfast, which was served in the grand dining room to a numerous and very distinguished party.

Our readers are aware the City of London presented an address of congratulation in a manner worthy the first city of the world, and we have now to mention, like becoming offerings of respect (not to dwell upon less important presentations) from the Clergy of the Diocese, and the two universities. The deputation from Oxford came in grand procession from Willis's Rooms; it consisted of upwards of 300 members, amongst whom were Prince LEOPOLD, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the VICE CHANCELLOR, the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, Lord BEXLEY, and Sir ROBERT PEEL. The QUEEN having taken her seat upon the throne, by the side of his MAJESTY, the Vice Chancellor again read the address (the King having previously desired them not to withdraw, "as the Queen would shortly be ready to receive them!"), to which was returned a gracious answer. Those who had had the honour of kissing the KING's hand, then kissed that of her MAJESTY. The same august and encouraging ceremonies characterised the reception and departure of the Cambridge deputation, which amounted to 400, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen accompanying it. The Dukes of Gloucester (Chancellor), Sussex, Gordon, and St. Alban's; Marquises Lansdowne and Camden; Earls Brownlow, Hardwicke, Denbigh, Aberdeen, and Westmoreland; Viscounts Barnard and Palmerston; the

Bishop of Gloucester, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Rev. Dr. Wellesey, &c. &c.

On the 21st of July, their alacrity unchilled, their perseverance untired, the KING and QUEEN, at about 10 o'clock, left St. James's, and proceeded to inspect the Life-Guards, which having accomplished, the royal party went in state to breakfast with the Duke of WELLINGTON at Apsley House; and about two, His MAJESTY returned to the Palace to hold his first levee for the season; at which, from the admirable arrangements, not the slightest confusion occurred. At three, the SOVEREIGN, habited as an Admiral, took his seat and received his royal relatives and those first entitled to the levee; after which, so very numerous a number of presentations took place, that it is totally out of our power to collect particulars here.

After the levee, His MAJESTY ascended the throne, and received the deputation of the Clergy of London, headed by the Bishop; and also that of the Commissioners of the Lieutenancy of London, preceded by the Lord Mayor.

On Thursday, July 22, the Anniversary of the glorious victory of *Salamanca*, and, therefore, most appropriately selected for the ceremony, the *two Battalions of the Grenadier Guards* and the *9th Lancers*—men who had fought for Spanish freedom and English glory upon that hot field—were inspected by His MAJESTY on the parade in St. James's Park. At a little after nine this splendid body of troops marched to the rendezvous, to the notes of their martial music, whilst their honour-inscribed banners (decorated with a bunch of oak, a leaf of which each officer and private wore in his cap, for they were "hearts of oak" all) fluttered joyously in the breeze. At ten, THE KING rode on the parade in an open landau, accompanied by two other carriages, in which were HER MAJESTY, the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, CUMBERLAND, and KENT. His MAJESTY, attended by a splendid suite, then attentively inspected the several corps, expressed his high satisfaction at their discipline and bearing, happily complimenting them upon the valiant manner in which they behaved.

"When the French eagles smitten-wing,

Was laid on war-field, withering;

And SALAMANCA's high behest

A laurel for the English crest."

After the inspection His MAJESTY joined the QUEEN at Earl Bathursts.

Incidental to more public actions, it is due to His MAJESTY to mention two additional proofs of his consideration and magnanimity of mind. The one is his restoration of Sir ROBERT WILSON to all his honours and full rank in the army; the other is, promoting GENERAL SIR ALURED CLARKE, G. C. B., the general officer of the longest standing in the army, and who is upwards of 90 years of age, to the high commission of Field-Marshal. "I am very happy to see you at my levee," (said His MAJESTY to the veteran,) "since it gives me an opportunity of communicating to you in person, that you will appear as one of my Field-Marsals on Friday." These again are actions which evince a disposition grounded upon two of the first feelings which can operate upon the human breast, namely, charity, and forgiveness; and which must convince the country that its Monarch indeed considers, that the era of a *new reign* presents the best opportunity for public men to abandon party distinctions, and by a mutual yielding of opinion to unite in the service of the state, regardless of past bickerings.

On Friday the 23d, thus consummating a series of energetic public acts previous to the dissolution of his parlia-

ment, he went, in great pomp, to dissolve that parliament in person. About five minutes before two, preceded by the Princes of the blood, and the Officers of State, He passed through the Horse Guards, the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude encouraging his progress; the streets, the parks, house-tops, trees, every where whereon a lodgment could be made, being crowded; whilst the windows in the line of march were filled by elegantly dressed females. An immense number of carriages filled with our female nobility and leaders of the *ton* were in the procession; which surpassed any thing late years have witnessed. At eight minutes after two, THE KING entered the House, and took his seat upon the Throne. True to *his colours*, He was dressed in an admiral's uniform, blue coat, *white trousers*, and boots, and Admiral's hat. He delivered his speech in a manly voice, and with much feeling; and, indeed, during the whole trying ceremony evinced that he was "*every inch a King*!"*

We have now brought down to an advanced period of July the official "life" of our reigning Monarch, and which has been quite the contrary to apathy and retirement. We have but to add, He has expressed his determination of still continuing (even during the recess which must take place) those public commemorations which are the most effective opponents to the dispiritment of the trade, and most conducive to the energy, the happiness, and the invulnerability of the kingdom. The Royal Birthday occurs on the 21st of the month born with our Magazine; we feel perfectly assured that both their Majesties will, by a continuance of their present wise, affectionate, active, and compassionate conduct, teach us all to unite in saying—

"May every kinder ray
O'er WILLIAM's natal day
New glories fling;
WILLIAM, his people's friend,
Oh! may his fame extend—
"Till Time itself shall end,
God save the King!"

ON DITS OF FASHION.

THE INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE OF OUR QUEEN. — The present state of England is regarded by every sincere well-wisher, with extreme anxiety and apprehension; every Englishman looks at the actions of the monarch and his noble consort, with the feelings of despised worth bowed to the ground and almost crushed beneath the weight of its afflictions, but eager again to spring to life in the returning glances of a friendly sun. To be plain, the artisans and manufacturers of England, who have long been compelled to succumb to foreign rivalry, now look up to the sovereign power for an example that may compel the great body of wealth and influence, to patronize, in a patriotic and honourable manner, the produce and the manufactures of their country, nor seek their "wants and superfluities," in the resources of foreign nations. Among the many Continental *protégées* of fashion, who have risen to splendour

* The appearance of the House was really imposing. The contrast between the sombre but often tasteful dresses of the Ladies; and the rich and varied costumes of the peers had a peculiar, yet not unpleasant effect. The Ladies generally wore feathers, black and white intermixed; many, however, wore a gear similar to the Spanish mantilla, and the appearance was peculiarly handsome.

and opulence from the vitiated taste of some ladies, there is no branch of art whose professors have established themselves more boldly, than that appertaining to female dress. French dress-makers, and French milliners, have made their homes in all the chief resorts of the fashionable world, and from a strange degeneracy in the customs of our country-woman, they have almost eclipsed, not in power, but estimation,—*native talent*. In such an unfortunate period, as we may justly term the latter years of our late much-beloved King, when the country had no controlling power to set an example to the children of fashion, but all were left at liberty to pursue their individual tastes, it was not surprising that such strange results should happen. The circumstance, however, of A QUEEN presiding over the destinies of Fashion's World, must alter their complexion, and *native industry* and *native talent*, will doubtless be appreciated justly, and foreign rivalry reduced to its true inferiority. French milliners and French dress-makers have long held an inflated superiority, but the just standard of excellence will now be raised, and merit, honest merit, be rewarded *under the patronage of our Queen*. The "dying form of trade" rears again its head at the witchery of royal approval, and it is our trust, that no lady of distinction will be so *disloyal*, so ungenerous, as to refuse to follow *her Queen's example*, nor, in her misguided estimation of foreign skill, insult that royal lady, by refusing to patronize what *she* approves. We entreat the nobility of England, to regard for a moment the different characteristics of French and English milliners; the first, all pride, conceit, and *wantonness*; the latter, distinguished alone by that humility with which inferiors, of character, ever regard individuals of a higher sphere; their only pride, that just consciousness of superior abilities, which prejudice cannot dispel, nor has the misguided career of fashion ever been able to destroy. We acknowledge, that, at one period, the French may have surpassed us in the various articles of female dress, but that period has been long passed; the spirit of English improvement has refined upon French peculiarities, and we may at least be said now to fully equal our neighbours, if we do not actually surpass them. We have long noticed with indignation, (and indeed some ladies of high distinction have spoken to us upon the subject) the presumptuous and shameful familiarity with which *foreign milliners* have long conducted themselves towards the noble individuals whose bread they eat, and by whose favors they alone exist! Is it not monstrous to behold these shameless people striving to outvie the real elegance of *English Ladies*? Apeing their manners, and presenting to the world a *living caricature of them*!!! Will any distinguished daughter of fashion endure the rivalry of their milliner? And is it not notorious, that these foreign women construct for themselves the very same habiliments, and of the very same materials as those which they have made for their noble English patrons? It is an undisputed truth, that Madame —, or Mademoiselle —, will be seen in a similar hat, with similar ornaments, to those with which they have adorned the elegant persons of the Duchess of —, or Lady —. Is such a course of things to be endured? Is a common French milliner, in all her pride and affectation, to elbow, in a similar dress, a titled Lady in Kensington Gardens, or, to be taken for *sisters*, from the striking resemblance of their habiliments? Will EMILY of LONDONDERRY endure this? Will the Countess of JERSEY, she who is justly strict in enforcing the requisite

obedience to the laws of *ton*? Will any one of the myriad train of fashion for a moment endure to be put upon a par with her French *dress-maker*?—to hear comparisons made between the richness of their costume? Is such a state of things longer to be endured? And this is not an exaggerated fact. We fearlessly assert the truth of the whole! and we as fearlessly aver, that no *English milliner* would ever presume to place herself in such a situation.

Let us but enquire a little into the private habits of these foreign dress-makers;—let us but tear away the veil of assumed delicacy which they wear, and the appearance will be wretched; we shall discover nothing but the basest vices, characters that will shrink from the glance of scrutiny, and which the modest eye of Englishwomen will turn from in disgust! Will any mother suffer her child to be connected with such wanton people? Will any guardian allow his charge the contact of such contamination? It is a dreadful truth, that the beautiful purity of English manners may be vitiated, (in many cases it absolutely *has been*) by the influence of the depravity of foreign society, and the very worst portion of foreign society, we regret to say, (but it is nevertheless a glaring truth,) are the foreign milliners. Here they are compelled to *wear a mask*, but look at them at home, where their profligacy is unrestrained, and their vices notorious, and then, ladies of England! say if you think it consistent with your own unsullied character to sanction them in your native land, and that to the disparagement of your countrywomen. The English milliner is an honourable woman; there is a delicacy in her style of dress, which foreign nations have never been able to attain; an elegant refinement upon the indelicacy of French fashions, which their rivals “envy while they hate.” We consider these observations necessary at the present moment, in our undeviating support of English talent, and the produce of our country. Trade must revive under the auspices of our beloved and gracious Queen, and it is *our trust*, and *our firm belief*, that the English artists of every description will have the preference over foreigners. Our king we know to be truly English; with noble patriotism he disdains not only every thing that is not English, but all that does not bear the characteristics of his country. *THIS WE KNOW TO BE THE FACT!* It may be inferred that the QUEEN will not reject the example of her royal husband; by her marriage she has adopted this country for her own; she has constantly evinced her love for it, and its natives look up to her as to a kind parent, and as such, respect and honour her. Queen ADELAIDE is beloved, and it is *our trust*, and confidence, that her name, which is but as yet faintly traced upon the hearts of Englishmen, will be firmly impressed by time, and that posterity will regard her as the reviver of her decaying interests, as having saved her adopted country.

A report of a very peculiar nature, respecting the young Princess Victoria, has been circulated in fashionable circles during the month. We have reason to disbelieve it entirely, the princess has never been afflicted with so distressing a malady, nor is her health so delicate as has been rumoured, very probably by *interested persons*.

The reign of WILLIAM IV. will be a very popular one; his majesty's habits are decidedly English. When his majesty first went to St. James's, the attendants led him through the west end of the palace, and up a narrow flight of stairs. “What!” exclaimed the king, “back stairs! Trust me friend, there shall be no *back stairs* now!” His majesty has since entered the palace another way. Of all

the sons of George III. our present monarch bears the most striking resemblance, both in person and manner, to that lamented personage. We understand that the king lately expressed his intention of dining with his son Captain A. FITZCLARENCE, on board his ship the *Pallas*, in company with the Duke of SUSSEX, and at the same time offered a £500 note to pay the expenses. Captain F., however, declined the gift, and promised to prepare an adequate entertainment for his distinguished guests, requesting only that his majesty would promote his first lieutenant. This is truly English, worthy of his country, and of the son of its “patriot king.”

The evil minded have been very bitter upon the memory of the *great departed* on account of his not seeing his brother of SUSSEX when on his couch of death; but we can positively state the cause which kept them from meeting, to have been a kind one. Painfully alive, as was his gracious Majesty, to all agitating emotions, and the indications which he had received that any sudden effort might be fatal, it was deemed wiser both by the Royal Sufferer and the Duke that no meeting should take place. Communications of cordiality, however, passed between them, and no one can with any truth declare that George IV. departed from this world otherwise than in unity and peace with his family, and his people.

Captain FITZCLARENCE has left England for America, for the purpose of conveying his sister, Mrs. CHARLES FOX, to the circles of fashion and royalty. We shall hail with delight the return of so bright an ornament to society. Lord DE LISLE will be the title of Mr. SYDNEY, his majesty's son-in-law; it is an old title which has long been claimed by the SYDNEYS of *Penshurst*.

The Duke of SUSSEX has been appointed to the Ranger-ship of Bushy Park, which has been vacant since the death of the late Duke of YORK.

Bushy House is in future to be called the Queen's Lodge.

The Marchioness of CONYNGHAM is residing with her brother, Mr. DENISON, M.P.

At the immediate instance of the king, an entrance will be immediately made from the terrace at the end of Waterloo Place, in St. James's Park.

The three boxes adjoining Lady COWPER's at the Opera, are to be thrown into one, for the use of their majesties.

Much speculation has occurred in fashionable circles, as to the precise time when her Majesty will hold her first drawing-room, and we feel pleasure at being able to state, upon authority, that it will take place upon the anniversary of the birth of that royal lady. It has been deemed necessary to delay so interesting an event until that period, in order that its brightness may not be alloyed by the melancholy reflections, which the general mourning for a beloved sovereign's loss would occasion. And may we not hope that the daughters of England will not only appear in the presence of her Majesty in dresses of English manufacture, but that they will also *have them made by English women*.

It is the general belief that the Terrace of Windsor Castle will be thrown open to the public, and that to the secluded retreats of Virginia Water there will also be admittance. This is as it should be; it is proper that a people who have contributed to the formation of this scene of splendour should be permitted to participate in the delight which its appearance affords, now that the prejudice that proscribed their admission, is no more.

We have every reason to believe that the coronation of

their Majesties will take place early in the Spring. Every thing connected with this interesting solemnity will be conducted on the same scale of splendour that characterized the coronation of George the Fourth.

The Courts which his Majesty has held at St. James's have been exceedingly brilliant and imposing. The first LEVEE was held by his Majesty on Wednesday, the 21st ult. which was attended by all the Royal Family, principal nobility, naval and military officers, and foreign ambassadors. His Majesty has been likewise engaged upon a series of military inspections, and the Queen has also attended to witness the splendid scenes. On Thursday the 22d, just as her Majesty's carriage was about to leave Lord BATHURST's, a respectably attired female threw a letter into the royal carriage, which her Majesty instantly took up and began to read. The female was taken into custody, but has since been liberated; her letter, we understand, was concerning a pension which she lately enjoyed. After the military inspection on the previous morning, their Majesties visited the Duke of WELLINGTON at Apsley House.

We were exceedingly surprised, but will say, *agreeably*, on walking down St. James's-street a few days ago, to behold his Majesty walking arm-in-arm with Mr. W. Taylor, *wholly unattended*. This is truly like a monarch of a FREE country, and such behaviour must necessarily endear him to his subjects. Foreign monarchs do not scruple to mingle with their people, and why should not an English one?

There are a class of people in the world, who are for ever allowing their practices to run at variance with their professions; and yet who are in their own conceit, entitled to be considered Daniels in judgment, Solomons in wisdom, and Nestors in experience. A complete specimen of this grade of little great men is to be found in certain penmen or pensioners upon the *Sun Newspaper*, people whose vanity is only equalled by their incompetency, and who are as voluble in tongue, (like babbling hounds) as they are false in point. Now these "Sir Oracles" have again presumed to utter one of their exceeding "wise saws," with reference to *this Magazine*, and have actually had the audacity to sneer at that *World*, (we mean the one from its wealth, influence, and character, truly deemed "great,") whose cause we advocate, and whose favour we court: as if the literary (Capel Loft would have called them *litterary*) hacks of the strand, were really enabled to give an opinion upon a courtly society, to whose presence they were never admitted, and whose superior behaviour and attainments they in vain attempt to imitate.

"The World of Fashion," say these garretteers, "is a miscellany which, in its literary and pictorial embellishments, is eminently calculated to please the very influential, and *sapient world*, to whom" (*g-to which*) "*it appeals*." Well, most wise and learned critic, *we know it is*, we do aspire to please that "influential world" to which we appeal, and from which thou art banished. But what will,—what can be said sufficiently searching, to express our ineffable contempt for this paltry attempt to injure a paper that is one mass of *plagiarism* from beginning to end. Paste and scissars is its beginning, middle, and conclusion, its foundation and its superstructure. Its critiques are copied, its columns are virtually the work of contemporary prints; its system is puff, and its arrogance unbounded. In fact it puts forth but one proof of wisdom, namely, the consciousness of its fallibility, as evinced in its *period of publication*; that period is the evening, not the morning's hour; thereby plainly proving that it is a *setting*, not

a *rising Sun*. We have only to add that we laugh to scorn its puny efforts to wound, which pass by us "as the idle wind which we regard not," and the rather desire its displeasure than its praise. For the flattery of *Folly's* tongue injures a good cause, and we would rather that *Vanity* should turn its back upon us, than invite us to its embrace.

ALMACKS!

A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM MISS FANNY S—E, TO MISS SYLVIA D—E.

The Season that in joy begun,
Once more as brightly blooms;
And pleasure like the morning sun,
Each festal path illumines.
'Tis ours to pluck the fairest flowers,
That bloom upon the scene,
Where young Love leads the smiling hours,
In richest sunlight beam:—
And this, our great exclusive sphere,
But *ours!* and *ours alone!*
No *frondeur* foot dares venture near,
For Almack's is our own!
Of proudest wealth, exhaustless mine,
Where only brilliants lie;
Of extasy, the radiant shrine,
And woman's witchery!—

This, this is the spot where rich beauty alone,
Her great empire maintains, on her absolute throne,
Embosom'd in glory—surrounded by spells,
Whose magic divine in eyes' light'ning dwells!
And man, the proud hero that laugh'd us to scorn,
Shall now of his much-boasted triumphs be shorn,
Unsheathing the bright sword, and poisoning the lance,
We *conquer* as proudly we float through the dance,
For a well pointed dart in a dimpled smile lies,
Whilst arrows (they say so) are shot from our eyes:—

And victors that in tented field,
Have fought their country's fight,
Must now beneath our prowess yield,
And own a *woman's* might!
The proudest he that used to rail,
And scornful challenge gave,
Now owns his boasted courage fail,
And falls a woman's slave!

There's A—y the *constant*, you very well know,
Was an obstinate enemy not long ago:
Now his gay crest is lowered, and no longer free,
In chain's he's led captive by EMILY C—;
And there's LILFORD, poor fellow, his heart's snar'd
and gone,

He now owns our power that laugh'd us to scorn,
No longer he rebels, nor woman's spells mocks,
For he's held fast in fetters by pretty Miss Fox.
And Miss MELLISH, by some means, has managed to win,
Nay, to conquer, the valorous Lord EDWARD THYNNE.

And thus the proudest chieftains bow
To woman's honored shrine,
And lay their boasted valour low,
With sighs, and "peak and pin."

And thus the radiant season teems
With *beaux* and *belles* delighted,
The bliss attain'd of fondest dreams,
The mutual love vows plighted.

Mais allons ma chère Sylvia! to Almack's we come,
With the sounds of the *fiddle*, the harp and the drum,
Our joy's in our season, our season of bliss,
When for pastime and pleasure each care we dismiss;
But alas, dear, I own, though the rooms have been full,
Our pleasure's imperfect, and languid, and dull,
We *belles*, though good natured, and pretty, and free,
Are really o'erwhelm'd with distracting *ennui*,
And *Messieurs les élégantes*, ungrateful set,
Their homage and duty unkindly forget,
Their gallantry gone that was ever their boast,
And in horrid *inaouissance* obscured now, and lost!
R——E has grown serious, and looks like a sage,
That is turning from joy to philosophy's page;
But vain are the precepts his tortured lip tells,
For beneath his broad cowl peeps the old cap and bells!
And C——H ever as gallant as free,
Now sits in soft silence, and sips "gentle tea,"
Not a compliment offered, nor pretty thing said,
(The nectar by which flut'ring beauty is fed,)
Rejecting our smiles, nor e'en seeming to see
Thy well-practised *lorgnerie*, pretty Miss E——.
But we'll turn from such renegades, traitors to joy,
That would dash our bright cup with care's darker alloy;
There are others that come with a step light and free,
To join the festive revelry;
And CHESTERFIELD, witty, and noble, and brave,
Of heroes a victor, of women a slave,—
With RANELAGH, ever good-humour'd and kind,
Break the spell of *ennui*, and its fetters unbind;
CLANWILLIAM produces his sweet little fay,
Whilst GREVILLE leads others as merry and gay.
A bright rising star gems the glittering set,
And the glory of beauty encircles BURDETT!
The two northern BRANDLING's are beautiful girls,
Outvying our choicest, most perfect of pearls;
An arch smile of joy ever plays on the lips
Of the elder, as light through the dances she trips,
Wounding hearts in her progress,—then eager to fly,
She smiles at her slave, gives a nod, and good bye!
But the younger more kind, more majestic and fair,
Is free as the bright plumes that wave in her hair,
And as pure as their whiteness, unsullied as snow,
'Ere from heaven 'tis wafted to dull earth below!
There's VILLIERS, too, with her dark hair and eyes,
Like a radiant perl of Paradise:—
CADOGAN, the rosebud its beauties revealing,
And UPTON, the lily its graces concealing.
Then there's ELPHINSTONE, brilliant and beautiful gem,
Quite happy in losing the *preux* CHARLES DE M——.
And EMILY PAGET, and lovely CAPEL,
Delighting our *beaux*, making envious each *belle*.
But in truth, my dear Sylvia, e'en Almack's is the bright,
Ah, charmant séjour! choice abode of delight!
Is really in want of some pretty thing new,
To bring back light mirth to our lingering few;
Les Ecossais failing, we're forced once again,
To take up our old fashion'd favorite PAINE;
'Tis true, there are some folks that pay some regard
To Lady J——'s *protégée*, wild *galoppade*,—
But the *dame* has excited the sneer and the scoff,
Besides, all its *fraicheur* is pretty well off,

And no longer a novelty,—to us at least,
It should now be consign'd to the "wise of the East."
But come my dear Sylvia, you'll come to the scene,
Where *beaux* sighs are mingling with bright beauty's beam.

For this our rich and radiant sphere,
Is ours and ours alone;
No *frondeur* foot dares venture near,
For *Almack's* is our own!
Then come, for wealth and beauty wait,
The golden harp is strung,
And Fashion's children congregate,
With rapture on each tongue;
Our season that in joy begun,
Again as brightly blooms,
And pleasure, like the golden sun,
Our festal path illumines!

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE.

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The cloud of grief that has been spread over the fashionable world during the past month, was broken by a ray of sunshine, that told a tale of happiness even in the neighbourhood of death:—the lovely and accomplished Lady *Elizabeth Herbert*, second daughter of the late Earl of PEMBROKE, whose "projected union," we glanced at in a late number, has been led to the holy altar, at which hearts and hands are united in the most sacred of human compacts, by the noble Earl CLANWILLIAM. The two Ladies HERBERT officiated as bridesmaids at this interesting ceremony, at which a numerous party of the *élite* of *ton* were present. Among the fashionable groupe, we distinguished the Earl of MALMESBURY, who gave away the lovely bride. Lord SOMERTON, Lord and Lady HOWDEN, Lord and Lady NORMANTON, Lord ROBERT SPENCER, &c. After the ceremony, the party partook of a splendid *déjeuner*, at the residence of the Countess of PEMBROKE, in Stanhope-street. The Earl and Countess CLANWILLIAM, immediately afterwards left town for Hastings, where they intend to spend the honeymoon.

Another happy union has also occurred in the "World of Fashion" since our last notice, the amiable and interesting ANNE AUGUSTA, daughter of the Right Honourable R. W. HORTON, having become the bride of H. TUFNELL, Esq.

"Whilst half the world in fashion's train,
Are idly busy, loud and vain,
May the sweet voice of true content,
Be ever theirs!"

The long talked of marriage between the Rev. R. W. JELF, Preceptor to Prince GEORGE of CUMBERLAND, and the Countess of SLIPPENBACH was solemnized at Kew on the 17th ult. The Duke of CUMBERLAND gave away the bride.

Our joy at those happy celebrations must, however, be mingled with tears, for the loss of one, who, as a Christian minister and man, had long endeared himself to every being with whom he was associated. Dr. MAJENDI, *Bishop of Bagnor*, has at length departed to that heavenly rest for which he had in the course of his ministry prepared so many, and having at length surmounted the perils and trials of the world, has thrown down his burthen, and upon the "wings of the dove flown away, and is at rest." Dr. MAJENDIE expired at the house of his son, the Rev. S. MAJENDIE, Langdon, near Lichfield, in the 76th year of his age.

Our darkened roll must be also engrossed with the name

of the respected Lady DERRING, who, while among a distinguished party assembled at Mrs. CUSSAN's, in Hill-street, on the 16th ult. was suddenly taken ill, and expired before it was possible to convey her Ladyship to her residence.

The young and amiable LOUISA ISABELLA, daughter of Sir E. MACGREGOR, Bart. C. B., whose growing virtues endeared her to her domestic circle, has also fallen a sacrifice to the "last enemy." Too good for this earth, this esteemed young lady, in the 15th year of her age, was snatched away to mingle "with kindred spirits in the skies!"

"To live in bright bowers of Paradise,
Till time shall be no more!"

The tears that have been shed for a nation's loss, have been too unaffected to allow of any preparations for the shrine of Hymen, during the past month. With the return of happiness, however, we may expect the torch of the god to blaze with increased fire, and trust in our ensuing number to be able to record many felicitous matrimonial unions, as well as many "projected" ones.

THE DRAMA.

The gloom and melancholy, which the demise of our late beloved monarch, threw over the town, in partially suspending its amusements, have consequently rendered our critical duties more light. We have scarce any thing in the way of novelty to remark on, and in the various performances of the month, nothing has occurred to call for particular notice. KEAN has concluded his *Haymarket* engagement, at which theatre *Comedy* has again resumed her radiant reign. COOPER and VINING, W. FARREN, Miss MORDAUNT and Mrs. GLOVER, are, however, the only performers upon the establishment, whose abilities are worthy of a leading theatre. JOHN REEVE is a clever man, but he can never forsake his old bad habit of taking unwarrantable liberties with his author, and the audience; he is too *impudent* for a theatre royal. A very clever translation of a French piece, has been played during the month, under the title of *Separation and Reparation*. Mr. COOPER, Mr. W. FARREN, and Miss MORDAUNT, sustain their respective characters in a very able and effective manner; the former gentleman, in particular, displaying talent for which we did not give him credit; he had fallen into a noisy clap-trap style, which is altogether at variance with our ideas of good acting. Upon the present occasion, however. Mr. COOPER divests himself of those "obnoxious qualities;" and presents a fine and finished picture; his performance is chaste and impressive, gentlemanly, and correct. The same high meed of praise must be bestowed upon Miss MORDAUNT, a young actress to whom we, in a previous number, directed the attention of the fashionable world. Her performance in this interesting little drama, dwells among our happiest recollections, to which we can refer with unmingled and unqualified delight.

Much as we admire the undoubtedly great abilities of Mrs. HUMBY, we still do not consider that lady an efficient representative of *Maria Darlington*. Mrs. HUMBY can play a variety of characters so well, that we are sorry to see her attempting any thing that may place her in an inferior situation. The fascinating *Maria* of Miss FOOTE and Madame VESTRIS are too fresh in our recollection to allow us to entertain a favorable opinion of Mrs. HUMBY in that character.

Another very pleasing drama, entitled *The Force of Nature*, is being played at this theatre. FARREN and Mrs. FAUCITT

sustain the principal characters with all that truth, energy, and effect, for which those popular performers have long been celebrated.

MATHEWS has given place at the *Adelphi*, to the *English Opera Company*, "burnt out," who have produced a version of Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*, but with limited success. We are sorry that Mr. Arnold produced this novelty, and more especially because Mr. HAWES has executed his task of adaptation in so masterly a style. A better company than Mr. Arnold has collected, could not be afforded, from the miniature size of the theatre, and without a better company, *Don Juan* ought not to have been produced. Much reliance we know, was placed upon Mr. PHILLIPS for its success, but Mr. PHILLIPS, though with the powers of an Atlas, is not capable of supporting *such* a world. And we say this by no means to the discredit of Mr. P. for he executes his task in a surprising manner, but one *soul* is not sufficient for such a body. *Donzelli alone* would not be able to support it at the OPERA, and when the abilities of that great master, combined with those of LABLACHE, SANTINI, MALIBRAN, and LALANDE, were insufficient to make a *powerful* impression upon the town, it is not at all surprising that *Don Juan*, at the *Adelphi*, should have such limited success. It is due to Mr. PHILLIPS, to state, that his performance is masterly, vigorous, and truly beautiful. Miss BETTS is not at all equal to *Elvira*. The *Zerlini* of little Mrs. KEELEY is extremely pleasing and pretty.

A terrific melo-drama, called *The Skeleton Lover*, has shewn Mr. Arnold's activity in another department, for which his company has *long* been celebrated. The *Skeleton Lover* is a creature, who with the decline of day puts off all appearance of humanity, and this transformation is effected at every set of sun. The character, of course, consigned to the hands of Mr. O. SMITH, who makes a very terrible personage of him indeed. The performance is worth attending, if it were only to hear *Rodwell's* music; it has still, however, many interesting scenes and situations, and will, in all probability, become a favourite.

The KING'S THEATRE scarcely calls for remark; some portions of favourite operas have been represented in a very inferior manner, and often without any regard to scenic illusion. M. LAPORTE must not suffer his energies to abate in this manner, or he will be taught a woeful lesson.

We attended KEAN's *professedly* "farewell benefit," at this theatre, but great as was our admiration of his varied performances, which were portions of *Richard the Third*, *Othello*, *Shylock*, *Sir Giles*, and *Macbeth*, we could but pity the imbecility of the man who could so far forget himself as to make such an affronting speech to the audience. Whatever Mr. KEAN has suffered, his own errors have been the cause, and he should not have sullied his fame, by an *insulting* farewell to that public from whom he derived his fame and fortune.

The little THEATRE in TOTTENHAM STREET is really deserving of "most honorable mention." The whole of its members seem animated but with one desire, that of conducing to the prosperity of the establishment. We have not space this month to enter into any detailed remarks, and can only speak in general terms of approval of all the arrangements. Some excellent pieces have been produced, and sustained with corresponding talent. We have also to express our admiration of the abilities of the leader of the band, Mr. ZERBINI, a gentleman rapidly rising in his profession, and who fulfils the arduous duties of his situation in a masterly and faultless manner.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS.

A high dress composed of coloured muslin, in broad lavender and narrow white stripes, the latter figured with black. We call the attention of our fair readers to the *corsage* of this dress; it is the first of the kind that has appeared, and is singularly graceful and advantageous to the shape. The sleeve is of the *imbécille* form, but with this difference, that the cuff is deeper than they are made in general with sleeves of that description. The skirt has no other trimming than a black cord, which surmounts the upper edge of the hem. A three-quarter length apron, composed of white cambric muslin, flowered in a running pattern of lavender colour, and finished with a fancy border of the same colour, is worn with this dress; the pockets of the apron are ornamented with knots of black and grey figured ribbon. The *chemisette* is of white cambric with a small plaited ruff and frill. Head-dress, a morning cap composed of white crape, the borders turned back as usual, are so arranged as to represent a triple row of shells. The trimming is of black and grey figured ribbon.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The most striking feature of this ingenious countenance is the fine open forehead, which is displayed to very great advantage by the manner in which the hair is dressed. The front hair is parted on the forehead so as to leave the whole of it exposed; it is arranged on each side in very full curls, which are lightly frizzed. The hind hair divided into three equal proportions, forms first the large bow at the back of the head, then a large round bow which appears to be a mass of curls, but is in reality the *coque ondoyante* which we have already described; the third bow short but very full, is placed exactly in the centre of the forehead. The only ornament of this head-dress is a tortoiseshell comb, the head of which is very finely wrought.

FIG. 2.—Few head-dresses could be unbecoming to this charming face, which is characterized by a mingled expression of innocence and intelligence very rarely met with. Nevertheless we must observe that the display of the forehead is in some degree necessary to give a dignified expression to the countenance.

The front hair is disposed at the sides in light full curls; the hind hair combed tightly up, is divided into four equal braids, one of these which is partly plaited and partly soft, forms a very high bow on the summit of the head: a braid is arranged on each side in two soft bows, and the fourth braid is wound round the others to maintain them in

their elevated position. A rose with its foliage, is placed on the left side between the bows, and another on the same side between the front hair and the bow. Among the curls of the front hair on the right side, a rose without foliage is inserted. This is a singularly light and tasteful coiffure.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the head-dress, No. 2.

FIG. 4.—A back view of the coiffure, No. 5.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 5.

Every feature of this pretty bride is expressive of meekness, yet spite of the timidity with which her lovely eyes are bent downwards, one may easily perceive in her countenance grandeur of soul, delicacy of sentiment, and candour. Happy is the man who calls such a woman his! A well-regulated mind, a cheerful temper, and a heart the seat of love and fidelity will render the lot of her husband blissful indeed.

FIG. 5.—A bridal head-dress: the front hair is arranged in full clusters of curls on each side of the face, the hind hair, turned up very tight, is disposed in three bows which are placed immediately over the curls on the right side. The head-dress put very far back on the head so as to display the bows of hair, is something of the *béret* form and is composed of white figured satin; the ornamental comb is passed through an opening in the back part of the head-dress, and the veil, which is partly arranged with the comb and partly brought round to the front, forms an elegant finish to the coiffure. The comb is of gold, ornamented with pearls. A sprig of orange flowers is placed perpendicularly on the left side.

FIG. 6.—Young beauties, would you have a head-dress for social parties at once the most simple, the most appropriate to your age, and the most becoming, chuse this:—The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in a profusion of light loose curls on each side. The hind hair, turned tightly up, is arranged on the summit of the head in two soft bows *en papillon*. A large tortoiseshell comb is the only ornament of this head-dress.

FIG. 7.—A back view of the preceding coiffure.

RIDING DRESS.

A habit composed of the darkest shade of grey cloth, nearly approaching to black. The collar and lappels are of black velvet, the former is the deepest that we have yet seen. The bust is ornamented with buttons placed two and two together at regular distances. *Gigot* sleeves. *Manchettes* and *chemisette* of cambric, the former small plaited, the latter has a frill also small plaited round the throat, and is worn with a plain black velvet stock. Black beaver riding hat of a small size. Black kid half-boots.





*Newest Fashions for August, 1830.
Morning and Evening Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for August, 1830.
Court, Evening, and Morning Dresses.*



Newest Fashions for August, 1830.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress of the pelisse form, the *corsage* is made tight to the shape, nearly but not quite up to the throat, and turning over *en schall*, forms a large round pelerine; long sleeve made to sit close to the arm, over which is a *manche à la Montispan*; it is extremely wide, is formed into a *large bouffant* at the elbow by a muslin band; the lower extremity of the sleeve, which is cut in points and richly embroidered in foliage, forms a ruffle, which hangs very low over the forepart of the arm. The pelerine also cut round in points is embroidered in a similar manner, and a corresponding trimming goes down the front of the dress in the form of a broken cone. The hat is of rice straw, trimmed under the brim with grey gauze ribbon, arranged in the form of a star; *nœuds* of the same ribbon intermixed with grey crape flowers are placed in front of the crown. Neck chain and *lorgnette* of jet. Ceinture with a jet buckle. Bracelets to correspond. Black slippers. Grey kid gloves.

COURT DRESS.

A white satin dress, *corsage uni* cut very low, and trimmed, with a falling tucker of blond lace. A triple row of the same costly material nearly covers the short *béret* sleeve. The skirt is superbly trimmed with a double fall of British blond lace, surmounted by a white satin rouleau wreathed with pearls. The train is composed of *gros de Tours*; the colour is a peculiarly beautiful shade of violet; it is bordered with blond lace; the hair is dressed full at the sides, and moderately high behind; it is ornamented with diamond combs, ostrich feathers, and *esprits* arranged with much taste; the lappets, which are also of British blond lace, are of uncommon beauty. The neck-lace, ear-rings, bracelets, and *ceinture* buckle are of diamonds.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress composed of French grey *tulle*, over a *gros de Naples* slip of a corresponding colour. *Corsage uni*, trimmed à l'enfant with blond lace. Short full sleeves decorated with blond lace *étagées*. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a double fall of blond lace, headed by a white satin rouleau, and surmounted by an embroidery in grey silk of flowers arranged in a Grecian border. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and dressed in loose full curls at the sides; it is fastened up on the summit of the head by a gold comb, decorated with pearls. A pearl bandeau encircles the forehead. A superb plume of three ostrich feathers is placed immediately behind the comb, on the right side, and a bunch of silver wheat on the left. Lappets of blond lace. Ear-rings and necklace *en girandole* of large pearls.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A hat of rice straw, trimmed with grey gauze ribbon and snow balls, composed of grey gauze, with a foliage of black crape.

Fig. 2.—A *chapeau capote*, composed of rice straw; the crown of the helmet shape, is crossed by rouleaus of black gauze ribbon; the trimming consists of black and white flowers with black foliage.

Fig. 3.—A full dress *coiffure*; the hair is dressed entirely off the forehead, and very full at the sides of the face. The hind hair is arranged in a butterfly bow, which is placed rather to one side, and is surmounted by a single bow of a large size. A profusion of white ostrich feathers drooping in different directions, and a bandeau of diamonds, placed high upon the forehead form the *coiffure*.

Fig. 4.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress composed of crape of a peculiar shade of grey, bordering upon slate colour. *Corsage uni*, finished by a falling tucker of the same material, embroidered round the edges in a Grecian border of white and grey. The *corsage* is cut low, square, and falls very much off the shoulders; the sleeves are *en double bouffant* to the elbow, and from thence to the wrist quite tight to the arm. The skirt is finished as high as the knee, with a Grecian border embroidered in white and grey. Head-dress, a white crape hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers, tipped with grey, and white gauze ribbons slightly striped with black. A *bouquet* of feathers, consisting of five plumes, is placed in front of the crown, near the top; they are attached by a *nœud* of ribbon, one end of which crosses to the edge of the brim in an opposite direction, and serves to fasten a similar *bouquet*, which falls lightly over the edge of the brim; the inside of the brim is decorated with a *nœud* of ribbon disposed in folds, and terminating in a *nœud* opposite to the feathers. Black *gros de Naples* slippers *en sandales*.

MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

A muslin dress striped in very dark and light grey stripes, the latter are figured in black. *Corsage drapé* cut very low, but not quite square. Sleeve à la *Imbecille*, finished on the shoulder with three points, tied above, and one below. The trimming of the skirt consists of a very broad *biais* headed by a rouleau. *Sautoir* of figured gauze ribbon to correspond with the dress, tied in a bow before. Hat of *paille de riz*, trimmed with a cluster of *nœuds* of dark grey gauze ribbon interlaced in front of the crown; the ends traverse the brim, and terminate in a *nœud* on the right side; that on the left serves to attach a bouquet of dark grey crape flowers. The inside of the brim is decorated with *coques* of ribbon. Grey gloves. Black *gros des Indes* slippers.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *batiste de laine*, *corsage à la vierge* and sleeve à l'*Imbecille*; a *ceinture en écharpe*, disposed in a very novel manner, ornaments the *corsage*; the skirt is simply finished at the upper edge of the hem with a black silk gauze. *Coiffure à la chinoise* ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon on the summit of the head. Jet neck-lace and earrings.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A back view of the *coiffure* of the first evening dress.

Fig. 2.—A back view (three-quarter length) of the morning dress.

Fig. 3.—A head-dress of hair, the hind hair is arranged in a *coque ondoyante*, very high and full; the front hair is dressed much off the forehead in large loose curls.

Fig. 4.—Side view of a *coiffure en cheveux*; it is a crop; the front hair is combed back. An ornament of a novel but somewhat *bizarre* description, composed of an intermixture of white and grey gauze, decorates the summit of the head.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of dark grey *foulard*, *corsage en cœur*, the lappets cut in festoons, which are bordered by a rouleau of *brun hannelon gros de Naples*; a similar rouleau forms the *corsage* on each side of the bosom. A row of festoons of white

embroidered *tulle*, border those of the lappels. The corsage is cut low, and nearly square. Sleeve à la *Mameluke*. The skirt is embroidered just above the knee in a double etruscan border of *kanneton brun* and tea-green silks; from the border to the waist, it is embroidered in sprigs of foliage of tea-green; the sleeves and the lappels are also embroidered, but the corsage and the lower part of the skirt are plain. The *chemisette* is of *tulle*. The hat is of rice straw, ornamented with black and white gauze ribbons, and a very large bouquet of ears of corn in black. The jewellery is of *or bruni*.

MORNING DRESS.

A *redingote* of dark grey *batiste de laine*, the shawl part slightly festooned. *Manche à la Chevalière*. The corsage and the fronts of the dress are bordered with a trimming of the same material, disposed *en dents de loup*. A rich embroidery in black *floize* silk of clusters of grapes with their foliage surmounts this trimming. The hat is of Leghorn, ornamented with black gauze ribbon, arranged in a very novel style, and branches of willow composed of black crape.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of figure 2.

FIG. 2.—A rice straw hat, ornamented on the inside of the brim with *coques* of grey gauze ribbon, shaded in stripes. The crown is adorned with *nœuds* of the same ribbon, some of which are edged with black blond lace, and a light sprig of black crape flowers.

FIG. 3.—A back view of figure 4.

FIG. 4.—A hat composed of fawn-coloured crape; it is decorated on the inside of the brim with *coques* of gauze ribbon, of a novel form. A full *nœud* of ribbon ornaments the top of the crown; one end passes over the crown and terminates in a *nœud* on the brim, nearly behind on the left side. The other end descends in front on the right side of the brim, and terminates in a larger *nœud* than that behind. A long sprig of black and white foliage droops, in the style of a feather, to the left side.

FIG. 5.—A cap composed of *tulle*, the edge of the borders lightly embroidered in black; it is of the *déret* form, but a new shape. The crown is drawn in the helmet form, and ornamented with *entre deux* of embroidered *tulle*; the borders are lightly festooned and interlaced.

FIG. 6.—A back view of figure 5.

FIG. 7.—A back view of the bust of the morning dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1830.

It has pleased the king of kings to take from us a sovereign whose truly paternal sway made him not only the King of England, but the King of the English; for he reigned in the hearts of his people. They saw in him a prince whose virtues gave lustre to the first throne in Europe, and whose private qualities rendered the man not less the object of love, than the monarch was of veneration. Deep and sincere is the regret with which Britons of all classes follow his honoured remains to the tomb. Still more heavily would his loss be felt, had we not reason to anticipate, from the conduct and sentiments of his successor, that his warmest wish, his most anxious care, will be worthily to replace the father we have lost. And let it be borne in mind, that his efforts to give energy to our trade and manufactures, will be ably seconded by his royal partner; for can we doubt, that she who has hitherto

made the happiness of his life, will find her felicity in co-operating with him, in the object dearest to his heart, the welfare of his people.

HATS AND BONNETS.—*Capotes* are in much request; they are composed of crape. In the beginning of July many were composed of black crape, but since the weather has been warm, we scarcely see any but of white or grey crape. The crowns of *capotes* are higher than those of hats; the brims, which are always drawn, are wider than we have yet seen them; they are in general trimmed with ribbons only; if the *capote* is white, the ribbons always correspond, but if it is grey, the ribbons are frequently striped and figured in grey and white, in a variety of patterns; the *nœuds* are always large; some are formed of four bows, without ends, having in the centre a rose of cut ribbon; this is a very novel ornament.

Crape is also much in favour for hats; a good many are composed of that material in grey or lavender, and are ornamented with *coques* of gauze ribbon, with a sprig of foliage or of honeysuckle, or jessamine, in white or black crape. Hats of rice straw, ornamented with grey flowers on a black stalk, and *nœuds* of white ribbon, figured in black and grey, are also much in favour.

Hats of *crêpe lisse* have been adopted by a few *élégantes*, the prettiest are of mouse-grey, ornamented with a bouquet of *bruyère*, and ribbons figured in different shades of grey. We have seen also some hats composed of black *repé Indien*; they were trimmed with black and white gauze ribbon, and two sprigs of *Spirœa*.

Some change has taken place since last month in the shape of hats; the brims are decidedly shallower, but they are still worn very wide. The helmet form is most fashionable for the crown; they are always worn very much off the face.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—The *redingote* form is still the most prevalent for silk dresses. We have seen some composed of black *gros de Naples*, *corsage à schall carrée*, which were embroidered round the corsage and down the fronts in various shades of grey. Others were trimmed with a black rouleau, in zig-zag, which descended *en tablier*, in a slanting direction.

Although fringe is no longer used to trim the bottom of dresses, we sometimes see the trimmings of pelerines edged with silk fringe of the lightest possible description; the upper edge of the hem of silk dresses is also frequently marked by a narrow silk trimming.

Half-high dresses of black *gros de Naples* are also in favour in carriage dress, though not quite so generally adopted as *redingotes*. Some, but very few, of these dresses are trimmed with black crape; others are finished round the upper edge of the hem with a Grecian border, composed of rouleaux of the same material.

Canesous of white crape, and even sometimes of embroidered muslin, are worn with these dresses. Very few have sleeves, but only a deep trimming round the shoulders, which forms epaulettes. Some are trimmed with a *riche* round the neck, others have two small square falling collars. We frequently see a *collier à la Neapolitaine* worn with a *canesou*; it is composed of gauze ribbon, forms a point behind, and two double rosettes, that is to say, a rosette composed of four bows without ends on the bosom.

Besides the white crape *chemisettes*, with broad hems, which have been worn since the commencement of the mourning, with *redingotes*, we have observed, within the

last few days, some composed of fine cambrics, plaited in compartments, which were divided by embroidered *entre deux*, of about an inch in breadth. Others are formed of bands of muslin, plaited transversely, and separated by *entre deux* of lace.

Scarfs are of various materials, crape, China crape, gauze, and some in Cachemire. Some are of grey, the ends figured with black in a lace pattern. Others have the ends striped horizontally, and finished with a deep fringe; and many are white, embroidered at the border in grey, and finished with grey fringe. Those ladies who do not adopt the *collier à la Napolitaine*, wear fancy mourning cravats; they are of a small size, loosely twisted round the throat, and tied in ends without a bow.

DRESSES.—Morning dresses, particularly those of the *poignoir* form, are composed of printed muslins in black and grey patterns, or else of black and white striped, or figured muslins, or grey muslins in stripes of different shades. *Poignoirs* of the newest form are made excessively wide, very full in the back, and without a *ceinture*. There are two pelerines, one of which is so large that it falls as low as the elbows, and a small falling collar. The pelerines and collar have a trimming of the same material, of moderate breadth, disposed in large round plaits.

We see already both in full and half dress, very dark grey dresses, ornamented with black, they are composed of different kinds of silk, *Aerophane*, *batiste de laine*, gauze, and crape.

The *redingote* form is still the most prevalent in half-dress, but it is not precisely the same as that worn for the promenade. The *corsage* is made lower behind, and frequently wraps a little before; the shawl part is either quite square, or slightly festooned.

The newest sleeves in half-dress, are the *manches à la Mameluke*, they are very wide, but not quite so much so at the lower part as the upper; they form two *bouffons*, being divided just above the elbow by a band, or an arm-let.

Embroidery is the trimming most in favour for pelerines; we have, however, seen some silk ones, which were bordered with double *ruches* of black or grey *tulle*; they were fastened down the front by silver buttons, very elegantly wrought in fillagree, or else by grey silk fancy buttons.

In evening dress, the *corsage* is always cut low, those quite square, and those a little rounded, seem in equal favour. We observe that this month a more than usual number are made *uni*, those *en cœur* are nearly as numerous. The *chemisettes* worn with the latter, have, within the last few days, been mostly *à schall*. Some are of crape, embroidered in different shades of grey; others are of blond trimmed with very broad blond lace.

The new long dress sleeves are called *manches à la Dame châteline*, they are as yet worn only with silk dresses. A large *bouffant*, of the material of the dress, reaches nearly to the elbow; from thence to the wrist the sleeve is of blond, gauze, or *tulle*; it is divided into four *bouffons*, each a little smaller than the other, by ornamental *poignets*, which sit close to the arm.

Mrs. BELL has just introduced a very pretty evening *corsage*, composed of ribbon; it is formed by two *sautoirs*, the one before, the other behind; the ribbons are arranged *en biais*, the top of the *corsage* cut *en cœur*, is adorned with points, bordered with narrow blond, this trimming is arranged in a manner altogether novel.

One of the newest mourning evening dresses is composed of iron grey silk, embroidered round the border in black silk palms, which reach considerably above the knee.

The most novel trimmings for evening dresses, are called *garnitures de Charles X.* they are formed of rouleaus, in a row of C's and of X's back to back, and linked alternately. Gauze scarfs terminated by *nœuds* of ribbon, are frequently thrown over the shoulders in evening dress.

HEAD-DRESSES.—*Coiffures en cheveux* are ornamented with a mixture of jet combs and crape flowers, disposed either in *chaperons*, or in small bouquets, placed on the summit of the head.

Turbans and hats seem in equal favour in full dress. Crape is the material most in request for hats, they are in general trimmed with flowers, but some of the most novel are ornamented only by a single *nœud* of ribbon with long ends, placed on one side. We have seen also some crape hats, trimmed with a bouquet of marabouts, disposed *en tulipe*.

Turbans offer nothing new. *Bérets* are lighter and smaller, we see a good many ornamented with a *nœud* of gauze ribbon without ends, placed on one side.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Leghorn and rice straw are the materials most in favour for hats; those of the newest form are called *chapeaux capote*. The crowns are of the helmet shape, divided into compartments by rouleaus of gauze ribbon. The *bavolet* and strings are also of gauze ribbon; the front of the crown is ornamented by *aigrettes* of flowers, placed in opposite directions, and separated by *nœuds* of gauze ribbons.

Coquelicots, half blown, and tulips less than the natural size, are also much in favour for the trimming of straw hats.

A head-dress very much in favour with the fair promenaders of the *bois de Boulogne*, is a leghorn hat ornamented with a bouquet of flowers, or feathers placed on one side.

Capotes are in favour both for the early morning walk, and for the elegant promenade; for the first they are worn without any other ornament than the ribbon which ties them down, and a black gauze, or English lace veil.

A new material, and one that is very likely to become very fashionable, has just been invented for undress *capotes*, it is called *pagne*; this material is made in light lilac, pea-green and *chamois*.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—An excessive simplicity is this month the characteristic of out-door costume. White is very generally adopted both for *redingotes* and high dresses. Some of the latter are composed of cambric muslin, having the *corsage* turned over in the shawl style, but square, so as to form *corsage* and lappels in one. A double row of cambric trimming, small plaited, goes round the *corsage*, and down the front.

High dresses composed of jaconot muslin, in thin and thick stripes, or with broad, thin, and narrow coloured stripes, the latter corded, are also worn in walking dress. The *corsages* of these gowns are either *uni*, or else *à mille plis*, but the latter are beginning to come very much into favour. There is no positive alteration in sleeves, but those *à l'Imbecile*, which some time ago seemed to be going out, are more numerous than ever.

The trimming of muslin dresses consists either of a large *volant à tête*, or else an embroidery above the hem; we can scarcely say which is most generally adopted.

Nothing varies oftener than the fashion of parasols, those most in favour at present, are of *foulards de Lyon*, of Turkish patterns; the stick is of Chinese laurel, with a small golden apple.

For the country, or for rural parties, our *élégantes* wear white silk stockings with clocks, embroidered in grey ash-colour, or dusk colour.

Shawls of China crape, the ground either black, or a green approaching to black, with coloured borders, are much in favour for the promenade.

Pelerines are also worn; they are the same shape as last month, but the trimmings are deeper.

DRESSES.—In half dress, and particularly for the *spectacle*, different light materials as *gaze de laine*, *tissu cachemire*, &c. &c., are worn; but muslin is the predominant material; the *redingote* form is most in favour. Some are made as for the promenade, but beautifully embroidered either in white, or colours round the *corsage*, and one side of the dress, which wraps over. Others are embroidered on both sides *en tablier*, in the form of a broken cone; this style of decoration is strikingly elegant.

We see also many white dresses with a *corsage à la Vierge*, embroidered in front of the bust in the form of a V; an embroidery of the richest description ornaments the dress in the apron style, from the waist to the knee. A light and very narrow wreath goes round the upper edge of the hem, at the back of the skirt. The sleeves of these dresses are almost all of equal width from the shoulders to the elbow, and very richly embroidered.

A ball lately given by a personage of high rank, offered a somewhat singular mixture of simplicity and splendour, for which several of the dresses were of white *gaze de Turin crape*, or *tulle*, without any other ornament than a *ceinture en écharpe*, of broad gauze ribbon. Others were of the most splendid description. A dress of white *gaze popeline* had not only the blond lace draperies of the bust and sleeves decorated with pearls, but was also adorned with a wreath of flowers composed entirely of pearls placed *en biais*, from the right side of the *ceinture* to the left knee.

Another splendid description of trimming consisted in vertical rows of zig-zags, in silver or gold.

Several dresses were ornamented with a row of large pearls, placed immediately above the knee. Wreaths of vine leaves embroidered in gold or silver, formed the trimming of others.

HEAD-DRESSES.—*Coiffures* for the *spectacle* are this summer, more than usually elegant. We noticed at the opera several gauze hats trimmed with *rubans de paille*, festooned; these ribbons, placed at equal distances, and all of the same length, descended from the crown to the edge of the brim; the effect of this trimming is very whimsical, but it is very novel.

Crape hats adorned with sprigs of thyme, intermixed with *nœuds* of gauze ribbon, are much in favour. We see also some *chapeaux* of coloured *gros de Naples*, lined with an opposite and strongly contrasted colour; as, for example, *vert de Saxe* and rose-colour, lilac and citron: these hats are always trimmed with flowers, some have a large dahlia rose, with its buds, and a good deal of foliage. Others are ornamented with a double poppy, and several are trimmed with bouquets of field flowers.

Some crape hats, with brims of more than the usual width, are ornamented with gauze ribbons striped in pea-green and white, and a sprig of *boules de Neige*, the flowers of which are lightly shaded with green.

Capotes are as much in favor as *chapeaux* for the *spectacle*; one of the prettiest that we have seen was composed of *gros de Naples*; colour, *vert Anglais*. The crown, which was round, was surrounded by a diadem of the same material, which formed a very high point before; this *capote* was finished at the edge by a double fall of blond lace, and was trimmed with roses and *nœuds* of ribbon, half green and half rose-colour.

Many *capotes* of *gros de Naples*, with drawn brims, have a straw-coloured ribbon festooned round the crown and another round the brim.

Ribbons of this description may with propriety be mingled with those of almost all other colours.

Head-dresses of hair are, except with ladies of a certain age, almost generally adopted in evening parties. It frequently happens that ladies the most splendidly dressed, have their hair ornamented with flowers only.

Very young ladies, and also some would-be-young *belles*, wear their hair dressed in the Chinese fashion. *Coiffures* of this description are never decorated with flowers. Some are ornamented with a single row of large pearls; others have a gold chain which falls low upon the forehead, and is brought up behind, under the bows of hair, to the summit of the head.

Many young married ladies wear their hair in soft braids across the forehead, and fastened up in a single bow placed very low behind. A single row of coloured gems brought low upon the forehead, or a bouquet of flowers placed rather far back, ornaments these *coiffures*.

Another favorite style of hair-dressing for married ladies consists of a single bow *en couronne*, at the back of the head, and the front hair dressed very much off the temples in a profusion of full curls.

JEWELLERY.—Our *élégantes* now wear, at their *ceintures*, smelling-bottles of the most Gothic form; they are in enamel of different colours. Many are ornamented with a portrait of some ancient Visigoth in the centre, or else with a resemblance of one of the heroes of Greece in her former days.

Ceinture buckles are so massive, that we are almost tempted to say, they are in bad taste; those most in favor are in enamel.

Parures of fancy are in general composed of coloured gems.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The fans most in favor for the *spectacle*, are of mother-o'-pearl; they are carved in open-work, and of Gothic patterns. Fashion positively forbids any species of ornament in gold or gems. We see also some very pretty fans composed of feathers pointed with exquisite taste.

We have already spoken to our readers of the new stuff called Crinoline; it was at first announced as a material for shoes and *bottines* only, then for bonnets; now it is offered for dresses, and is brought to such a degree of perfection, that the Duchess of Berry, to whom a dress of it has been presented, is said to have mistaken it for *gaze popeline*; it is of various colours.

Reticules in embroidered *crin* are very much the fashion. This material is very much employed for work-baskets, and for pretty *paniers de compagnie*.

LITERATURE.

ALICE GRAY,

A TALE.

"She's all my fancy painted her,
 She's lovely, she's divine,
 But her heart it is another's,
 It never can be mine:
 Yet love I as man never lov'd,
 A love without decay;
 My heart, my heart is breaking,
 For the love of Alice Gray."

MRS. P. MILLARD.

The festal rejoicings which the accession of the Scottish James to the throne of England had occasioned, and which the happy Londoners had for a length of time enjoyed, were fatally terminated by one of those distressing events which plunges, not families, nor societies of persons alone, but empires, great and powerful empires, into utter desolation and ruin,—the plague! Scarcely, however, had the terrors of this devastating malady subsided, when a deep-laid conspiracy was happily discovered, that threatened destruction to the monarch whose reign had commenced under the happiest auspices. Late one evening, Henry Evelyn, one of James's youthful favorites, returning by water from a festival at the Palace of Greenwich, where the king was sojourning, was struck by the sounds of music that appeared to issue from a skiff (floating over the moonlit waters) at some distance from his own; immediately ordering his servant to rest his oars, he strained his ears to listen, and presently the light sounds of a female voice accompanied the dulcet strains of the lute, and Evelyn beheld a lady whose face was covered with a large white veil, from whom the melodious tones proceeded, whilst, upon the opposite side of the boat, a young and nobly clad cavalier was striking the accompaniments upon his lute. Evelyn was delighted with the entertainment which the minstrels afforded, but his attention was speedily diverted towards some mad harum scarum roysters, who appeared rowing their boat through the bridge, and giving vent to their excited feelings in boisterous songs of jollity. Heedless and reckless, on they went over the silent Thames, roaring their bacchanalian orgies, until they arrived close upon the skiff from whence the beautiful melody was issuing. Mad in the pursuit of mischief, the bacchanals struck their broader boat against that of the minstrels, and, in an instant, the latter was overturned; a loud shriek arose from the waters, and Evelyn beheld the lady sink beneath the silent wave, whilst the cavalier swam towards the shore. Evelyn instantly sprang into the water to the rescue of the lady, and

"Redeemed her life, with half the loss of his;
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand he bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy waves
 That throng'd and press'd to rob him of his prize."

Upon placing the lady in his skiff, Evelyn ventured to withdraw the veil that obscured her pale and lifeless face, not known to him, but instantly recognized by his servant

as the lovely daughter of Lord Gray, of Wilton, whose transcendent beauty, and many virtues, had been often celebrated by the minstrels of the court. Evelyn was fascinated,—he gazed upon her cold face with all that fine enthusiasm which pervades an honorable soul, and as he gazed, the very life-springs in his heart throbbed in unison. At the command of the youth, the skiff flew along the unresisting waters, and upon its arrival off the mansion of Lord Gray, upon the banks of the Thames, his daughter, the lovely Alice, was still insensible in the arms of Evelyn. She was immediately conveyed to her chamber, and the thanks of the parent, in unnumbered flow, were showered upon her preserver. The rank of Evelyn rendered him worthy of Lord Gray's friendship, and in tendering his hand to the young hero, the good, but, alas! misguided, Gray of Wilton, solicited the honor of his company on the ensuing day, a request immediately acceded to by Evelyn, who felt already his happiness to rest in the lovely girl whom he had rescued from the ruthless waves.

Alas! the enraptured heart little thinks of the agonies it may be destined to experience, when it first acknowledges the power of woman's beauty. We dream that every thing is pure, refined, and holy, and consequently happy, which associates therewith, and do not for a moment suppose that the shadow of night may be thrown across our path, each ray of joy darkened, and every hope blighted and destroyed; that all those fine tints of happiness that had gilded the horizon of our prospects, may fade, like a fairy dream, from our deluded sight, and be no more! The heart that now "reels with its fulness," may soon be lorn and desolate, like the pine lifting its proud head to the height of heaven, but assailed by the destroying blast in the midst of its enjoyment, its proud trunk withers, and all the gay leaves that sparkled in their joyousness, strew the cold ground, a carpeting for man and beasts to trample on!—Such is the human heart.

The ensuing day beheld Evelyn again at the mansion, where all his hopes reposed. Lord Gray received him with paternal kindness, nor was the youth insensible of his esteem, but all his aspirations were directed towards the beautiful Alice, who, entering the apartment to thank the preserver of her life, appeared as a spirit of ethereal essence bursting from the earthly form that on the yesternight he had clasped in his arms, so cold, so pale, so lifeless. He clasped her white hand, and while he pressed it within his own, a sigh broke from his lips, and told the feelings that pervaded his youthful heart. Alice glanced upon his face, and her soft blue eyes meeting the fascinated gaze of Evelyn, a deep blush pervaded her delicate cheeks, and she hung down her beautiful head, like the lily o'erpowered with the burning glance of the noonday sun.

Evelyn soon learned the melancholy truth,—*the heart of Alice was another's!*—Her fair hand dropped from his grasp.—He spoke not, but upon his countenance was the agonized look that spoke the feelings of his soul. The heart of Alice was another's,—that other, the gay and gallant Edgar Clifford, the sole surviving son of a noble and dis-

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tinguished house, and who had won the young affections of the daughter of Lord Gray. With him was her every hope associated,—it was he who accompanied her song upon his lute when Evelyn first beheld her, and who, almost overcome by his precipitation from the boat, left his beloved to be rescued from that perilous situation by one whose fatal kindness proved to him a source of misery and grief; his first emotions were those of brotherly regard, but as his wild and flickering thoughts became more settled,—when he beheld the lovely Alice breaking upon his enraptured sight in all her natural beauty,—the very splendour of her loveliness,—his heart was yielded at her shrine, and she became to him the goddess of his happiness,—“of his idolatry!” But to him she was cold and heedless, reposing her fidelity upon the affections of Edgar; she proffered her hand to Evelyn, but it was only with the kindness of a sister; the warmth of his passion met not a response from her’s,—his heart was fraught with deep and passionate emotion, but her’s with only that of simple friendship and regard. It is a bitter task to tell of the intensity of human feelings, those sad realities of nature, when young hearts, whose impulses should thrill with joy and happiness, are clouded with a murky veil that scars the blossoming happiness, and “sicklies o’er with care” the hopes of life, each prospect vanished, and every aspiration blighted and destroyed. Such things are common,—it is the tale of life, incidental to every class and station, but their fearful aspect is destroyed in the hurry and bustle which surrounds them, and we have no time, even had we the inclination, to enquire into the cause of the distress. We see the beautiful and the young sink into their early graves; the tint of health forsake the cheek, the brightness of the eye fade into the dimness of affliction, and hear the lip struggling with sighs which involuntarily burst from the aching breast, but who can tell the cause? We pass them in the crowding throng, yield our pitying sympathies, and the objects are forgotten. But the intensity of feeling is not subdued by this apparent heartlessness; there is a mournful pleasure even in encouraging hopes which we know can never be fulfilled; and though when the fatal moment arrives that entirely crushes them for ever, the heart may break beneath the agony, we still joy in our melancholy reflections, and dwell upon them even with delight.

It was thus with Evelyn. Alice was betrothed to Edgar, and when her preserver offered his affection, she said to him, no other but her *first* love could ever win her faith: she loved, and could not love again. The suit of Edgar was also encouraged by Lord Gray, who, though he pitied the misplaced affections of Henry Evelyn, yet prized his honour and his daughter’s happiness too highly to wish her to transfer her love. But Edgar Clifford could never prize the estimable gift as its worth deserved; passionate indeed were his vows, nay, and those vows he considered true; but an undying propensity for the gaieties and pleasures of the world had blighted the affection for mere female worth, when it was not associated with his prevailing happiness. He loved Alice, and delighted to be seen with her at every pageant and festival. At the late coronation they had shone beyond the splendour of surrounding rivals, and James himself had noticed their magnificence; but still his love, though he himself, and Alice too, considered nothing could be more real and true, was secondary to other feelings, and the faithful girl reposed her hopes in his constancy, dreaming not that any accident could intervene to stay, much less destroy, her union with her lover. Henry Evelyn was still

a frequent visitor at Lord Gray’s; he could not refrain from gazing upon Alice, although her kindness solely bestowed upon his successful rival maddened his throbbing brain: his emotion was not unperceived by Alice,—her gentle heart pitied his sufferings, though her affection for Edgar prevented a warmer feeling. It could not be that woman’s heart was insensible to such distress, and one evening, when Clifford had not kept his appointed time, and the hours rolled on, and the lover did not appear, Evelyn took up the lady’s lute, and striking his light fingers over the chords, accompanied the song that his lips breathed to the object of his pure affections:—

There is indeed a painful grief
Felt by each youthful heart,
When fate or dire necessity
For ever bids them part:
When after long, long dreams of bliss,
The bliss of true love plighted,
They part for ever,—aye, for e’er,
Their choicest hopes all blighted!

“But what are they to that lone sigh,
That cold and fix’d despair,
That weight of wasting agony,
It must be mine to share!”
To know that feelings, blest and good,
That hallowed heart enshrine;
But ah! to know that faithful heart,
It never can be mine!

Evelyn gazed upon the face of Alice as he concluded the air; it was suffused in tears. She turned to the casement to conceal her emotions, but the calm and breathless silence of the twilight only added to the melancholy of her reflections; the waters of the Thames rolled silently along, unruffled by any intervening boat to break the calmness of the scene. She gazed for the skiff of Clifford, but it came not; she stretched her white neck from the lattice, endeavouring to hear the song of the cavalier, which he was accustomed to breathe as he progressed towards the mansion of his lady love; but no sight nor sound of the expected one gladdened her heart: she turned again from the casement, and beheld Evelyn still hanging over the lute, gazing upon her fairy form, his fingers across the strings, ready again to awaken the song at her bidding. Lord Gray, at a distant part of the large tapestried apartment, was engaged in looking over some papers that appeared to engross his most devoted attention.

“Will you not play again?” enquired Alice, as she dashed away the tear from her eyelid.

“Aye, lady, if ’twill pleasure you,” hastily observed Evelyn, and his fingers swept across the strings; “but much I fear my melancholy strain will yield but little joy to one so *happy*.”

Alice replied not, but glancing her soft blue eyes upon his face with a look of entreaty, she leaned her delicate form upon the balustrade of the casement, whilst Evelyn struck the chords with fairy lightness, and in a tone so soft that it seemed the murmuring of a midnight breeze, renewed the song:—

In vain, in vain I breathe the sigh,
Or wake the lyric line;
Another claims the heart I prize,
It never can be mine!

"Yet love I as man never lov'd,
My love will not decay;
My heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray!

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
I've trembled in the blast,
But now my weary toil is done,
My pilgrimage is past:
And when the green turf covers me,
May Pity haply say,
His heart, his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray!"

Evelyn concluded the song, and both himself and Alice remained in unbroken silence; she, scarce conscious of the nature of her feelings, Evelyn alone thinking of that pure, undying affection, that he entertained for the beautiful being who stood so pale and statue-like before him. One hand of her's was thrown across the balustrade, the other listlessly hung down by her side; the hand of Evelyn fell from the lute, and in its unconscious progress it touched her white fingers. The thrill ran like lightning through his veins; in a moment the hand of Alice was clasped in his! It was but a momentary delight—Alice hung down her beautiful head abashed, and appeared hesitating whether to withdraw her hand from the pressure of her lover's, and at length, gently extricating it, she murmuringly exclaimed, "Oh, it must not be!" and her fair face was again averted to hide the tear-pearls that flowed rapidly down her cheek.

The lovers were roused from their reverie by a loud noise that resounded like thunder through the arched walls of the Gothic mansion, and numerous rough voices were heard in a tone of authority. Lord Gray instantly starting from his seat in dismay, threw the whole of the important papers he had been perusing into the fire that blazed upon the hearth beside him, but ere he could effect his escape, a troop of soldiers burst into the apartment, and seizing the venerable nobleman, arrested him as a traitor to his country and his king. Alice shrieked, and fell senseless into the arms of Evelyn, who, unable to comprehend the distressing scene, enquired the meaning of the commanding officer, who only replied by also taking him into custody. The lifeless Alice was conveyed to her chamber by some of the domestics, and Evelyn speedily found himself linked with the groupe of conspirators,—Cobham, Raleigh, Griffin, Markham, and others, who had assembled at Lord Gray's to consult upon their traitorous projects. The friendly regard with which the monarch honored Evelyn had made him aware of the discovery of the conspiracy that was hatching, but he never, for a moment, thought the good and venerable father of Alice could be linked in the band; now was he deeply grieved to learn the fatal truth, aware that the sternness of justice would visit, mercilessly, the crime of the conspirators,—that Lord Gray would die, and his only child be an orphan, portionless and unprotected. In order to divide the prisoners, that no intercourse should subsist between them, one portion was conveyed to the Tower, whilst the others were carried to the Gate House at Westminster; Evelyn was soon able to explain the cause of his being at Lord Gray's, and his innocence being strikingly manifest, he was liberated, and his exertions were then directed to alleviate the sufferings of his venerable friend, and to relieve the mental agony of Alice Gray. Alas! shorn lamb! she indeed

required the sympathising aid of pity; the sun that gilded the horizon of her happiness had set in clouds, and a long, long night of terror seemed to threaten. Her father might, nay, *would* be adjudged guilty,—would yield his life upon the scaffold, his possessions forfeited to the king, and his name dishonored; herself reduced to penury and wretchedness. Edgar Clifford had indeed visited her upon the news of her affliction, but he was much reserved; reserve at such a time,—from such an one,—was worse than all the frowns of fortune, or the storms of fate. She could have borne her sufferings with resignation had he been kind, but his coldness struck to her heart's core; she spoke not, but her heart was breaking! Alas! she thought herself deserted, and would seek her father to perish with him, and escape from that world the pains of which she had not strength to bear.

Alice sought her father's prison; she glided through the crowded streets, unconscious of the numerous admiring gazers, and heeded not the flattering compliments of the young gallants as she passed them by; a groupe of passengers, however, had collected in a narrow spot, to listen to some itinerant minstrels that were carolling the legend of a favorite saint, and she had much difficulty in making her way through them; the attention of the populace was also directed to a richly clad cavalier, who appeared upon a balcony opposite to the spot, endeavouring, by the most captivating attentions, to entertain a youthful lady of considerable beauty, but whose face was almost concealed by the thick folds of a large white veil that descended along one side of her face. Alice raised her tearful eyes as the murmurs of admiration were echoed round her, and alas! they were raised but to behold, in the person of the cavalier, her lover, Edgar Clifford! That glance was sufficient—reason forsook her, she reached the prison door of her father, and fell senseless upon the ground before it!

But there was one, even there, to speak peace to her agonized soul,—to whisper words of hope and consolation to the mourner's aching breast. She revived to life at the magic tones of the well-known voice, but ere she could testify her gratitude to the friendly youth, Henry Evelyn was gone, and Alice remained alone in the presence of her father! It matters little how the interview was procured, or by what means Alice obtained permission to make her father's prison her abiding place till the trial should take place; her progress to the prison had not been unnoticed, neither had the meeting with Evelyn at the prison door been accidental; he had vanished, however, and his appearance seemed only to the afflicted Alice as a dream.

The trial was at length appointed to take place, and for the better security of the peace of the metropolis, the city of Winchester was fixed upon as the scene of the judicial proceedings. An order came from the king, from Greenwich, to separate the maiden from her parent, and it was entrusted to the care of John Gibb, a Scottish gentleman, who executed his painful duty with propriety and kindness. She was conveyed into a carriage while she slept,—the agonized parent pressed his fevered lips to her pale cheeks, and with a sigh tore himself from the sight of his lovely child, and she was conveyed by Gibb to the ferry stairs, where a boat being in readiness, she was speedily rowed to Greenwich. Upon her awaking, she found herself in an elegant apartment, and shrieking at the strange sight, called for her beloved parent, but no parent's voice responded to her cries; the door, however, quickly opened, and Alice found herself in the presence of Henry Evelyn.

"Oh, where is my father?" immediately enquired the agonized girl.

"Believe me, lady, he is safe," rejoined the lover. "Excuse the little artifice we used to bring you hither, but trust me, you will thank me when you've proved the truth of what I offer; it would be false were I to say no danger hovers o'er your honored parent's fate; but this I hope, that the mere sight of so much innocence and loveliness as thine, may move the rugged breast of James to pity and forgiveness."

Alice gazed upon the face of Henry, and moving her head in token of the utter hopelessness of his project, sunk it again upon her breast in tears. The large door of the apartment was at this moment hastily thrown open, and a tall broad figure entering the apartment, with a quick step progressed towards the couch of Alice; a slight emotion of surprise was the only effect that her appearance produced, and turning towards Evelyn, who watched every movement of his features with breathless earnestness, the monarch exclaimed with his Scottish accent,—

"Aye, aye, mon, 'tis a braw, bonnie lassie, indeed; I do think she'll be a helpit a bit wi' thy attentions; sic a wee leetle thing will soon dry a few glowing tears, and Harrie, bonnie Harrie, thou'rt a bonnie laddie,—ah?" and he leered at the distracted lover with a smile that almost rived his heart.

"Sire, sire, you will be merciful," entreatingly exclaimed Evelyn.

"Aye, aye, I leave it a' to the judges o' the land, but especial care shall be taken that his body does not suffer muckle insult fro' the people."

Alice started at the dreadful expression, and falling at the monarch's feet, she seized his gown, and exclaimed in frantic accents, "For mercy's sake—for the sake of that heaven we pray for, to which the supplications of the agonized heart are never breathed in vain,—spare, oh spare my father!"

"Eh, woman!" exclaimed the monarch, and he gazed at her in admiration.

"No, no, you will not take his life," hastily rejoined the maiden; "you will not tear the aged parent from his distracted child, who lives but for him and him alone! Besides him, I have no protector—no friend! Oh, if you have a heart—if in your bosom nature still lives, her voice must sure be heard, and he will be forgiven; else, what shall I become?—thrown upon the cold, heartless world, a wretched orphan,—despoiled of home, of a father's care, of every thing but misery! Oh spare his aged life,—let his vast estates, his honors, and possessions, be sacrificed to atone for crime, and I will bless thy generous deed, call down the choicest gifts of heaven, and pray unceasingly for your prosperity;—forgiveness is the first of human virtues, and mercy is divine. "We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us to forgive." *Forgive my father!*"

"Lassie, lassie, y're a pure speaker, lassie; ye would na' sacrifice muckle tho', for this said father's life."

"For that I'd yield my own!" cried the intrepid girl, in a tone that terrified the monarch; he gazed upon her with upraised eyebrows, no doubt expecting every moment to behold a dagger produced from her girdle, and to James nothing was more dreadful than the sight of a drawn weapon. "Aye, aye, y're a vary gude girl, no doubt,—a vary gude girl," and the terrified monarch hastily quitted the apartment.

Evelyn gazed upon the king as he left the room; his last hopes were vanished, and he beheld nothing but darkness

in the future prospects of Alice and her father. "I will not say, lovely maiden," exclaimed he to the agonized girl, as he gazed upon her pale and hopeless face, "I will not say what I feel at this unkind reception, nor dare I speak of that undying theme which still reigns in my breast, unchecked by the hap of fortune, undestroyed by the disastrous turn of fate; but still allow me, lady, to proffer you my friendship, now, as tenderly and truly as in thy proudest hours of joy. I will not speak of love,—no, 'tis for a happier one to claim that blest reward, heaven knows how great! I proffer you a *brother's* kindness, and while the happy Clifford, blest with the noblest of enjoyments, greets you with a husband's love, allow me but the brother's, and let me aid you as a sister!"

The grateful Alice, unable to reply to the generous kindness of her lover, thanked him only with her tears; the strength of her affection for Clifford had been scared by the faithless sight that her own eyes had beheld, and the feelings that were heretofore associated with him alone, were rapidly absorbing in those she entertained for Evelyn. The worst fears were at length unhappily realized,—the traitors were condemned to die!

We will not dwell upon the agony which the result of the trial occasioned; the heroic devotion of Alice, the persevering constancy of Evelyn, all apparently ineffectual,—but proceed to the fatal day that was to behold the execution of Lord Gray; Brooke, Cobham, Raleigh, and others, had already suffered, and upon Gray alone the sentence remained to be carried into effect. It was a dark and dismal morning, the glorious orb of day, unwilling to cast his radiance upon a scene of death, was enwrapped in clouds, and as the drizzling rain pattered against the latticed casements, Alice awakened from a fevered sleep, and beheld Henry Evelyn pacing the chamber, anxiously waiting for the presence of the monarch, for the last time to urge his suit for the life of the father of his beloved. The riven-hearted girl hung silently upon her couch, counting the rapid moments as they rolled,—her grief, her agony, too intense for utterance. At length the door of the apartment slowly unclosed in a trifling degree, and the head of the eccentric monarch appeared through the enclosure. "Go to Gibb," hastily exclaimed he, and his head was taken in with equal rapidity. Evelyn, reluctant to leave the almost expiring Alice, dispatched a messenger for Gibb, and remained hanging over the couch of the lorn one, gazing upon her pale and delicate face till his every thought rose above humanity, and the dying girl appeared to his fascinated sense as the angel of his happiness, ready, alas! to fly from the verge of mortality, and, with her flight, his every joy to vanish. Thus gazed he upon the maiden,

"Watching that pale and silent loveliness," with all the bewildering enthusiasm of the most devout and holy love. But where was Edgar Clifford? Where was the lover who had so often breathed his passionate vows at the shrine of Alice, and heard her tender aspirations murmured in return? Where was the beloved one, for whom the beautiful girl, in the days of her splendour, had spurned the proffered love of the devoted youth, who, even in her deepest misery, would not forsake her, and now, when the sun of hope was casting its last rays over the paths of her existence, still tendered her the hand of kindness, cheering the hours of sorrow with his sympathy, and leading her agonized heart to peace and resignation? Alas! by the one for whom she could have sacrificed all earthly good, *she was forgotten!* Alice, the splendid Alice, the daughter

of the noble Gray,—*she* was no more ; the breath of fortune had destroyed her brightest characteristic in the eyes of Clifford, and another lovely one now heard his *constant* vows, another maiden held his heart!

Silent, but each distracted by contending thoughts, remained Alice and Evelyn, in the monarch's anti-chamber; the latter all devotion, constancy, and truth; Alice, tender, melancholy, and unhappy; she glanced upon the face of Evelyn, and read there all that her gentle heart could think of,—pity, kindness, and benevolence. She could not be insensible to his affection, his nobleness of love, but what return could she make? Her heart she thought too poor an offering, but that was all he sought. "Evelyn—" murmured she, and he inclined his head towards her,—her thoughts were too great for utterance, and she fell upon his neck in tears. The enraptured lover caught her delicate hand, and instantly pressing it to his lips, testified how dearly he esteemed those tears, since they were shed for *him*. "Dearest, loveliest!" exclaimed he, "whate'er the chance of fate may be, here, in this scene of darkest woe, I swear undying truth, fidelity, and *love*! We'll meet the worst mishap with resignation, and by our mutual tenderness smooth the rough paths of life, and give a ray of joy even to its darkest hours. Nay, cease those tears, those unavailing throbs; heaven throws these bitter draughts into the cup of life but to prepare us for a happier eternity; it is our duty to receive them with a patient heart, nor murmur, nor repine!" Evelyn pressed the lovely girl to his faithful bosom, and as he raised her white hand again to his lips, she murmuringly exclaimed, "*I will be thine!*" Evelyn was happy,—the bliss of all his ardent wishes was attained,—he clasped in his arms all that the world held dear to him, the tender creature of his hopes, his fears, his *love*!

"Though dark the hours, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light while she was nigh;
Throughout creation he best knew
Two separate worlds,—the *one*, that small
Belov'd and consecrated spot
Where *Alice* was,—the other, all
The dull wide waste where she was *not*!"

John Gibb came at length to the palace, but he came not alone; with him, there entered a being, at the sight of whom a shriek of joy was heard, and in an instant Alice Gray was clasped in *tears* upon the bosom of her parent! "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the astonished Evelyn. "Aye, mon, and the *king*,"—rejoined honest John Gibb. "Heaven bless him!" replied Lord Gray, stretching his arms in the attitude of adoration, and the words were responded by every lip.

"Ye mun thank the braw lassie, too," exclaimed the king as he entered from his chamber, "an' praise the gude powers above that gave you such a child!"

Lord Gray was forgiven, his forfeited possessions restored; Alice again shone in the splendour of her beauty, but "*her heart was now another's*,"—that other, Henry Evelyn; the "*summer's sun*" had again risen upon his hopes; his "*weary toil was past*," for Alice Gray was his!

STANZAS.

The last frail tie that bound my hopes
Is broke!—The wreath unbinds;
It floats like fairy dreams away,
And scatters to the winds!
Like beams that shine upon the sea,
They gladly all were cherish'd;
A cloud has pass'd before *my* sun,
And all those hopes have perish'd!

'Tis past!—the dream of bliss is gone,
Its memory will remain;
'Upon my heart the seal is set,
Love never sets in vain."
Oh, I must hide the burning thought,
Must check the rising sigh;
Restrain the proffer'd vow of truth,
But deep the agony!

And there are moments when the thought,
Will flash across the brain;
And each with madd'ning influence fraught,
And passion's direst train!
Each lingering hour is then an age,
Of darkest, deepest grief;
No balm of peace those griefs assuage,
No voice will yield relief!

I saw her in her beauty's bloom,
And hop'd that heart to win;
Vain hope!—Alas! the darkling tomb,
Shrouds all those hopes within.
Like flowers that burst to life and light,
Beneath a fostering ray,
But drooping 'neath the breath of night,
And fading, die away!

Oh, who can read the murmur'd sigh,
The cold and pallid cheek,
The aching throb,—the agony,
The bitter thoughts they speak!
The world may laugh,—the thoughtless rail,
And take the unfeeling part;
They mock,—they mock the dreadful throbs,
That speaks a breaking heart!

The sun that rose upon my hopes,
And view'd them but to save;
Casts one broad, gushing, ray of light,
And sets upon their grave:
The grave—the grave, where cold and still,
Life's blossoms lie in rest;
The fairest hopes, the brightest bloom,
That chilly couch have prest.

With them lie all those radiant joys
It was my bliss to cherish;
Alas, alas! the mournful task,
They blossom'd but to perish!
And like the wayworn isolate,
That up the mountain prest;
I wander lonely, sad, and chill,
The grave my only rest!

The world may think the smile they see,
A happy heart to speak;
And think they read a page of joy,
Upon the hectic cheek;

Alas, the smiles they sometimes win,
The flushes that illumine;
Are but a faithless mockery,
Like sunlight on the tomb!

Where now shall rest the riven heart,
The hopes all crush'd and broken!
The humblest maid will laugh to scorn
So poor, so sad a token!
And like the lonely, widow'd dove,
That sought in vain for rest;
Still onward,—onward must I rove,
Unknown,—uncheer'd,—unblest!

THE LAST OF THE BRACCIANOS;

A LEGEND OF ROME.

The Venus of Bracciano was a statue greatly celebrated in the last century; no stranger ever left Rome without seeing and admiring it, and it is said that an Englishman was once so much surprised at the sight of the statue, that he found means to escape the watchfulness of those who had it in charge, and passed a night in contemplating its beauties. This circumstance caused a great noise, and obliged the old Duke to refuse permission for strangers to see the palace. He was, however, pleased to exhibit his wealth to visitors who came recommended to him, but when he was from home, this sanctuary of the fine arts was impenetrable; therefore the *Ciceroni* and the domestics, in revenge of an order which militated against their interests, asserted that *jealousy* was the cause of the Duke's prohibition; and that the old fellow, in imitation of the English traveller, was really *mad for love of the marvellous statue*. This master-piece of art was found in the environs of Bracciano, beneath the ruins of a villa which the antiquarians did not scruple to call the *Temple of Venus*; because, in fact, this marble was of such admirable workmanship, that it was worthy of representing the Goddess of Pleasure; but the expression of the countenance, which exhibited a severity analogous to the Apollo Belvidere, and the Capitoline Jupiter, justified the additional title of *Goddess of Vengeance*, which had been bestowed on it.

It was not only by its pure and graceful symmetry that the extraordinary value of the statue was prized, for it was a work of the highest order of Grecian sculpture; there was a remarkable singularity about it that was without parallel, and was instanced in the different impressions made on the beholder as he viewed it in different points. Fronting the figure, its dignified features imposed respect; its elevated forehead, threatening eye, and half-opened mouth, seemed to dictate command; view it in profile,—a sweet smile, and enchanting gracefulness, produced other sentiments, and the mother of Love displayed all her exquisite proportions, even to the motion of the arms: those arms, it must be owned, were of modern workmanship; but the sculptor was so imbued with the idea of the Grecian artist, that the position agreed well with the expression of the face, which, seen one way, was imperious and commanding, and on the other appeared lovingly to await the moment of the most tender embrace.

Many sonnets were addressed to the Venus of Bracciano, of which the most celebrated ends with these words:—
"Thus Venus, though irritated to punish the temerity of

Psyche, cannot entirely obliterate from her countenance the vivid emotion she feels at the sight of her son's mistress."

The Duke of Bracciano, before he died, called his son to him (then sixteen years old), and in a low voice thus addressed him:—"I leave you immense wealth, my Carlo; but for that piece of marble, which bears the name of a family, whose only representative you are, envy will pursue you. Promise me, however, never to let it go out of your possession, for *to it is attached the destiny of Bracciano*. My mother, on her death-bed, told me that a gipsy (*Zinganas*) celebrated for her predictions, wrote one day on the foot of the statue those ominous words, which the learned have thus translated:—

"He shall be the *last* of his race
Who *first* deceives me."

The next year, when the young Duke returned to his palace and revisited the statue, the words of his father flashed on his mind. For the first time, a feeling of attachment was aroused for this marble relique; he was surprised to see the human form so nicely developed there, and his heart beat quick with emotion.

The next day Carlo revisited the gallery to look at the statue, when one of his attendants, a gross, low flatterer, whose efforts to please were dictated by the basest and most corrupt motives, surprised him in the act of contemplating this exquisite marble. The story of the Venus of Bracciano was repeated with all its vulgar commentaries. Carlo trembled; he ventured to cast a look at the statue; that quick, impatient, curious look, betrayed a sudden impression; his blood boiled in his veins; he extended his arms to embrace it, but the severe expression of its marble features soon restored his senses.

In another year the heir of Bracciano again sought the solitude of his palace; he had sought, unavailingly, in society for an object to assimilate with his imagination—conversation was without interest—wit puerile—politeness tiresome—ceremony was the freezing point—and gallantry was repulsive. No sympathy awoke in his heart for the frivolous tastes or dark passions he saw displayed around him. The queen of the world, the queen of the arts, possessed not a treasure that could allure him. However, he continued to search for novelty, but his heart beat only when he crossed the threshold of his palace; it beat more rapidly still, when he found himself in the midst of those master-pieces of art that his father had collected with so much taste and luxury. Timid in the presence of strangers, he could here give way to the natural excitement of his spirit. His deportment in the world was on a par with others; in his magnificent abode some secret inspiration animated him; his impassioned soul swelled as it came in contact with the treasures of art; and that life, which would be cold and rapid for us, became the most delicious of this world's gifts to him. When there is nothing satisfying in real life, imagination, to make up for it, creates an ideal world of perfection.

In the mean time, Carlo experienced the disagreeables of a solitary life. In thoughtful minds its effects are durable; but with young people, imagination manifests an imperious desire, which soon acquires the mastery.

In the gallery of the Bracciano palace were two pictures that attracted the eyes of connoisseurs, one of which represented a holy virgin of *Andrea del Sarto*; the other, a magdalen of *Guido Rheni*. Before these objects the young

Duke, when he had any virtuosi about him, spoke in the following eloquent strain :—" Behold what the art of the painter has produced of its most perfect kind. Do not you perceive in those features the expression of every Christian virtue ; indulgence, goodness, repentance, and hope. One feels anew in the heart (before the image of the Mother of God—before the image of the sinner who dared to lift her eyes towards her Redeemer;) all the pure ideas which occupied our infant years : those beautiful scripture histories crowd upon our memories ; there is something affecting in thus identifying ourselves again with a life of innocence!" He would then sigh, and passing to the statue gallery, preserve a gloomy silence. His eye became restless, he breathed short, and the admiration or indifference of the spectators was alike to him ; both caused him dissatisfaction : this sentiment of fearful selfishness was carried so far, as to induce him to shut up the gallery, and to refuse its access to strangers ; a conduct exactly opposed to the common habits of Italian nobles.

One day the Cardinal Bracciano, his uncle, proposed to Carlo an exchange of a groupe of Michael Angelo's of inestimable price, for *the Venus*. He turned pale, trembled, and falteringly said, " Your eminence is mistaken, I think ; it is the Christ of Bernin you wish for."—" No, Carlo, I seriously mean your Venus—the *Goddess of Vengeance*, Carlo ; it is a painting whose value you are not capable of appreciating." " Your eminence cannot have forgotten that it has been said—

He shall be the *last* of his name
Who *first* deceives me!"

" Superstitious nonsense of my most honored mother. Carlo, do not believe in it my dear nephew ; besides, are you not my sole heir ? Come, consent to the exchange, and I will add to the painting of Michael-Angelo a beautiful Gherardo delle Viti, my grand portrait of St. Bartholomew, and, moreover, I will marry you to Barbara Alfieri, who is the prettiest girl in Christendom, and has a heart to love thee Carlo."

This conversation took place before the celebrated statue, the cardinal gazed at it in front, and the young duke, standing on one side, contemplated it most languishingly—

" Marry me ! my dear uncle," said he.

" Well, well, my fine nephew, gently I beseech you. How you take fire ! Is this you, whom every one accuses of indifference ?"

" Marry me, uncle ! why should I change my present happy condition for such an uncertainty ?"

" Why do you ask nephew ? that your eldest son may be after your decease Duke of Bracciano, and that the second may one day or other be Cardinal Bracciano, and perhaps Pope ! in fine, that I may portion off my nieces from my savings, my Carlo.—"That will happen as it pleases God ; your eminence takes too much interest in my welfare."—" I am in haste nephew ; I have no time to dally. If you refuse me, remember that you will only be giving credit to the reports already in circulation."—" What reports ?" uttered the young duke, and turned very pale.—" If some of your acquaintance accuse you of indifference, there are others who suppose you are secretly enamoured of some beautiful girl inferior in rank to yourself, and if I must speak the truth Carlo, I acknowledge that I *am* convinced of it."—" You are ! O Sir !" said the duke, still more troubled.—" Yes, I have written proofs. Love has rendered you a poet my fine Carlo ; do not think it too great

a trespass, if I acknowledge I have violated the secret of your Parnassus. How will you explain this epistle in my hand, friend Carlo ?" The cardinal began to read, " My treasure !—my soul !—my life ! thou whom I have such pleasure in kissing, I owe to thee the sweetest moments of my existence, faithful, discreet—" The duke snatched at the paper, crying out with a smothered voice, " Yes, I love, I love to all eternity !"—" Nephew, nephew," said the cardinal angrily, " you refuse my offers to exchange the goddess of vengeance, and to accept of the wife I propose to you. Be warned ; I am very much incensed with you, and the poor have hands that will take all that is given to them.—You will repent your folly !"

Two years afterwards the Bracciano palace resounded with the songs of festivity. Could Barbara be seen and not loved ? She possessed all the gracefulness of the present time, and artists discovered in her the type of antique figures. She was lively, gay, witty, yet at the same time there was an occasional pensiveness and abstraction that sympathised with the graver sort of people. Her dress also, was of the Roman taste, a mixture of ancient and modern fashions. When Carlo saw her first, he admired her with the *sang-froid* of an artist who looks at a painting in order to give judgment on it ; he thought he beheld in her some resemblance to the Madona of Andrea del Sarto, and still more to the Magdalen of Guido ; and he held with the daughter of Alfieri, a conversation, which differed from every other she was accustomed to ; for every one who came near her, praised her for her beauty, and tired her with their conceited mythological allusions. She loved, but she loved alone.

The feelings are always subordinate to secret causes, and independent of our will ; and the influence of exterior objects, predisposes to receive them. Love calls upon the soul to expand itself and receive its sweet emotions. The contract to which we are unaccustomed, often explains the caprice of our preferences.

The second time that the duke saw Barbara, was at an entertainment at the Villa Borghese where those master pieces of sculpture which were exposed to the eyes of the public, spoke to *him* alone that language of the senses, which sometimes brings misfortune in its train.

Cardinals and bishops conversed freely and with coolness at the feet of those marble gods, who were addressed only by the voluptuous, who replied only to their feelings. Carlo trembled at the presence of her who had been proposed to him as the mother of the Bracciano. At that moment he recalled to his mind Barbara's proud yet graceful deportment, her soft, yet severe countenance, which reminded him of other features. Burning sighs escaped his bosom—Carlo approached her, she came towards him ; he spoke, a soft and silvery sound was heard ; he took her hand and pressed it tenderly, a gentle pressure seemed to reply—Heavens ! it is not marble !—Carlo screamed and fell insensible.

When one has found the charm to sweeten life, how dead does the past appear !

The palace of Bracciano again resounded to the sounds of instruments and the songs of pleasure.

The Duke of Bracciano, radiant with joy, conducted his bride to the halls of his fathers. They were young and beautiful, and their countenances reflected the oaths they had made before the altar ; two great families saw themselves united in their persons, and a crowd of admiring guests testified their enthusiastic pleasure.

"It is Venus and Adonis said the poets and churchmen."

"They are two angels," said the dowagers. The young people were silent, nevertheless a mysterious murmur betrayed the secrets of many beating hearts. The entertainment was magnificent, the cardinal alone was wanting to complete their happiness, and he was gathered to his ancestors.

While the guests were enjoying themselves at the festive table, and sporting innumerable witticisms at the expence of the new married pair, Carlo led his bride into the gallery, which was decorated for the ball. The silence that reigned among that croud of perfect semblances, where the chisel of the statuary was alone unable to bestow those senses with which mortals appear gifted, merely to lead them into error; that religious quiet, produced in those young people's souls, a solemn feeling—"Barbara, my beloved!" "Carlo! my life!" was uttered by them. Carlo threw his arms around the ivory neck of his beautiful wife; their lips met—instantly Barbara disengaged herself from his embrace, saying in affright—"some one sighed my Carlo!"—Then a distant noise was heard and they separated, repeating to each other the simple words—"we shall meet again to night,"—"to night," replied the echo.

All that Rome could boast that was noble or great, the patrician families, the papal families, and those most renowned in the arts were there united. The names of Bracciano and Alfieri were continually repeated by every mouth; so sonorous and important did they seem on this wedding-day. At last the ball began; the most conspicuous etiquette was observed, and before the *Venus de Bracciano*, (the post of honor in the palace,) a circle of relations and friends assembled to admire their young hosts.

Barbara in putting on her glove, let fall her wedding ring—"My lord" said she to Carlo, "this ring won't stay on my finger, I fear I shall lose it."—"Madame," replied the duke, kissing in transport the pledge of their union, "the jeweller shall repair that defect to-morrow; in the mean time, I will place it on the finger of her whom an old tradition calls the tutelary genius of Bracciano," and he placed the ring on the finger of the statue.

The dancing was continued till a late hour, and when the company dispersed, Carlo conducted the Duchess of Bracciano to the nuptial chamber—"My lord," said she tremulously, "I have not got the ring which united us in the eyes of God." Carlo kissed the hand despoiled of its precious ornament and disappeared.

The statue gallery was already involved in darkness, but the duke advanced towards the statue; he well knew the place where it was stationed! he stretched out his hand towards it, and his heart beat violently.

"Carlo! Carlo! my betrothed!" said a voice. The duke in his agitation sighed the name of Barbara.

Carlo again stretched forth his hand and succeeded in touching the hand of the statue, but it was clenched and the ring immovable. "Carlo! Carlo! my betrothed," repeated the voice.

The ring still remained, and Carlo trembling and confused, stood pondering over his past reflections, and his present passion for the Duchess. "Carlo! Carlo! my betrothed," repeated once more, a plaintive and disturbed voice.

The ring was still with the statue; but the thought of the Duchess gave Bracciano an almost super-human power, he caught up a piece of iron and struck at the statue. A mournful cry resounded through the gallery; the wedding-ring was forcibly torn from the finger, and the duke flew

on to where his love awaited him. An alabaster lamp spread its pale light through the apartment; costly perfumes ascended in fragile clouds. "Barbara!" cried he, rushing towards the bed. Open arms received him, and closed with a violent pressure. A long drawn sigh was heard, the last of the Bracciano's expired in the arms of the goddess.

In every part of the palace the plaintive voice of the statue was heard, repeating this melancholy prediction;

"He shall be the last of his name
Who first deceives me."

SONG.

Love was once a mariner,
And plough'd the wide, wide seas;
And the silken sails of his fairy bark
Floated widely upon the breeze;
And Hope spread her flag o'er the waters blue.
But Love, the ambitious young elf,
Left her signals unheeded, and fled with his crew,
To the gay golden harbour of Wealth.
But a tempest arose, and the sea
Beat fearfully over the deck;
In vain from the breakers Love strove to get free,—
Soon his gay gallant bark was a wreck;
But Hope launches her boat o'er the dark rolling waves,
And despite of the tempest's alarms,
Braves the furious sea, and the drowning boy saves,
To meet her reward in his arms.—*.*

OF FLORENCE.

In Italy they have novel ideas of human habitations. A city does not there consist of a continuous range of houses on a flat surface, a mass of stones and pavement, without a trace of vegetation, or a view of the country; no, a city consists of a union of mansions and palaces, built on unequal ground, on the banks of rivers: nature and art are rival beauties. Ariosto said, that in Tuscany the houses seemed to be the produce of the soil; and the same may be said of almost all the Italian towns.

Florence is the most perfect city in Italy taken altogether: it is the only one which bears equally the traces of the middle ages and of the civil wars; there, you will find fortified palaces under whose walls many battles have been fought; its public places, its strait and republican streets where the ground was disputed foot to foot; the bridges to be sure are rebuilt, but then their ancient names recal to mind that noble and mercantile democracy, which extended its commerce throughout the universe, and directed the politics of the Peninsula.

The old palace, which had been the seat of government, and before which the people were wont to assemble, still exists, with its tower, its Gothic elegance, and irregular architecture, that was intended to distinguish it from the buildings of the Uberti. To those labours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are united the regal edifices of the Medici; libraries, galleries, a collection of pictures of all the schools of Italy and Germany: a hundred *chef-d'œuvres* starting up beneath the sunny influence of its climate—public edifices, walks and palaces, painted and ornamented by Raphael, and Brauanti. Travellers must experience the greatest pleasure in viewing Florence;

the beauty and variety of that city is very imposing. The banks of the Arno are furnished with delightful images, and the Corsini palace, with its stately pillars, is a splendid object although its architecture is but simple. At the entrance of the city there lies an extensive wood which stretches along the borders of the Arno, and is the general resort of pedestrians; and during the Carnival, the road is crowded with carriages while the common people disperse in groups and enjoy themselves under the shade of the trees, where they dine with their families, and observe the greatest order. In the reign of the Medici, the noblest administration succeeded to the turbulence and licentiousness of republicanism. Such as Florence is, are the other cities of Italy; thinking more of their civil liberties than of that overpowering sentiment, which would extend their dominion afar. Commerce has imparted to her history a citizen-like impression, and it is a subject worthy of admiration, that in so small a country (destitute as it is of riches, and a military force), yet that it should have produced so many great men, brought forward so much heroism, and occupied so important a place in history. To an untamed democracy, which alternately retarded or hastened its fate, succeeded the aristocracy of the Albizzi, which watched over its interests nearly sixty years, and whose government was both mild and just: preserving Tuscany and Italy from the encroachments of the Visconti, they conquered Pisa, Arezzo, and Cortona, and added material strength to a state, enfeebled by nature. The Albizzi were succeeded by the Medici whose government was less disinterested, but not less skillful.

The last effort which the Florentines made to preserve their liberty, bore the same characters of virtue and firmness, which are discoverable throughout their history. But vainly did Savonarola, a priest, invoke the extinct democracy, and, in defiance of Rome, attempt to govern them by pulpit eloquence: in vain they proclaimed Jesus Christ himself to be King of Florence—they lost their cause, and the city was treacherously surrendered, after a year's siege, to Charles V. The existence of the Republic was then as vigorous as ever it had been; they had wise citizens and youthful conspirators,—whom Machiavel might have aroused as he declaimed on liberty in his peregrinate wanderings in the Rucellai gardens. Gardens,—memorable walks, where politics was, for the first time, treated as a science, and united to the history of man, as physics are to nature.

At every period of her history, Florence has proved equally fruitful of great men. Amidst the civil discords, or under the reign of the Medicis, were born Dante, Boccaccio, Machiavel, Guiccardino, Galileo, and many others. What a galaxy of splendour in the diadem of a city do those names produce! Galileo effected in the seventeenth century a reform in astronomical science, and quickened by his discoveries the progress of human learning. The ashes of these celebrated men are collected in the church of Santa Croce; on the tomb of Machiavel is engraved his name, and this simple line beneath,—

*Tantot nomini nullum par elogium.**

The fame of Florence consisted in its intellectual and moral integrity; now, on arriving there you are surprised at that air of poverty which pervades every where. Tuscany contains scarcely a million of souls, and that sordidness which the inhabitants of the capital feel, seems to charac-

terize the whole manufacturing population; the men are ugly, the women small, and the children rogues. Beggars are few in number, but those which there are, exist in a state of nudity, unknown amongst us; they do not bear in their aspects that impress of Roman suffering which creates an interest in the beholder; but they have a look of common and abject poverty that awakens only a painful compassion.

The society of Florence is less enlightened than that of Milan. But it is in Florence that we still meet the cleverest men in Italy. It is the mildest of all the peninsular governments; for newspapers, and books in every language are allowed to be brought there, an advantage which is more acceptable to strangers than to the Tuscans. One particular building, which is much in request, is distinguished by the infinite number of volumes it contains; but it is not the Italians who fill the apartments of this hotel consecrated to study. *The English* assemble there; they seem to have taken possession of all the blessings of the country. Florence appears a colony of strangers: it is the only city, at least, where a numerous and elegant society is to be met with. The Florentines mix very little with strangers, they scarcely notice that there are any such amongst them. The nobles of Florence dislike expensive pleasures, and are satisfied with their meetings at the theatres. Their men of talent live in perfect solitude, moaning over the evils which press so hardly on Italy, deploring her past glory, and, looking forward to its resuscitation, they are guided by the impulse which always operates upon men in a state of loneliness. Rome and its depravities impels them to an abhorrence and hatred of church-government; and they occupy themselves with talking over the affairs of France, the nomination of its ministry, of its deputies, and the public journals, just as much as if they were Frenchmen.

Although so much effeminacy tinges the character of the Florentines, they yet possess the sensibility and imagination of all the Italians; men formed for glory, and for love; men, who in the very bosom of licentiousness, exhibit a fund of delicacy; men who are every moment shewing themselves worthy of their illustrious country, as if they waited only for some favourable circumstance to revive its happiest days! If the society here is inferior to that at Milan, we, however, see amongst the females, many, distinguished by their knowledge and character, and are also fully capable of assisting in the great work of restoring the honour of their country.

The Italian language is very difficult to write, for it is by no means like the language that is spoken. The Tuscan speaks it in the greatest purity, but to write Italian you must study their authors well; therefore it may, in some sort, be averred, that written Italian, is a dead language; it is not now the habitual phraseology of every day life that marks their style of writing, but the imitation of others. This study will perhaps be the means of raising the language to a scale of eminence which may, in time, become habitual, and the gallicisms, which have crept into it, will disappear; at least, such is the hope of the patriot Tuscan. It must, however, be owned that in losing their liberty, the Italians lost many other blessings with it, and almost their vernacular tongue. There have been many disputes amongst the learned, as to the superiority of the Tuscan over other states; the Neapolitans asserting that the Florentines do not know *how to write*; while they, in turn, deny both to the Romans and Neapolitans, the advantage of that art. The Romans have no regard for the

* So great a name requires no other eulogium.

Florentines; the different states of Italy still retain their ancient hatred of each other. The fact is, that during Manzoni's residence in Florence, he studied Italian with as much zeal as if that indeed was the true, and only school.

There is no more pains taken in the education of the Florentine youth, than of the Lombard. Some of the people send their sons to be educated at Bologna, while those of the latter, place their children in the University of Pisa. They all hope to find in the neighbouring state greater means of improvement, but there is every where the same poverty of mind. The University of Pisa is badly organized; the best professors of the country are not employed there; the dead languages, the most important sciences, and literature, are equally neglected; the grand Duke, who is a well educated man, might usefully employ himself on this point, if he was well advised; but his prime minister Foscombroni, a man of great sense, who knows how to maintain his political state against the Austrian power, is old, and leaves the management of some part of his business to the other ministers. It is to him they look for the improvements and changes that occur. *Il mondo va da se*, (the world goes on of itself) is a celebrated axiom of the Tuscans.

We thus perceive that there are in Tuscany, great opportunities of instruction and improvement. If Italy was free, and its states united, Tuscany would be one of the most glorious parts of it. The palace of the Strozzi, the ancient palace, the tombs of Machiavel, Dante, and Albrezzi, would be deserving proofs of a power, which, attracting the people from their effeminacy, without creating a confusion, would cause the hearts of the Italians to beat with one sentiment,—from the Alps, even to the isle where Brutus parted with Portia for ever. The Island of Lucania, to the south of Italy.

FINE ARTS.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

In consequence of the brief notice of this Exhibition, contained in our number for June, we have merely to proceed to the office of criticism without detaining the reader by any introductory remarks. We cannot, however, omit noticing the very admirable extract from "*The Committee of the British Institution, 1805*," embodied in the title page of the Catalogue. "We feel, however, no apprehension but that the spirit of the British Artist will be awakened and invigorated whenever a free and fair scope shall be given to his talents; whenever he shall be stimulated by the same patronage as that which raised and rewarded the Italian and Grecian masters." In this patriotic confidence we fully participate.

No. 19. "*Dell scene in the park of the Right Hon. the Countess of Dysart, at Halmingham, Suffolk.*" J. CONSTABLE, R. A.—A capital study from nature, representing a green and shadowy dell, surrounded by tall trees and enlivened by a silvery rivulet, which, finding its way beneath a rustic bridge, glides half secretly through hedge and briar. Dewy freshness, sparkle of touch and transparency of tone give value to this delightful production.

No. 20. "*Ines de Castro.*" H. P. BRIGGS, A.—About to be separated for ever from the children of her bosom, Ines has thrown herself in vain supplication at the feet of Alphonso; with a beautiful sentiment of nature, her daughter is seen clinging to her neck in an agony of grief, while her son, shrinking from the touch of the king, turns

towards her a look of mingled emotion. Alphonso appears to the right of the spectator, with his left hand placed upon the shoulder of the cowering boy; and the agents of his design terminate the group. Something of tameness in the expression of the two principal characters may be justly objected to; the gesture of Ines is vehement, and naturally the character should correspond; but the grand simplicity of the grouping, the propriety of the attitudes, the harmony of colour, and the masterly effect of the *chiaro-scuro* justify the admiration which it excites.

No. 37. "*The storm.*" "*They cried unto thee and were delivered; they trusted in thee and were not confounded.*" Psalm xxii. W. ETTY, R. A.—Exposed in a frail bark to the mercy of the winds and waves, a man and woman are presumed to be invoking the aid of the supreme ruler of the elements; the billows rage mountain high, and with a frowning sky above, and a devouring sea around them, the navigators appear deserted by all mortal hope, and relying upon the arm of the Omnipotent for succour. With the natural timidity of woman, when environed by physical evils, the female is portrayed clinging to man for support amidst the horrors that surround her; while the partner of her peril, in giving that support, indicates by his attitude and expression the deep awe with which he is possessed. The drawing, particularly of the female, is pure and exquisite; the character admirably sustained, and the strife and confusion of the elements conveyed with a majestic and imposing simplicity. On the whole, this is a picture which we would, with pleasure, transplant into a gallery of our own, could we command the "*Genii of the Lamp*," or the Gnomes of the gold-mine.

No. 63. "*Portrait of King George the Fourth, representing his Majesty in the Highland dress of the royal tartan, in which he held his court in the palace of Holyrood-House, on the 17th of August, 1822.*" D. WILKIE, R. A.—At the present moment, this picture naturally creates a more than usual degree of interest, but disappointment is connected with the first and last impression of the whole. The effect is black and dingy, and the resemblance is not that which we could wish transmitted to posterity. That it is a commanding effort of the pencil, and that it possesses many of the high and admirable essentials of art cannot be denied, but a want of brilliancy in the tints, and of power in the effect, with an immeasurable deficiency of character in the head, must be obvious to the most superficial observer. As a record—and we may say an invaluable one of his late Majesty's visit to Scotland, it must, however, be regarded with veneration by every spectator.

No. 64. "*Portrait of H. R. H. the Princess Victoria.*" R. WESTALL, R. A.—An interesting portrait of the youthful Princess. An air of intelligence blended with a character of sweet and childish simplicity, is diffused over the whole countenance; ringlets of fair hair, a clear, bright blue eye, a damask lip, and a transparent complexion form the *coup d'œil* of the head. A picturesque back-ground, composed of a shadowy forest scene, with a dark blue stream, increases the beauty of the picture. The little favourite dog endeavouring to attract the notice of its mistress is, however, too heraldic in attitude to meet our approbation, it looks neither more nor less than the *chien rampant* of the college of arms.

No. 70. "*The Lover's Signal.*" W. KIDD.—A capital picture by this clever artist. The scene is Scotch, and presents the interior of a kitchen; the time is evening, or perhaps night, when the moon careering in the heavens,

the cool and pleasant breeze, and the sweet incense of the mountain grass might render a ramble *exceedingly agreeable*. One, at least, who thinks so is discovered, cautiously and winningly peeping in at the window, and the perplexed maiden stationed near it, privately intimates that the favourable moment has not arrived for—unpropitious circumstance!—the “gude wife” is napping comfortably before the warm and jovial fire, while the “auld carle” is enjoying his rustic “*meerschau*” apparently without the most distant idea of retiring. The kitten sporting on the hearth—the wakeful but friendly dog, with the various accessories are cleverly introduced, and the whole picture forms a choice specimen of the artist’s abilities.

No. 71. “*Portrait of Lady Belfast.*” The late Sir T. LAWRENCE, P. R. A.—Deep intelligence and sparkling vivacity chastened by a character of exquisite sweetness; a brow of dignity, an eye of brilliancy and fascination, and a lip of witchery, form the traits of this enchanting portrait, and as the faithful resemblance of one who is *beautiful amidst the beautiful*, it establishes a claim to the warmest admiration, and may be regarded as one of the most splendid triumphs of the painter.

No. 73. “*Lavinia, from Thomson’s Seasons.*” M. A. SHEE, P. R. A.—A pleasing specimen by this admired painter. A man better qualified to succeed to the dignity of the president could not have been found; and although upon general principles we object to the election of a *portrait* painter, the present forms an exception. *Shee’s* enthusiasm for his art, his intimate acquaintance with its principles, his acknowledged liberality of feeling, his classical attainments as a scholar, and his distinguished urbanity as a gentleman, fully vindicate the choice of the Academicians.

80. “*May Morning.*” H. HOWARD, R. A.—Full of poetical imagination; rich in colour and harmonious in effect.

98. “*A Spanish Ass with her English foal.*” J. WARD, R. A.—An exquisite bit of nature; the long-eared animals fixedly gazing at the little pig, luxuriously munching the old black bonnet, the calf in the back-ground; the stable and other subordinates are painted with a spirit, fidelity, and raciness of touch, unrivalled by any master of the ancient or modern school.

115. “*A Dog of two minds.*” W. MULREADY, R. A.—A clever bit, but unequal to the former productions of the artist. Is he not, like others, falling off of late?

No. 124. “*Judith.*” W. ETTY, R. A.—A splendid production which, notwithstanding the asperities of criticism, must maintain a proud rank in the estimation of every connoisseur. While the guards are slumbering on their posts, *Judith* is portrayed giving the head of *Holofernes* to her hand-maiden, who, with a pale and wondering countenance receives the deposit from her heroic mistress. The figure of *Judith* is finely conceived; with her head averted, it would seem that the high impetus of the moment being over, and the object of her mission accomplished, the feminine nature triumphs in the conclusion, and with a shuddering sensation of horror and disgust, she turns from the ghastly and blood-stained proof of her success. The propriety of excluding the countenance of the principal performer in the scene may be fairly questioned; but possibly admits of defence upon the poetical grounds that the impression is, actually, increased by the imagination being thus left to work out its own imagery, and conceive an expression beyond the power of the pencil to portray; and

there is, perhaps, something admirable in the daring of the painter who thus ventures upon so dangerous an experiment. The impress of a death so sudden, that it had not time to discompose the serenity of the features, is strikingly depicted on the decapitated head, and but for a deeper solemnity—an ashy and unearthly paleness, the distinction between the sleep of nature and that of death would be difficult to determine. The figures of the sleeping sentinels, are nobly conceived; and the camp wrapped in silence and shade—the deep blue midnight sky—the bright and solitary star shedding a calm and hallowed light upon the deed, with the long branches of the palm-tree to the right, comprise a scene of the most imposing grandeur. Some harshness of effect may be censured in this picture; but where there are the broad and irrefragable proofs of genius of the *highest order*, minor defects, as well as some share of extravagance, may be overlooked. *Etty* is, at present, confessedly without a rival; and a man, to whom the British school stands indebted for productions worthy of competition with the proudest of the Italians, may, fearlessly, look down upon the multitude of cynics who carp at the merit with which they cannot compete: still let him not be dazzled by his own success.

No. 125. “*His Majesty King George the Fourth received by the nobles and people of Scotland, upon his entrance to the palace of Holyrood House, on the 15th of August, 1822.*”

D. WILKIE, R. A.—A subject better calculated to elicit the energies of a Scottish pencil could not have been chosen; and it is to be regretted that, although productive of a very fine picture, the exertions of the painter have not been attended with that eminent success which could have been desired on so distinguished and flattering a field. In the centre of the piece, *HIS MAJESTY* is represented on the point of accepting the keys of the palace from the hands of the hereditary keeper, the *Duke of Hamilton* who, habited in the plaid of the *Barls of Arran*, kneels as he presents them to his Sovereign. At the entrance of the palace appears the *Duke of Argyll*, in the costume of *M’Cullum Moir*, as hereditary keeper of the household; and behind him is discovered the crown of *Robert the Bruce* supported by *Sir Alexander Keith* hereditary knight, marshal, &c. &c. To the left is seen the late *Earl of Hopetoun* in the attire of the royal archers, and, at his side, in the character of bard or historian, is the celebrated enchanter of the north—the *ci-devant* great unknown, *Sir Walter Scott*. To the left, a group of trumpeters announces the arrival of the royal visitors, and a motley crowd of men, women and children occupy the rest of the canvas. That the artist threw the whole power of his mind into this picture admits not of a moment’s hesitation, and that, as is often the case, an over-anxiety to produce effect may have defeated its object, is equally admissible. The figure of the king is, *decidedly*, deficient in majesty, and in this consists the principal defect; the attitude of the *Duke of Hamilton* is, also, highly objectionable, there being nothing like the dignity of the noble in his appearance; a “*Cuddie Headrigg*,” taken from the plough-tail and forced into the bewildering orbit of royalty, could scarcely look more nervous and ridiculous. *His Grace of Argyll* and the *Earl of Hopetoun* appear to tolerable advantage, but are evidently wanting in that animated enthusiasm which must have illumined the features of the Scot with the glow of exultation and loyalty at the approach of his august master. The wizard author of the *Waverley* novels is, indeed, little indebted to the pencil of

his countryman for the libel upon his countenance which occupies a place near the Earl; neither the inspiration of "*the Bard*," nor the depth of "*the historian*," is visible in the cold, dull and stupid physiognomy dignified by the name of *Sir Walter*; let Wilkie re-peruse this head, and, if possible, infuse that fire into its expression, which the original gives forth. The minor figures—those taken from ordinary life where Wilkie's forte may be truly said to lie—are successful: the old dame gazing, delightedly, through her spectacles, while she raises her withered hands in welcome, and the young mother starting forward to obtain a glimpse of royalty, are happily conceived; and there is an air of roguish coquetry on the features of the dark-browed damsel, in lilac attire, which gives variety to the expression, and forms a little episode in itself. The colouring is clear and transparent; the pencilling firm and mellow; and the *chiaro-scuro* effective; but notwithstanding these favorable points, the picture, as a whole, fails to create that deep impression which the subject is calculated to produce.

No. 136. "*Portrait of T. Moore, Esq.*" Sir T. LAWRENCE, P. R. A.—A speaking likeness of the celebrated "*Bard of Ireland*;" easy, gentlemanly, and unaffected. The genius of the man is given in the countenance—the brow—the eye; not in the garb and distorted expression as the bad "*limners*" of the day think proper to depict it. A sad-coloured cloak, a vest of a nondescript cut, a loose collar heroically disdaining pin, brooch or button, a beardless chin, and a head of hair of the *Byronic* school, with an eye up-turned to heaven—"in a fine frenzy rolling"—these are the most approved, indeed the *standard* ingredients of a poet's picture when painted from the regular receipt of the stupid and tasteless portrait daubers of the time.

No. 144. "*Shylock and Jessica.*" G. S. NEWTON, A.—A capital illustration of our immortal bard. The keen hawk-like, and habitually suspicious aspect of the Jew in yellow cap and reddish gaberdine, is well contrasted by the simplicity of *Jessica's* expression.

No. 145. "*Muscle gatherers, coast of France.*" W. COLLINS, R. A.—A masterly production by this justly esteemed artist.

No. 155. "*Cattle portraits.*" A. COOPER, R. A.—Rich and beautiful.

No. 163. "*The bower of Diana.*" T. STOTHARD, R. A.—Dingy in colour and scattered in effect; in fact, anything but what we expected from the exquisite imagination of the painter.

No. 172. "*A brisk gale,—a Dutch East Indiaman landing passengers.*" A. W. CALLCOTT, R. A.—A superb specimen worthy of the artist.

No. 178. "*Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Cradock Hartopp.*" T. PHILLIPS, R. A.—An expression of intellectual dignity and sweetness, and an air of elegance and fashion are the characteristics of this fascinating production.

No. 181. "*Palestrina—Composition.*" J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—A brilliant specimen by an artist, who, although capable of maintaining the first rank in his profession as a landscape painter, with a singular perverseness wantons and trifles with his genius, playing strange pranks at the shrine of *nature*, and too frequently violating *truth* in his productions. Artificial effects of *chiaro-scuro*—floods of execrable ochre—rivers of vermillion—a perfect mysticism of colour—raw, "garish," unintelligible, and diametrically opposite to the sublime and beautiful, have, of late years, emanated from his pallet and painting-room. What dream

of infatuation could have so entirely bewildered this really admirable artist, as to hegulle him into exhibiting his hideous and incomprehensible "*Jessica*" (226) we cannot possibly imagine. Nature never had a sweeter painter than *Turner* once was, and can still be if he chooses: we remember the exquisite collection of his drawings, formed with so much taste and liberality by the late *Walter Fawkes*, of *Farnley*; while crowds of the nobility and gentry—the Beauty and Fashion of the Empire were promenading the superb suite of apartments in *Grosvenor-place*, enriched with the magical gems of his genius, we hailed with secret homage the productions of his then modest but *unrivalled* pencil; and, at this moment, while turning to those brilliant recollections, we cannot help lamenting the late degradation of his splendid powers. But there is a sort of *Byronic* wilfulness in thus sporting with one's genius, and from the summit of the sublime, falling, at once, to the depth of the ridiculous, and this wilfulness may be the very thing congenial to the fancies of the painter.

No. 239. "*Portraits of three children amusing themselves with a dog on the Sea Coast.*" R. R. REINAGLE, R. A.—Marked by an air of nature and identity; but we question whether the effect of the lightest sea-breeze imaginable would be so courteous and gentle as to leave the curls of the youthful party as firmly and ceremoniously adjusted as if they had just issued from the hand of *Ball* or *Dimond*—those skilful "*Artistes*" of the crop and pericranium.

No. 279. "*Deoch-au-dorins.*" A. FRASER.—A picture admirably painted and full of home-felt interest. Sweetness of colour, firmness of pencilling and skill in the arrangement, united to a wonderful character of truth in the heads, render this a most attractive production.

No. 284. "*Mount St. Michael, Cornwall.*" C. STANFIELD.—A master-piece of its class.

No. 291. "*The Wandering Minstrel.*" E. F. LAMBERT.—A pleasing and interesting little picture; the vicious character of the enraged monkey, and the chuckling delight of the wicked urchin engaged in tantalizing it, are capitally hit off. A dash or two of sparkling colour would wonderfully improve the whole.

No. 297. "*The Welcome.*" E. F. PARRIS.—A highly-attractive picture. Stationed upon a marble terrace, before a lordly castle, a lady, sumptuously attired in a dress of shadowy red, enriched with a profusion of lace, and having a chain of gold, sparkling with precious stones, depending from her neck, is represented with her fair haired sister, and her child, a beautiful, blue-eyed, flaxen-headed boy; her face is seen partly in profile, as waving her light scarf she welcomes back her lord with all the trembling intensity of affection. Her sister, turned from the spectator, is engaged in joyously sporting with the child, while, from a distant glen, a knight of warlike mien, mounted upon a "gallant grey," and followed by a band of partisans, issues at full speed, fluttering a scarf in the air as the token of recognition. The circumstance of the pet spaniel rushing precipitately down the slope, is happily introduced. Transparent in colour, delicate in execution, and felicitous in light and shade, with great purity of drawing, and sweetness of character, this picture fully sustains the reputation of the painter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS. A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

No. 76.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1830.

VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—A SKETCH OF QUEEN ADELAIDE; A CORRECT LIKENESS OF MADemoiselle TAGLIONI, THE
CELEBRATED FRENCH DANCER; AND TWO FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE SECOND,—A SITTING, WALKING, AND EIGHT FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE THIRD,—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING DRESS, A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS, AND THREE HALF-
LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES IN MILLINERY.

LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING
THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

"Jehovah, King of Kings
Spread thy protecting wings,
O'er Britain's throne.
Crown'd with thy grace immense,
Long may KING WILLIAM thence
Justice in love dispense,
God save the King!"

And the MONARCH of the greatest of Countries, we speak not of its size, not of its population, but its intelligence and intellectual strength, does "Justice with love dispense;" for as he commenced his reign so he continues it—God indeed "save" him to work out the good deed. As, however, in other portions of this number due justice and loyal respect have been proffered to his conduct, we shall, for the most part, *here* confine ourselves to an historical sketch of his occupations, rather than a repetition of panegyrical observations.

On the 4th August, then, THEIR MAJESTIES visited the strong-hold of London, the Tower of that name; thus, in their progress, which was truly a stately one, enabling the anxious citizens to enjoy the sight of their Monarch, and that pageantry with which the Western-subjects are more frequently gratified. At half-past eleven the Royal Standard was hoisted upon the *Keep*, a royal salute was fired, and his Grace of Wellington, the Constable, his Lieutenant, General Loftus, Sir Thomas Doyle as Deputy, and Major Ebrington, as Port-Major, received the Royal party, which preceded by the Chief-Magistrate of the city then entered within the gates; His MAJESTY then inspected the troops, the QUEEN, from a balcony in front of the horse-armoury, viewing the ceremony; when a collation befitting the guests was provided by the "constable," and partaken of by them.

The "ceremony done," they proceeded to Greenwich, accompanied by a splendid assemblage of yachts and other craft, all gaily and appropriately decorated, down the river, and were received on their landing by the Governor Sir R. Keates, K. C. B., and a host of applauding subjects, as such a KING and QUEEN deserve to be greeted. In fact it may be said, if the people were vociferously loyal, THEY were graciously and gracefully condescending; and if the one party were ardent in shewing their esteem, the other

knew how good naturedly to receive it. There was in fact a truly English reciprocity of feeling.

Much public preparation was made on the 13th August to celebrate HER MAJESTY's birth-day, but it having been officially intimated that it was the Royal pleasure that it should be honoured in January, the festivities were for the most part restricted to the ROYAL FAMILY and household, though there were in town many illuminations. At Bushy THEIR MAJESTIES gave a splendid banquet to all the members of their house, who were in or near town, and the day was spent in that satisfactory manner which denoted the unanimity of the very distinguished parties who were assembled.

Among the other public acts of the KING during August, was the inspection, in the Court-yard at Windsor, of the 5th regiment of Dragoon Guards. PRINCE LEOPOLD rode from the Palace and took the command at eleven o'clock, and shortly afterwards THEIR MAJESTIES, accompanied by the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, and the two PRINCE GEORGES and suite, arrived in seven carriages. After the review, which, but for the envy of the elements, would have given much satisfaction, the royal party partook of a public breakfast, provided for them by PRINCE LEOPOLD.

But decidedly the greatest holiday of the time, as far as Windsor and its neighbourhood are concerned, was upon the anniversary of the birth-day of the *excellent Monarch* who now sways the destinies of this our common and well-beloved country. This event took place upon Saturday, the 21st August, the manner of its celebration being worthy of the joyous occasion. The gaieties and advantages of the day were not lavished only upon the rich and the powerful, but on the contrary, the humble, the poor, and the industrious, to a considerable extent, participated in them. The amusements commenced at an hour when the sluggard would have exclaimed "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again;" and at two nearly three thousand persons sat down to a substantial meal, at tables laid in the long walk, over which the corporation authorities of the town presided; and which dinner was provided by the richer for the less wealthy of the town and neighbourhood. To this feast of satisfactory charity came the *good KING*, his QUEEN, his Princes, his Nobles, and suite. He walked among his poor and happy-made people, smiled upon and encouraged them; so that the wish from thousands was not only that the Almighty may long preserve THE KING, but that "the KING may live for ever."

VOL. VII.

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Sports, such as Englishmen love, and which tend to mould into hardihood their character, followed the wholesome and plentiful repast; then, "when evening threw her ebon mantle o'er the scene," came a display of illuminations and loyal devices, which we have rarely seen surpassed. Nor were these restricted to Windsor, the metropolis had its noble blaze of homage and gratulation, so that tradesman vied with tradesman, theatre with theatre, club-house with club-house, who best should exhibit their bright, glittering, and allegoric love and loyalty to the best of Monarchs.

At the Castle a dinner was given by THEIR MAJESTIES, of surpassing splendour, and served up in a style well befitting the character and power of the royal host and hostess of the banquet. In fine, the birth-day of WILLIAM the FOURTH was celebrated as it ought to have been, and as became the occasion. We have no doubt when the period fixed for the *public keeping* of HER MAJESTY's, arrives, that we of the metropolis shall enjoy, our full participation in it.

It is with the most pleasurable feelings, that we are enabled to continue our record of the increasing popularity of our beloved sovereign, and to report the universal approbation that attends him in every spot to which the royal progress is directed; the FATHER, FRIEND, and PATRIOT KING of England is every where recognized and honoured. We understand that when his Majesty visited Hampton Court, he expressed his utmost surprise upon finding many of the apartments unoccupied, the possessors retaining the residence, but living in foreign countries; the King was immediately pleased to order, that those individuals who did not think proper to spend their income in their own country, should not retain a residence at the national expense, and that the rooms of Hampton Court should be granted only to those who might not think it unbecoming to reside in them.

The King's liberal feeling towards the members of all religious persuasions, was strikingly exemplified a few days ago, at Windsor. His Majesty in passing through the Castle yard, observed a member of the Society of Friends, uncovering his head to him, the King immediately addressed the individual, observing, "keep on your hat friend, your religion and mine are different."

Whilst however, we are bestowing such unqualified approbation upon the generous conduct of our King, we must not forget to add our grateful testimonies to the merits of his royal partner; Queen ADELAIDE is in every respects worthy such an husband as WILLIAM THE FOURTH; she joins with him in his wishes for the welfare of his people, and is ever anxious to evince herself worthy of her people's love. An instance of the unaffected goodness of this royal lady, it is in our power to afford. At the time when the Duke of CLARENCE, then Lord High Admiral, visited Chatham, on his tour of naval inspection, his honoured partner accompanied him; she was entertained at the house of Commissary CUNNINGHAM, whose daughters, two most accomplished and amiable young ladies, became especial favourites with her royal highness. Some time afterwards, those young ladies received an invitation to Bushy Park; they arrived, and were introduced to her royal highness, but when they were upon the point of kneeling to kiss the hand of the Duchess, that royal lady prevented them, and affectionately kissing their cheeks, observed, "I am not changed.—*I am still your friend!*"

When the Lord High Admiral left Plymouth after his inspection, the Duchess proceeded to town by land; upon

passing in her carriage through Exeter, one of the horses became restive, and beat in the front pannels of the carriage, placing her royal Highness thereby in a situation of extreme danger; with some difficulty the Duchess was rescued from her perilous situation, and kindly thanking the people for their assistance, she entered the shop of a humble hair-dresser, until another vehicle could be procured. An immense crowd collected round the house, shouting and applauding the urbanity of the royal lady, who frequently appeared at the first-floor window to acknowledge her sense of their affection.

The second Ascot-Race Meeting commenced on Tuesday, August 24, and was honoured by the presence of THE KING, his QUEEN, and household, who came on the course nearly in the same state as our late Sovereign, of excellent memory, was wont to do. The *Royal Party* shewed themselves much to the company, and, we need not add, were received enthusiastically; but at a late period of the month time nor space is allowed us to do full justice to all the laudable actions and exertions of our SOVEREIGN and his family; but our readers may be assured that they are justified to unite with us in raising the glad voice, and exclaiming—

*"First Freeman of the Free,
It is his right to be,
Like his blest Sire;
Who over all the land
Did faith and love command,
With whom to fall or stand,
God save the King."*

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

"A theme like this some pleasant fruits must bring."

Whilst continental nations are yet hanging, like the fabled coffin of the impostor-Prophet, between safety and danger, as it were, ought not *Englishmen* to feel gratitude at the excellent understanding which subsists between their MONARCH, his QUEEN, and FAMILY, and *them*? Should it not teach *the great*, to whom we more particularly address ourselves, to feel that there is *no place like home*, and to act accordingly; and impress them with the determination not again to risk their comfort and property among foreigners, when they may have, in *their own country*, all the delights and luxuries other climes afford, and which they are bound to support without incurring any of those risks, or be compelled to endure any of those inconveniences to which *emigration* must ever, more or less, be subject. These few observations will not, we feel assured, be considered inappropriate as an introduction to a continuation of our Chit-Chat of the day; since that which we have to place upon these pages, will form additional inducements for the *Bon Ton* to seek *high-life* in England, rather than fly, as after a vapour, to seek for it, *where for a long period it will not be found*.

MAJESTY first claims our homage. We shall relate, therefore, a few pleasant and heart-cheering things of Royalty; earnestly hinting to our contemporaries, that we shall deem their *honour* equal to their discernment, if they will, in making use of our "facts," for the future confess the *source* of the amusement they proffer to their readers. He who gives, expects, at least, to have his bounty acknowledged; and as Captain Savery says—"All that we

desire is, that the world would *act honestly*, and on the square with us."

The KING truly loves England, and Englishmen; and the QUEEN has learned to be of her ROYAL CONSORT's way of thinking: so much so that they not only have British servants about them, but will have the *native language* of our country talked in their presence; *the German being prohibited*. This is on a par with his MAJESTY's dislike of the *moustache*, and other *unseemly foreign innovations*.

Again, "manly, frank and brave," He gave us another specimen of his consideration for the wishes of his people; on the morning of his visit to Greenwich Hospital, &c. &c. The authorities, in their zeal to administer, as they imagined to their sovereign's parade and comforts, had provided and erected a splendid awning over the ordnance shallop in which their majesties embarked. No sooner did WILLIAM THE FOURTH behold this, than he at once perceived those who had gone out to see him would by this be hindered of their view. With, therefore, the generous spirit of an "oak-hearted royal tar," as he has been emphatically termed, he exclaimed, "strike the poles, and furl this flaunting finery. *Let it be all clear above board*. My people have come to see me, and I desire to gratify them. *Let it, I say, be all clear*;" and amidst the shouts of delighted thousands *the awning was struck*.

The terraces of Windsor are also by his express commands opened to the public once more; the poor as well as the proud being admitted to the promenade. But we do hope that each individual will remember not to abuse the generosity of their monarch by impertinent curiosity, or imprudent liberties. Cutting names upon palace walls, and pencilling paragraphs upon palace windows, are shameful innovations to good manners, and may lead to deserved expulsion. It is said of the QUEEN, that upon seeing some of the tawdrily dressed servants at Windsor Castle, she exclaimed, "what are these! we must really have the servants at Bushy, if only to *teach them how to dress*!" We believe this, for it is like the excellent, single hearted lady of whom it is reported.

The conduct of His MAJESTY at Hampton Court was also of the most condescending kind. "They have not room to see me here, I will go into the entrance-hall and smile upon my assembled subjects there;" and the good-natured king descended from a splendid saloon to an uncarpeted hall; mingled with the *unselected* mass, addressed and encouraged them. "I love Hampton," he said, and "I shall often visit it. I have made my Queen my head Ranger, for I am not young now, and in the common course of events she will outlive me. I have done this that when I go, *you shall not be deserted*." Need we add, that there was the tear of gratitude in the eye of many; the shout of "God bless the King! Long live the King!" from the lips of all?

We were quite delighted to witness the natural and unsophisticated joy of the two young Princes of CUMBERLAND and CAMBRIDGE, as they journeyed in one carriage together to Bushy, on the gratifying occasion of HER MAJESTY's birth day. They seemed each rejoiced they had found a *play-fellow*. We like this bringing up of the branches of royalty in love and unity with each other. Pride is firmly enough planted in the human breast not to require incentives. These royal lads do credit to their parents and their tutors, and are wisely taught to practice the frankness and the charities of life. There is neither artifice nor shew of artificial training in their natures.

Much surprise is naturally expressed in all liberal circles at the tardy conduct of those whose business it is to see the thing done, with reference to the wishes of His MAJESTY, that the terraced-barrier on the site of the late Carlton-House should be removed, and the public thereby have free ingress to the Park. We have always felt a KING's wishes are *commands*; and we assuredly feel that to forward any orders of such a Monarch as England now possesses ought to be considered delightful and grateful occupation. Can it be possible that a *knot of aristocracy* dares defy their RULER's considerate philanthropy? If so we sincerely hope there will be found plenty of *modern Alexanders* to sever the ill-omened *Ghordian tie* at a blow. After this hint, however, there may be no necessity for harsher measures.

Some of the carping journalists, people who would decry the sun because there are spots on its disk, are endeavouring to insinuate disagreement between His MAJESTY and the Duke of CUMBERLAND, because the latter has resigned the command of the Blues. The fact is, that honourable conduct has characterised all of the distinguished parties in the transactions which led to that resignation, and which will be regretted, not only by the officers but every individual in any way connected with that noble regiment to which his Royal HIGHNESS was so bountiful a benefactor. Besides, do not the frequent visits of the latter and his DUCHESS to Windsor, and the recently brotherly-gift of the SOVEREIGN to the DUKE, belie, in a manner not to be mistaken, the insinuations of the dissension-sowers, who richly deserve that the ingredients of the poisoned chalice should be restored, doubly impregnated with gall, to their own lips?

It was our opinion that his late majesty was so generally lamented, and his memory so respected, that no individual would exhibit an open, and indecent demonstration of joy, when the whole nation was in tears; but we were deceived for we find a man whose good luck has procured for him an association with persons in exalted life, with brazen effrontery, insulting the national mourning, by mixing in society with the habiliments of rejoicing, openly avowing his disrespect for our lamented King. This *ci-devant* prize fighter, the associate of certain *noblemen*, in opposition to the sombre habits of decent people, was beheld in a light coat and buff waistcoat, and, strange to say, his company was tolerated by some of the first men in the country! We must express our indignation not only at the disgraceful behaviour of this man, but also at the sanction held out to him by some of our sporting nobility, who if they had the true spirit of Englishmen, would have spurned such a being from their society.

Colonel GEORGE FITZCLARENCE has declined the honour of knighthood offered him by his Majesty.—We understand that the Marquis of LONDONDERRY will hold the regiment lately commanded by the Duke of CUMBERLAND.—The Earl of CHESTERFIELD has purchased a sable pelisse from the wardrobe of his late majesty, at the price of two hundred guineas.—We regret to state the ill success of FANNY KEMBLE, in Ireland; the *Provoked Husband*, with KEMBLE, as *Twenny*, ABBOTT Manly, and FANNY's *Lady Twenny*, under the patronage too, of the Lord Lieutenant, produced only £53! They refused, in consequence, to go to Cork.—Lady SOPHIA LENNOX is the new maid of honour to the Duchess of CUMBERLAND, in place of the Countess of SLIPPENBACH.

A WANTON ENEMY.—The Editor of "the John Bull".

has thought proper to present his readers with what *he*, no doubt, considers a very smart attack upon this Magazine, and which we should have considered too insignificant for notice, had not the slanderous writer dared to accuse us of disrespect towards the memory of our late beloved King. In a strain composed of implety and bombast, this impudent scribbler, who evidently has no more ideas of genteel life than he has sense of shame, dares to asperse the character we have ever been so zealous to maintain, and which, we trust, we have always so honourably preserved, that of loyalty and affection towards the illustrious family who have the happiness to rule over the English people. We tell this arrogant poppinjay, that we have always been the staunchest writers in praise of the beloved monarch, for whose loss we mourn with that feeling of regret "which passeth shew," and we dare, and challenge him to produce a single instance to the contrary. He has had the barefaced insolence to tell his readers, that we recommended ladies of fashion to discontinue their mourning for our late lamented monarch, an assertion that we indignantly repel, and directly characterize by the strongest terms of infamy! It is not merely ourselves that are insulted by the slanderous paragraph in the "John Bull," but the whole of the British Court, nay, even our present monarch himself must be included in the sweeping condemnation. We will not condescend to reply to the obscure scribbler of the "John Bull," more than by referring him to the Gazette respecting the period of mourning for his late Majesty; we have acted upon their authority, and, if to accord with the sentiments of the family of the departed King be disrespectful to his memory, we will endure the arrogant remarks of our inflated adversary. But, by what right does the Editor of the "John Bull" dare to asperse principles which have never been suspected, or how does *he* presume to dictate to the individuals comprising the fashionable world what is, or is not proper to be worn by them? Does he suppose that the intensity of grief is evinced by black habiliments, or is he so averse to the interests of his country, so dead to the cries of the perishing manufacturers, that he would shut his ears to their afflicting appeals, and behold the misery of his starving fellow countrymen without a sigh; making grief for the late melancholy occurrence a plea for such barbarity? If those be the feelings of the Editor of the "John Bull," we cannot envy them; we shall still render ourselves the objects of his spleen, and laugh at him; we will endure his impious tirades and despise them. We are told that vulgarity finds its choicest food in envy of refinement, and that, in consequence, we should condemn the effusions of such unworthiness; we shall for the future learn so to do; men who devour quarts of porter at their luncheon, dinner, and supper, cannot certainly have any claim upon our forbearance, and we shall, therefore, treat all such people in the same manner as we should the filthy scavenger who might befall us in our harmless progress through the public streets.

We have been just reminded, that the "John Bull" thought proper some few months ago, to make some very violent attacks upon a popular cotemporary, (*Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion*), but which were replied to so severely by the editor of that work, that the roar of the Bull was soon silenced, and put to shame. We remember, also, that letters were stated to have been received from correspondents upon the subject, the editor was challenged to produce them, but he remained silent. The same reason is assigned for his attack upon this magazine, but we tell the

lying Bull, that he has received no such letters, and if he supposes the trick, successfully exposed by the "Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion," will be successful in his attacks upon us, we assure him that he is mistaken. Let us hear no more of his insolence, or we may take up the rod which our cotemporary has laid down, and apply that wholesome correction which he seems to stand in need of. It is not our cause alone, but that of the whole fashionable world, whose servants and champions we are, that is assailed, and we shall consider it our duty to expose such impious impudence, although we may probably soil our fingers by the contact.—EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHION.

What has Lord SOUTHAMPTON been about, and why is he so soon sickened of Quorndon Hall, and his hunting establishments? Do the Leicestershire Gentlemen *go too fast for his likings*; or have Lords SEPTON and FOLEY, who formerly resided at the now *advertised* and *hammer-doomed* seat, learnt him the value of their experience? What do his friends the Earls of CHESTERFIELD and RANELAGH think of the event?

In our own kingdom we hear of a projected union, to which we wish much joy and happiness. The distinguished parties are the Hon. JOHN TALBOT, son of Earl TALBOT, of Ingestrie Hall, Stafford, a family enobled by birth, long years of nobility, and proud achievements, and Miss WORTLEY one of the amiable daughters of Lord WHARNCLIFFE; a lady whose character and accomplishments will, we are quite assured, teach her Lord to exclaim in the words which Middleton used in 1657—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are th' unbounded comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love;
What a delicious breath *marriage* sends forth,
The violet-bed's not sweeter. *Honest wedlock*
Is like a banquetting house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side."

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

THE HISTORY OF THE THREE DAYS OF THE LATE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

[We present to our readers this history as a record of a train of facts, that will be hereafter valuable, without reference to the political complexion they bear—POLITICS being a subject we profess to abstain from meddling in.]

The following is a complete history of those three memorable days which have destroyed the Bourbon dynasty, and given a new turn to the destinies of the French people. It is a most unheard-of recital, having no parallel on earth. Its results are as important at the present moment, as for the time to come. On the one hand, see the people rise simultaneously on their learning that the laws of their country had been unjustly violated. A revolution effected in 36 hours by the same people; the principle laid down in 89, brought to light, proclaimed anew, and established for ever! Paris has become the first city in Europe, spreading the hope of liberation to Spain and Italy—the free countries forced to acknowledge that we are their equals; the house of Orleans more powerful than in the times of the regency,

and the duke Phillip traversing the city alone amidst universal acclamations; and this great work, which it would heretofore have taken a century to accomplish, was performed now in a few hours, by citizens armed by chance, who, soldiers yesterday, are only citizens to day: that is without doubt a fine text to a fine history,—every one was a hero; every one performed good deeds, spoke nobly, and united in himself civil and military courage.

On the other hand—and opposed to this people who petrify, who fight, who triumph; who in emotion is so calm, in battle so great, and in victory so eminent—you behold a court overthrown; without any science in men or things, often insolent, and always frivolous and capricious; you will find criminal ministers who meditate at the same moment the loss of their king and the murder of their fellow citizens; paying the soldiers in advance, thereby recompensing their guilt with gold; Paris is given up to General Marmont, given up entirely and without restriction to that man; the Swiss, the royal guard, and the cannons; an indecent joy amongst those in absolute power; insults, menaces against the principal citizens, the ministerial press unfettered, while the constitutional press is ignobly tied, the chambers silenced, the deputies illegally dissolved; no rules, no restraint, nothing foreseen by the men in power; the ordinances thrown by chance to the nation, as if it was an affront shewn to one particular person by a man of noble origin, who never fights; never was authority so abused and carried to such an excess. In spite of its wisdom, Parisians cannot understand the cruel derision with which they were treated. Paris, that great city—Paris, that superb model—Paris, which has saved France—Paris, victorious to day, which was given up by the court eight days since, to all the brutality of her soldiers.

Sunday, 25th July, every thing was calm; we waited quietly for the 3d of August; the assembly of the chambers appeared certain, the deputies had received private letters.

The ordinances which were published the next day (the 25th) were infamous; they abolished the most sacred rights; the people were silent the whole day. M. Mangin did not find them miserable enough, therefore he added his ordinances to those of the *Moniteur*.

It was on Tuesday the 27th that the battle began; on that evening the minister sent spies and soldiers, unworthy of that name, to incense the people of Paris. Early in the morning, the people had been excited by the deplorable spectacle of confiscated journals and broken presses.

But an armed force had been appointed, and its general received his commission; they were persuaded that two or three discharges of musquetry would compel France to yield at the first movement they made against the citizens. That occurred near the Palais Royale. Soon after the gates were closed. The indignant multitude, instead of flying as it was expected, marched up to the troops. They fought—the populace without arms, surprised in their affliction, fought, resisted, dared the enemy, set fire to the barracks, *suffered death!* Behold the aspect of affairs!—The theatres are shut, they are calling upon each other to arm; they seize all the instruments they can muster; the street St. Honoré is deluged in blood. Meanwhile, M. de Polignac thinks himself victorious. His hotel is splendidly filled by the crowd of courtiers who flock thither.

Early on Wednesday morning the whole city was under arms. The national guard assembled in their old uniforms; the shopkeepers left their wives, who saw them joyfully depart. The army and the people were soon opposed to

each other. It was no longer a concern of the ministry, neither of M. de Polignac, individually, but it was a question which should conquer, the civil or military force, and the trial must be decisive. The ranks were formed, and the citizens looked around them for leaders. Already the interior posts were carried, the tri-colour flag had replaced the fleurs-de-lis; the body guards retired, and their opponent occupied their place. Again, at the Place de Grève, the two armies came in contact; the Hotel de Ville was taken and lost by each party successively. Listen! the fire of muskets and of cannon are opposed—the tocsin sounds in all quarters; but at night, after a considerable slaughter on both sides, the possession of this contested post remains with us. The Duke of Ragusa (Marmont) lost 600 of the royal guards; 200 of them had been slaughtered in the passages of the street; Betizy and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the towers of Notre Dame and of the Abbaye were surmounted by the national flag. It was a fine day, a day of glory and of triumph. We were fatigued, it is true, but we were supported by our fellow citizens; every citizen's house was a place of rest, every where we found refreshment, and every instant added to our warlike stores; the enemy, on the contrary, was parched with thirst, hungry, and their stores exhausted; we had taken possession of their depot of food; thus, on Wednesday night, Paris was in that state that we could not fail to augur a victory on the morrow.

While the people who had just been fighting, reposed for a few hours, in order to recover their strength for the next day's work, there were many wise and discreet men who passed the night in a state of dreadful agitation. Those who had witnessed the former revolution, and the train of evils ensuing, presented themselves to their mental vision in agonizing reality; blood, anarchy, famine, prisons, exile, and the scaffold. They pictured to themselves the Court of St. Cloud arriving with all its military train, and putting the city to the fire and sword; they trembled lest the people should be vanquished, and all our laws abrogated; absolute power taking place of the charter, all the fruits of the revolution of 89 destroyed for ever! France dishonoured and despised like a conquered country, the old despotism of courtiers and priests revived and weighing her down; all these great interests were in dependance on a few hours of fighting! In the mean time the people awoke and resumed their arms. In those great movements which change the destinies of kingdoms, none is so correct as the instinctive action of the people; once enlist them in a cause and they will carry it, if not restrained by menacing provisos or intemperate conceit; offer not to conduct them by rules of experience, they are useless; the people know how to obtain recourse to them, if they need such assistance.

I must specify that during the nights of the 27th and 28th, every thing had been disposed for warfare. All the streets were barricaded, and these obstacles were created on the Boulevards by the trees, which were cut down in every direction, and some of them left in a situation to be precipitated upon the rebel troops. The streets were unpaved, and the stones carried to the tops of the houses to be thrown at them from thence. On the left bank of the Seine they took the various carriages, and knocking away the shafts, they laid them across the street, closely encompassed by stones, and they soon obtained a solid compact. By the side of a clumsy waggon was placed an elegant chariot covered with armorial ensigns, whose proprietors they laughed at because they were thus compelled to walk to

their hotels. Every street had a barrier so constructed, the inhabitants neither spared the barrels of their cellars, nor the furniture of their houses; and public notices were put up to teach the populace how these barriers should be constructed. All Paris was defended in this manner after Tuesday.

Thursday, the 29th, was come, and the Hotel de Ville having been captured over night, the Tuilleries and the Louvre, which were defended by the Swiss, remained to our attack. We were at the commencement and at the ending of this campaign; ever since day-light the mob had been providing themselves with all the arms which they could find. The gens d'armes and the soldiers of the line had been dispossessed of their accoutrements, and they had hastily collected from the theatres all the arms intended for the operas and melo-dramas; they also disarmed the firemen, and those poor fellows were happy to resign weapons which they would not make use of against their countrymen. "Take our muskets and swords," said they, "but leave us our hatchets; we would at least be glad to use them in the case of a house being fired."

Already were the people in motion to go to the Louvre and the Tuilleries, when an unexpected reinforcement arrived. The pupils of the Polytechnic school had forced the gates, and were come to join their fellow citizens in fighting for the constitution and the laws. These brave fellows were received with transport, and took the command of the troops. The street of the Luxembourg was opened to them. "I am your chief," said one as he mounted a fine white horse. "General," said another, "I am your aid-de-camp;" and he twined a piece of yellow stuff round his waist for a sash. One *guarded* the powder, another *guided* the cannon, for on Thursday we were provided with great guns. At last they marched against the Louvre, and at eleven o'clock it surrendered to a pupil of the Polytechnic who directed the assault—an hero of twenty years. In spite of the iron missiles of the Swiss, the young man marched up almost to the gate. The balls fell *upon* him, and *around* him; but he was immovable. Just as he arrived at the iron gate a superior officer drew near: "Open," said the young commandant, "if you will not be exterminated: for freedom and strength belong to the people." The officer refused, and snapped his pistol, which did not go off. The youth then seized the officer, and drew the back of his sword across his throat—"Your life is in my hands," said he, "but I will not shed blood."

The Tuilleries was taken in nearly a similar way to the Louvre, by a youth who advanced singly to the parley, having the tri-coloured flag in his hands; the two parties were arranged in order of battle; the ensign walked at his usual pace near to the triumphal arch; more than a thousand muskets were fired at him, and not one hit him: he then retreated to shelter himself under the arch, where he remained till the palace was taken possession of by the Parisians.

In fine, at one o'clock Paris was completely victorious. The barracks of Babylon-street were burnt; the hotel of the body guard was taken; the Hotel de Ville, the Tuilleries and Louvre belonged to us; all the regiments of the line had come over—the gendarmerie and three regiments of the royal guard; Paris had a provisional government, a watch word and regular patrol, a Chamber of Deputies and a Chamber of Peers; the revolution was accomplished; there only remained some Swiss and a few others of the royal guard, who were entrenched in the Bois de Boulogne

and Champs Elysées—a feeble remnant of an army incapable of resisting the will of the people who defend their laws: men whom hunger and remorse brought daily to our ranks, and who to-morrow will like us *be of the people*. Such is the generosity and greatness of the men of this nation.

These are some of the numerous facts resulting from an event whose benefits are immense. It was on the 29th July only that the Charter truly began; the Charter without the 14th article, the Charter without ambiguity! The people were all heroes, and they relate of those heroes more fine actions and more heroic speeches than we can repeat here.

A citizen found in the Duchesse of Berri's apartments a small gold box filled with gold; he carried it to the Hotel de Ville, where the precious burden was deposited. Neither was any thing taken from the public edifices, neither from any particular houses; no violence was committed. "Protection to the people, and respect to property," these were the words and rallying point of order.

They recite an excellent speech of a venerable old man of Notre Dame des Victoires: "What you have given up your arms then?" said a neighbour. "Given up my arms!" said the brave old man; "I lend them, but never give them!"

A brazier named Richards, and Dubois, an old brigadier, fought between Sévres and Versailles, on 31st July, against twenty cuirassiers of the royal guard. They dismounted two soldiers, and returned to Paris in triumph on their horses.

At the attack of the Louvre a young fellow only eighteen years old, named Charles Bourgeois de Raevon, was the first to ascend, armed with pistols not charged (neither had he any powder), to plant the flag upon the colonnade. Bourgeois was pursued by five Swiss, and received several stabs of the bayonet, which stopped his career. "Grant me one line in the Journal des Debats," said he, "that my father may read my name in print; that is all I ask." Poor Bourgeois has had his wish!

The old men, and all those advancing into life in 1793, were astonished at the deeds of those three days, which began by the provocation of a Minister, and finished by the triumph of the people. Never, they say, was such a battle seen; those of the revolution of 1789 never lasted more than a day; but none of the previous events have equalled those from the 27th to 29th July! There were no prescriptions, no murders, no power usurped, no temples profaned; and to celebrate the victories, the funeral obsequies were performed without ostentation, and a cross of wood placed opposite that colonnade of the Louvre of which the Parisians were so proud, and which the Swiss compelled them to deface, but of which the very act makes them prouder than ever.

At the view of so many wonders effected so spontaneously, and with so little trouble, one is tempted to exclaim "*It is a romance*!" Will it not be said that France is placed under the guidance of a blessed and powerful fatality, which severs her at one stroke from the hands of despotism, and which doing us all justice (whether the throne is raised up or broken down), will not refuse to lengthen our national history by the record of those glorious days.

J. D.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

Once again the standard of the beautiful is planted in the circles of fashion, and the willing slaves of the "*ladies* of the creation," crowd around the radiant symbol of amity and love. The god of marriage, whose torch had been deadened by his tears, again raises the flaming brand with the rapture of returning happiness, and the noblest and fairest of the land are the first among his votaries.

"Now we'll throw the cypress by,
And twine the rose-wreath merrily."

It is in the recollection of our readers, that we "glanced" at the projected union of the talented nobleman Lord PORTCHESTER, with HENRIETTA ANNE, eldest daughter of the late Lord HENRY MOLYNEUX HOWARD. Those of our distinguished readers who are so happy as to enjoy the friendship of the parties, will rejoice to learn that an union, which promises a continuity of the highest felicity, has at length been celebrated, and that the noble poet is the husband of so much worth and loveliness.

Alas! we were compelled to put our wedding garment off, and to mingle our tears with those of the friends of the respected Lady GRAY EGERTON, who expired suddenly, at the Coburg Hotel. In the midst of earthly enjoyments, her ladyship was snatched away to mingle with better spirits in the skies, where the pleasure never satiates, the enjoyment never dies.

But again

"Let the bells be rung,
And the chorus sung,"

for the honoured son of Sir ROBERT WIGRAM, Bart. (EDWARD) has been blest with the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Miss CATHERINE SMITH, daughter of GEORGE SMITH, Esq., M.P. And the pious and talented Rev. G. A. DAWSON, of *Edwardston Hall*, Suffolk, has also united his name on the records of Hymen, with that of LOUISA, third daughter and co-heiress of the late Sir THOMAS PALKERTON, Bart., of *Chevet*, York. May they enjoy that happiness undisturbed and unalloyed, which their merits are calculated to inspire.

Again are we called upon to wear the smiles of joy, and to attend at the holy altar, to bear witness to the celebration of a happy union between Lady CHARLOTTE CROFTON, and S. GEORGE CAULFIELD, Esq., of the 1st Life Guards, performed at St. George's, Hanover-square, the very Rev. the Dean of CARLISLE officiating upon the occasion. The distinguished party assembled to witness this interesting event, afterwards partook of a *dejeuner* at the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH's, whilst the happy bride and bridegroom left town for *Warfield Park*.

Among the gratifying record of those who have been made happy since our last notice, we must insert the honoured name of the noble Earl ROSCOMMON, who, on Thursday, 19th ult., was united, at Bryanston-square, to CHARLOTTE, second daughter of the late JOHN TALBOT, Esq., and sister to the present Earl of SHREWSBURY. The ceremony had been previously performed at the house of the uncle of the amiable bride, ROBERT SELBY, Esq., by the Rev. Dr BRAMSTON, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church.

Again, however, we have to breathe the notes of sorrow, for the loss of the Honourable Mrs. JOHN STAPLETON, who, on the 8th ult., expired at *Grazely*, near Reading; but as

quickly we are called upon to chronicle another matrimonial union, that of T. W. BRAMSTON, Esq., of *Skreens*, with ELIZA, the fifth daughter of the late Admiral Sir ELIAS HARVEY. Nothing could possibly afford us greater pleasure than to record this interesting celebration, the amiable qualities of both parties having long endeared them to a numerous circle of friends; and it is our prayer and trust that no cloud will ever darken their day of life, the morning of which has opened so brightly.

If the human heart grieves deeply at the loss of aged friends, how much greater must be the agony when youthful worth and loveliness pass into the silent tomb? The noble family of MANSFIELD is plunged into unutterable grief, for the beautiful and amiable Lady CECILIA SARAH MURRAY has yielded her pure and holy spirit to that omniscient Being, by whose breath it was bestowed, and in the 17th year of her age. She passed away like a cloud, to the paradise prepared for the blessed.

Gilstone Park, Herts, has lately been the scene of one of the most affecting events that has ever been our task to record. JULIA, the eldest daughter of R. P. WARD, Esq., after a lengthened illness, expired on the 13th ult.; on the ensuing day her sister CATHERINE, who had never ceased watching over her beloved relative until she died, was so overcome by her intensity of suffering, that her heart broke under it, and under the same roof lay, only the remains of two young and amiable ladies, the one a victim to her sorrow for a sister's loss.

From the melancholy reflections which those events inspire, we are called to report the projected union of the eldest son of Sir EDWARD KNATCHBULL, Bart., with the agreeable Miss WATTS RUSSELL, of *Ilam Hall*, an event which, we trust, will produce unmingled happiness.

THE DRAMA.

"The Drama inspires by example, what the teacher would enforce by precept."
STEELE.

TAGLIONI.—We have the pleasure of enriching our magazine this month, with a beautifully engraved portrait of Mademoiselle TAGLIONI, in the praise of whose unquestionably pre-eminent abilities we lately made some lengthened observations. It must be allowed, that the KING'S THEATRE has long been in a state of comparative destitution with regard to female dancers of really *first-rate* pretensions; we have had no one who combined the richness and splendour of the art with that chasteness and purity of style which can alone constitute perfection. We may probably be referred by some enthusiast to the exhibitions of NOBLET, or of MERCANDOTTI; but it must be allowed, that the charm which their performances were calculated to excite was destroyed by the arrogance and conceit, which no observer could be blind to. RONZI VESTRIS attracted many admirers, and there was certainly a refinement in her exhibitions which obtained for her a very exalted rank in her profession; but there was still a wildness about her movements, a want of finish in her style, which forbade the hope of any transcendent success: her figure was also against her. FANNY BIAS was a charming, but not a good dancer; she floated over the boards like a spirit of gossip, and excited admiration from her neatness and prettiness of style. JULIE VARENNEZ, one of the latest novelties,

has created much sensation ; but we enquire whether any individual, soberly and seriously considering her performance, can conscientiously allow that eminent degree of praise which it was lately the fashion to bestow upon her. Her dancing is fascinating, we allow ; but it is still deficient in that peculiar grace and refinement which characterize that of TAGLIONI. But a very limited portion of the London public, we apprehend, have had an opportunity of beholding the performances of this *déesse de la danse*, in consequence of the shortness of her late engagement ; those who were so fortunate as to catch a glance of such delight can never have it effaced from their remembrance. We can compare the dancing of TAGLIONI with nothing in existence : it is all richness, grace, and purity, and seeming more characteristic of other worlds than of our own ; to be sufficiently admired it must be beheld ; words can convey but a very inadequate idea of its splendour and perfection. We understand her next visit to this metropolis will be a lengthened one ; the whole town will, in consequence, have opportunities of acknowledging the truth of our observations ; in the mean time we refer to our engraving for a just representation of so transcendent a professor of one of the most delightful arts, and who may truly merit the appellation of the first female dancer in the world.

The *Opera* closed for the season on the 7th ult. with selections from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Il Turco in Italia*. We scarcely remember a season so successful as this has proved ; nor are we surprised at such success : the powerful novelties produced by M. LAPORTE unquestionably demanded the patronage of the *beau monde*, which was bestowed in the most honourable and effectual manner. The engagement of LABLACHE alone would have ensured a successful season, so highly do we estimate the powers of that great performer.

The conductors of our *summer theatres* seem to be sleeping at their posts, and require a little critical "jogging," to induce them to exertion. Mr. ARNOLD is in dudgeon at the ill-success of his *Don Juan*, considering, very wisely, that what was unsuccessful at the *Opera*, with a first-rate company, ought to attract at the *Adelphi*, supported by Mr. ALDRIDGE, Miss FERGUSON, and half a dozen more unknowns. Thus the "ungrateful town" are not considered worthy of any thing better in the shape of novelty, than the "revival" of some popular operas, that have been hacknied through every season. How Mr. ARNOLD can term his performance of *Der Vampyr*, *Tit for Tat*, &c., revivals, it puzzles us to conceive.

With only one individual in the company, who can execute any intricate and powerful music, Mr. ARNOLD persists in performing the most difficult operas : how can it be expected that in this age of musical refinement, the public will assemble to have their "ears split" by the violent assaults of the barbarians that are congregated in the vocal troop at the *Adelphi*. Our heads still ache with the tremendous melody of Mr. HUNT, in the *Così fan Tutte*, which we patriotically endured for the benefit of our gentle readers ; and still feel the *hacking* of Mr. THORNE's endeavours upon our nerves, in the same opera. PHILLIPS, however, bore his burthen bravely, a brilliant star shining amidst a mass of darkness, more resplendent from the surrounding obscurity.

The talented and pretty little Miss COVENEY has concluded a short engagement at this theatre ; when this highly-gifted child is more fully before the public, we shall remark upon her merits, which are really great.

The *Haymarket* is not far above the *Adelphi* in its production of novelty ; two new farces, and the appearance of a new female vocalist, constituting the whole. Of the lady (Mrs. EVANS), we shall speak first, and our remarks will be short. Mrs. EVANS is one of those singers whose abilities under the head of respectable ; more endured than admired, and maintaining a situation upon the London theatre only till the novelty ceases, and then heard of no more. We have had too many pretty female vocalists, most of them now entirely forgotten, and a similar fate will Mrs. EVANS experience. Without decidedly great abilities, no female vocalist will ever be able to maintain a situation in London ; they must dare the rivalry of Paton, or else return to their original obscurity. And now, dismissing the fair *debutante* (not, however, without our tribute to her really very pleasing talents), we proceed to the first farce of the month, *Honest Frauds*, the chief object in which is a beautiful air by HORN, *The deep, deep sea* ; it is a delightful composition, replete with sweetness and refinement, and will long enjoy its popularity. JOHN REEVE has a character which he sustains with considerable drollery.

A Husband at Sight is the title of the subsequent novelty ; the plot turns upon the subject of *Catherine Padchuits* (Mrs. HUMBY), being compelled to marry the first person that is presented to her by order of the Baroness, to prevent the son of the said Baroness from taking that important office upon himself. The Baroness's son, however, had previously solicited the hand of *Augusta*, a young Polish girl, who follows her faithless lover in male attire, and is unluckily the first person that is caught for the husband of *Catherine*. A great deal of confusion of course ensues, and the piece ends in the marriage of *Augusta* with the Baroness's son. We will not stop to remark upon the probability of the story, and the author, whoever he may be, has cause to thank us for our forbearance. Miss MORDAUNT and Mrs. HUMBY displayed abilities which would have glossed over infinitely greater errors than *A Husband at Sight* developed, and to those two talented actresses may be ascribed the success of the farce.

The THEATRE in *Tottenham Street* maintains its reputation by the merits of its productions, and the general excellence of its management. In our last number we noticed, with approbation, the merits of the gentleman who fulfils the duties of leader of the band at this establishment. We have again the pleasureable task of speaking of Mr. ZERBINI, and of noticing some very masterly compositions which he has produced. A very delightful air, sung by Mrs. CHAPMAN, in an interesting drama called *Mary Graham*, displays abilities of a very high order of excellence, and justifies us in bestowing our most unqualified approbation upon the merits of this young composer.

The SURREY has devoted itself to some very low pieces, and no critical remonstrance can induce the management to alter their arrangements. Mr. ELLISTON very probably finds it advantageous to pursue his present system, and as we, certainly, have no right to interfere with the pecuniary views of any individual, we refrain from remark.

MICHAEL BOAT, the *chin chopper*, whose performances are really surprising, is at present delighting the visitors at ASTLEY'S.



Finest Fashions for September 1830.

Costumes of All Nations. 1258
Indian
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*Newest Fashions for September, 1830.
Walking Dress — & Fashionable Head-Dresses.*

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR SEPT., 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

WHOLE LENGTH FIGURE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN ADELAIDE.

A dress of white *gros de Naples*, made with a short train, and embroidered in a style of peculiar novelty and elegance, with gold coloured silk. *Corsage à point*, of rose coloured *gros des Indes* cut square, and very low, and richly embroidered to correspond with the skirt. *Marino Fakhro* sleeves of blond lace, over white *gros de Naples*; they are confined to the arm just above the elbow by a rosette of white ribbon, with a jewelled ornament in the centre. A fall of blond lace disposed in *dents de Loup* goes round the bust. The apron is of blond net embroidered in yellow silk to correspond with the skirt. The hair is dressed in two bows behind, and in full curls on each side of the face, it is ornamented with a diadem of gold enriched with jewels, and lappets of English blond lace. The necklace consists of several rows of large pearls, intermixed with rubies, pearl ear-rings, and gold bracelets with ruby clasps.

SECOND FIGURE—HALF-LENGTH.
EVENING DRESS.

A white crape dress *corsage drapé*, rather high round the front of the bust, but very low round the back and shoulders. *Cinture* of white ribbon, richly embroidered. Sleeve of the double *douffant* form. The hair is dressed very much off the forehead, and very low at the sides of the face; it is disposed in full, but not high bows behind, and decorated with a sprig of white roses; pearl necklace with a diamond clasp, Grecian brooch composed of gold and rubies.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS—(ITALIAN.)

The petticoat is of muslin, trimmed round the bottom with two rows of blue ribbon; the hind part of the boddice is of crimson silk, the fore part arranged in the form of a stomacher is blue, bordered with yellow, and adorned with a bouquet of roses embroidered in the centre; the upper part of the sleeve is of white muslin excessively full, the lower part is of silk, and tight to the arm; a row of crimson silk *tate* forms an epanulette. The head-dress is a kind of toque of white silk, its form is square, and bows of ribbon issue from it at each side. A bird of Paradise is placed on the right side, and a guaze veil attached at the back of the head falls low in the neck.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Mildness and sensibility are painted in this charming face, none can see it without feeling a lively interest for a fair creature who appears innocence personified. Such a face has no need of ornaments, they might detract from, but could not add to its loveliness. The hair,

after being tightly combed up behind, must be divided into five braids, four of equal size, and one less than the others, two are plaited, and two left soft; these braids form four bows, which are of moderate height; three are placed upright on the summit of the head, and one descends a little on the left side. The fifth braid which we must observe is soft, is twisted round the base of the bows, the front hair is arranged in a profusion of curls on each side of the face, leaving the forehead very much exposed. This is one of the most becoming head-dresses of hair that we have lately seen, and is admirably calculated for social parties, or for receiving company at home.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding *coiffure*.

PLATE THE SECOND.

SITTING FIGURE.

A Back View of the Walking Dress.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of jaconot muslin, embroidered in wreaths of foliage, which form lozenges; the *corsage*, open before and behind, turns over in lappets, which are narrow at the bottom of the waist, but wide at the top. The sleeves are of plain muslin; they are full from the shoulder to about the middle of the fore-part of the arm, where they terminate in cuffs, that sit close to the arm. The *chemisette* worn with this dress is of cambric, disposed in small plaits, and buttoned behind. The collar is square and very large. Hat of rice straw, something smaller than they have lately been worn; it is trimmed under the brim with *coques* of white gauze ribbon; the crown is ornamented with *nauds*, interlaced with bands; a sprig of fancy flowers is inserted in the *naud* that ornaments the centre of the crown, and a corresponding sprig inserted in the base of a *naud* at the side lays flat upon the brim.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—An Evening Head-Dress.—The high forehead and fine, though somewhat heavily arched brow of this countenance, indicate a more than ordinary portion of understanding, as well as much decision of character. A full display of the forehead is necessary to such a face as this, in order to take off from that expression of severity which it would otherwise wear.

After the front hair is arranged in full tufts of curls at each side of the face, the hind hair must be divided into four parts, three of equal size, and one smaller than the rest; three of these form the bows, two of which stand upright, and one falling at the side meets the tuft of curls; the other is partly wound round the bows, and partly arranged in a *corbeille à jour*, placed in front of them.

Two birds of Paradise inserted in the braid that winds round the brows waves gracefully over them.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 3.—A *Bridal Coiffure*.—What head-dress could possibly be placed on that finely turned head that would be unbecoming to so lovely a face? Nevertheless be it said, *en passant*, that all beautiful as it is, it does not promise much steadiness of character. The hair is disposed in comparatively light curls in front; the hind hair, tightly turned up, is divided into five parts; four form bows, which are placed on the right side, the fifth, a soft braid, is wound round the base of the bows, a bouquet of orange-flowers is inserted in them near the top, and droops over to the left side. A superb veil of English point lace, disposed in drapery behind, forms five points, which surmounts the bows.

FIG. 4.—A back view of figure three.

FIG. 5.—An *Evening Head-Dress*.—The wit that sparkles in those fine eyes is tempered by the good-nature that plays about the really pretty mouth. There may be handsomer faces, but there cannot be one more attractive than this. The head-dress is one of those that demands particular care in the arrangement, otherwise it may appear heavy or loaded. The front hair is arranged on the right side in a full tuft of curls; the hind hair is divided into three parts, which form the three full bows, one of which descends upon the forehead, the two others are placed far back. A bouquet of bluets is inserted in the centre of the forehead at the base of the bows, and sprigs of fancy flowers crown them.

FIG. 6.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 7.—A *full Dress Coiffure*.—This head-dress is not more remarkable for its beauty than for its singular novelty. The front hair is disposed on one side in full curls. The hind hair combed tightly up behind is divided into three parts, one of which forms on the summit of the head a bow exactly resembling a cockle-shell; the second, a bow of the ordinary form, which descends upon the forehead on the left side. The front hair forms a full tuft of curls between these bows. The third part is divided into several small plaits, which are so arranged as to imitate perfectly the shape of a basket, in which is placed a bouquet composed of corn flowers and ripe ears of corn; a sprig of flowers is also placed between the bows, and another at the side. A bandeau of emeralds, with a diamond clasp in the centre, is brought low upon the forehead.

FIG. 8.—A back view of figure 7.

PLATE THE THIRD.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.—(*Back view, whole length.*)

Canexou of blond net, made low round the bust, and full; the fullness is arranged in an embroidered band. Lappels of blond lace form the *canexou en cœur* before and behind. The sleeves, which are of blue *gros de Naples*, are nearly concealed by a triple fall of blond lace. The skirt is composed of blue crape, over blue *gros de Naples*; it is beautifully trimmed round the border with blond lace, disposed in crescents, with a *nœud* of blue gauze ribbon in the centre of each. The hair is dressed in light curls on the temples, and in two rows behind. A gold chain is brought low upon the forehead, and bouquets of roses and corn-flowers placed at each side.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—(*Back view, whole length.*)

A jaconot muslin *canexou*, very richly embroidered; the sleeves are à l'haberville. The skirt is of green *gros de*

Naples, made sufficiently short to show the rich embroidery which borders the white under-dress. The skirt is embroidered in green silk, one shade darker, considerably above the knee. *Tablier di Benna* of painted foulard, with braces and *ceinture* of dark lavender colour. The hair is disposed in large curls on the forehead, and fastened up with knots of ribbon behind.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of rose coloured *gros des Indes*, the *corsage* made up to the throat, is ornamented with a piece of the same material cut in deep points, which goes round the back in the style of a pelerine, and forms the front of the bust *en cœur*; the points are edged with a narrow silk trimming to correspond in colour. A rich open guimp also corresponding in colour, borders the skirt at the knee. Hat of grass green *gros de Naples* trimmed with a bouquet of roses with buds and foliage, and knots of rose coloured ribbon. *Collarette* of blond net.

A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

White trowsers made very wide and long, confined to the leg at the ankle and finished round the bottom with two rows of embroidery. Prock of *Batiste de laine*, embroidered round the border. *Canexou* of jaconot muslin. Straw hat. *Ceinture* of broad *vapeur* ribbon, with long ends. Kid half-boots, corresponding in colour with the sash.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A front view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A front view of the second evening dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

FIRST MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress, the *corsage* is made with a little fullness, and trimmed with a double fall of embroidery, à l'enfant. Long sleeves of equal fullness from the shoulder to the wrist, confined to the arm just above the elbow, and ornamented with a fall of embroidery, *en manchette*. A very deep flounce, richly embroidered at the bottom, is set on as high as the knee, and surmounted by a broad embroidery. Hat of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed in a peculiarly light and becoming style, with *nœuds* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. The *ceinture* corresponds in colour with the hat.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A dress of green *gros de Naples*, it is that shade called *Vert Americain*. *Corsage à la Reine de Naples*, trimmed with the same material, and both the trimming and the *corsage* are embroidered in silk braiding to correspond with the dress. The skirt is also embroidered both above the knee and at the extremity of the border. The hat is of rice straw, the brim is lined with pink crape. A blond lace drapery surrounds the upper part of the crown, and descends upon the brim. A *nœud* of rose-coloured ribbon is attached to the front of the crown by a *cordon*, which falls back upon the neck. A plume of rose-coloured feathers placed immediately under the drapery in front, droops over the brim.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A dress of pink and white striped muslin, *corsage uni*. The trimming of the skirt is of the same material disposed in *chevrons*. The upper part of the sleeve, which is of the



*Newest Fashions for September, 1890.
Morning & Evening Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for September, 1830.
Morning Dresses and Fashionable Millinery*

usual size, is of the material of the dress. The lower part is of *jaconot muslin*, arranged by bands in four *boufants canezou fichu* of *jaconot muslin*, cut round the border in points. *Sautoir* of pink gauze ribbon. Hat of pink crape decorated under the brim with a small bouquet of fancy flowers, and a *naud* of gauze ribbon. A *naud* is attached on the right side of the crown near the top, the ends of which are twisted round the crown, and form a *naud* at the back.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A cap composed of embroidered *tulle*, and trimmed with *vapeur* gauze ribbon. The shape of the caul and the arrangement of the borders, give to this head-dress very much the appearance of a *capote*.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view, half-length, of the second morning dress.

FIG. 4.—A back view, half-length, of the third morning dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1830.

Hail, Goddess of the radiant mien! the cloud that obscured thy brilliant reign, is dispelled, and thy never despoiled ordinances compel thy fair lieges to replace their mourning garb by the tasteful costume which thine imperial decree has sanctioned. It is in the recesses of thy chosen temple in Cleveland Row, that we must seek for all that is novel and *recherché* in female attire; and it shall be our delightful task to select, from its superb collection, novelties which cannot fail to please the taste of all our fair readers.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Crape, rice straw, and various kinds of silk, are all worn in carriage dress. Some of those in crape have the brim bordered with straw, beautifully wrought, a point which turns up behind is bordered in a similar manner. A piece of crape is arranged on the left side in the form of an arch, from which proceeds a rose, or two small flowers. A similar ornament is placed in the point at the back.

A hat of white *gros de Naples* is trimmed with two branches of rose, laurel, full of flowers and buds; they are placed one on each side, at the bottom of the crown, and lean forward to the front, where they cross each other; a knot of ribbon is placed in front, near the bottom of the crown, and a smaller knot at the base of the flowers behind. Both these hats are trimmed under the brim with *coques* of ribbon, of the cockle-shell form.

Some Leghorn hats are trimmed with flowers; others with bouquets of short feathers, which at this moment are more in favour than long ones. These feathers are always either straw colour or white, but the latter are most in request.

Capotes of *gros de Naples* are no longer finished at the edge of the brim with blond lace, but with a deep fall of English point lace. Those of crape are frequently ornamented with a *tresse* of straw at the edge of the brim, and the ribbons which trim them are also edged with straw. The most novel, and, in our opinion, the prettiest *capotes*, are those of *gaze écrue*, lined with lilac, or rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with a single knot of ribbon on one side.

A new material for hats and bonnets, which promises to be in favour, but is as yet little worn, is called *paille liège*; it is striped in colours, and in a serpentine direction.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Gros de Naples*, striped silks, muslins, and various fancy materials are worn in carriage-dress. A new summer pelisse, remarkable for its elegance, and the simplicity of its form, is composed of thin *jaconot muslin*, and lined with straw-coloured *gros de Naples*; it is open in front, the *corsage* is *en peignoir*, with a double pelerine, square behind, but rounded at the corners. It is trimmed with a fall of broad lace, set on all round, rather full; the pelerines are trimmed to correspond. There is no collar, but a triple fall of lace ornaments the throat.

Dresses of *batiste de laine* are generally made *en robe*. They are usually embroidered above the hem with flowers or foliage of one colour only.

If dresses of striped silk are of the *redingote* form they are worn with *chemisettes à la Leonine*, and are finished down the bottom and up the fronts with a light fancy silk trimming to correspond in colour with the dress; but if made *en robe*, then a *canezou* is indispensable.

Printed muslin dresses are worn by many *élégantes*, but those flowered in stripes are no longer seen upon well-dressed women, the new patterns are all in detached bouquets.

Canezous and *chemisettes* continue to form a most important article of female dress; we shall describe some whose elegance and novelty make us consider them most worthy of our fair readers' attention.

The *canezou-fichu*, which has just appeared, is composed of English lace; it forms a point behind, and the fronts cross under the *ceinture*, and form also a point. Others cross in the *robe* stile; they are made with double jockies. A third kind are flat upon the shoulders, and a little full in front; a trimming goes round the bust which forms a pelerine, these last are extremely pretty in cambric; they are trimmed with narrow lace. Our imitation of Valenciennes is the most in favour. These *canezous* are generally made with two square collars.

Scarfs are very much worn, some are of *crêpe zéphir*, of one colour only; others are of white China crape, flowered at the ends, and a great number are of gauze; it is really no exaggeration to say that we see every day new patterns appear in the last material.

DRESSES.—The newest morning dresses are *peignoirs*, either of white muslin, or of muslin printed in very small patterns; these dresses are made to sit close to the shape behind, but the fronts are loose, and are confined in full folds by the *ceinture*.

Corsages crossed in drapery are certainly most in favour in half-dress. We see, however, some elegant women who adopt those partially high, made with a little fullness before and behind at the bottom of the waist, plain upon the shoulders, and ornamented *en pelerine*, with a trimming which is open and broad upon the shoulder, where it forms a jockey. Sleeves continue to be very wide at the top, and rather close to the arm at bottom, but yet not so very tight as they were worn a short time back.

Gauze and crape are in favour in full dress, but muslin is worn almost as much in grand costume, as it is for social parties. Silk dresses are also adopted for the latter. The only trimmings adopted for the borders of dresses are embroideries or *passementeries*. Blond lace flounces are in favour for dresses, as are also embroideries, either in white or colours.

Among the trimmings embroidered in colours, the most elegant are those composed of long sprigs of foliage, in

various shades of green, the leaves of which cross each other nearly at the bottom.

A muslin dress embroidered in white has the *corsage* ornamented with worked *poignets*, and the sleeves of four *bouffons*; the highest of those *bouffons* was extremely voluminous. The trimming of this dress is peculiarly novel and elegant, it is a *biais* cut in festooned *dents*, which are edged with embroidery; the lower part of this *biais* is worked in a row of palms.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The most novel *dérets* are of blond, ornamented with white feathers; they have a large opening under the brim on the right side, in the form of a crescent, it is closed by a net-work of ribbons.

A white crape hat is ornamented with a bird of Paradise placed behind, so as to turn round the crown at the top; a sprig of small flowers, which also comes from behind, crosses in front the plumage of the bird.

Flowers are very much in favour for trimming gauze and crape hats; if they are arranged in bouquets there are always two, one placed near the top of the crown, and the other at the opposite side on the edge of the brim. Ribbons continue to be worn very broad and rich. The inside of the brim of many hats is ornamented with a ribbon, edged with blond lace.

Caps increase in favour both in dress and undress, *tulle* is a great deal worn in the latter; some are bordered with sharp-pointed *dents*, a leaf resembling that of the Persian lilac fills the hollow of each *dent*.

Others are trimmed with points formed of ribbons folded in two, and turned in such a manner as to make a double *cornet*.

Dress caps are of blond lace, ornamented with long sprigs of small flowers, or ears of green corn mingled with poppies. The first are placed above the border on the right side, the others beneath it on the left.

Fashionable colours are rose-colour, lilac, lemon-colour, azure-blue, lavender-bloom, and various shades of green.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Hats begin gradually to contract their dimensions, the new ones have very low crowns, the brims are a little shallower than they have been lately worn, and not quite so wide. Some have one side of the brim a little larger than the other.

Leghorn and rice straw hats and bonnets are still in favour, as are also crape and various kinds of silk. All the fair favourers of the revolution, make a point of wearing the national colours, and its strongest partizans are seen in hats of white crape, silk, or rice straw, ornamented with flowers of deep red and blue ribbons.

Some fair republicans sport white hats trimmed with *coquelicots*, *bleuets*, and *boules de Neige*. The ribbon resembles the politics of some of its wearers, it is double faced, one side blue and the other red.

OUT DOOR COSTUME.—*Peignoirs* are at present very much worn. For the early morning walk a *peignoir* of cambric or jaconot muslin, without any other trimming than the rosettes of the same material which fasten it down the front, is adopted by many elegant women. Among the various dresses which are seen in the Tuilleries' gardens from two till five in the afternoon, *peignoirs* are most numerous; they are of jaconot muslin; the most novel have a narrow embroidery above the hem in feather-stitch, to which is

attached a cambric trimming, small plaited, and edged with narrow Valenciennes lace; there are two collars, both square, and trimmed to correspond; one much smaller than the other, is supported round the neck by a *sautoir*, the other falls on the shoulders. The sleeve is of the *imbécille* form, and is trimmed at the hand with a small plaited trimming, narrower than that of the collar.

Canezons are for the most part made plain upon the shoulders, and full before and at the bottom of the waist. All have *jockies*, some are set on double and full; others make part of the *canezou*. There is no seam on the shoulder, but a deep point divided in the centre, falls low upon the arm. The most elegant *canezons* of this form are embroidered in a narrow pattern round the edge, and trimmed with lace.

Some of the new collarettes are made in *biais*; they are open in front, and attached to a plain band; unless they are worn with a *sautoir*, they fall in such a manner as to leave the throat entirely bare. Some ladies obviate that inconvenience, by placing a *ruche* on the plain band. Many ladies attach their *colarettes* with *nœuds* of ribbon of the national colours.

DRESSES.—Printed muslins are in considerable favour in *négligé*. Some of those combining the national colours have white grounds, thickly strewed with bouquets of roses and blue bells, others are striped in wreaths of red and blue flowers; and some are striped in alternate thick and thin stripes of red, blue, and white. White muslin and striped *gros de Naples* are also worn.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Crapes, watered silk, and a variety of fancy gauzes are all in favour for hats in full dress, and blond almost always makes part of the trimming. Some hats which have the crown of the helmet shape, have a double row of blond disposed in drapery round it, others have the blond arranged in front of the crown so as partially to fall over a bouquet of flowers. If the hat is trimmed with blond and flowers which always go together, very little ribbon is used; but if there is no blond, then a good deal of ribbon is employed. A large *nœud* is placed on one side of the crown, and two smaller ones connected by bands, with the one at the top, are placed one very near the bottom of the crown, at the back, and the other on the brim; the one at the back is generally composed of ends only; sometimes it is a pointed rosette, at others it has the form of an artichoke. The trimming of the inside of the brim generally corresponds with this ornament, mingled sometimes with flowers.

JEWELLERY.—Enamelled trinkets are always in favour. Pins in half-dress are very prettily enamelled in different colours. Some less ornamented are in the shape of a serpent coiled up. Pins for full dress have the head ornamented either with one or different coloured gems.

Bracelets are composed of *or bruni*, they are twisted different times round the arm to form à *Grecque*, without a clasp, or with an enamelled one. We see also bracelets of coloured stones, set in *plaques* of plain gold squares and joined by small rings.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Tortoiseshell combs with a plain high gallery, are now more in favour than those with open work.

The most fashionable fans are in coloured leather, plain or painted, with bamboo sticks. Others mounted in the same manner are of watered *gros de Naples*.

A good many are striped in the national colours, and some composed of mother of pearl are painted in the national colours, in a variety of subjects, illustrative of the late events.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXIII.—English Earls.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

*"Our second GEORGE enobled HOBART's name,
Before oft mentioned on the roll of fame,
Bade, (as the 'scutcheon birth-right still unfurls,)
It be the title of a line of Earls."*—BROOK.

GEORGE HOBART HAMPDEN, Baron Hobart of Blickling, in the County of Norfolk, and a Baronet, succeeded to the estates and honours of his ancestors under the title of Earl of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, (thus being the *fifth* nobleman of the race who had worn it,) upon the demise of his uncle, the fifth of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixteen; and is consequently in the fourteenth year of his enjoyment of the Earldom.

Although for many generations previous to the parsimonious reign of the *seventh* HENRY, the name of the family was held in honourable estimation, and its conduct in the general affairs of life was highly respectable, still, from Sir JOHN HOBART, *Knight*, who held the office of Attorney General to that avaricious monarch, have sprung the several branches of the HOBARTS, who must now be the more immediate subjects of our enquiry.

The next in descent from Sir JOHN, the founder of the family honours, must be mentioned Sir HENRY HOBART, *Knight*, a lawyer of whom it may be said, that he was a ripe and good one; not using his authority "as a cloak of maliciousness," but for the distribution of justice and integrity. From him, whose demise occurred 22nd May, 1611, sprung Sir JOHN HOBART, of Blickling House, Norfolk, at whose demise, in 1647, the title devolved upon his nephew.

It was in May, 1728, that GEORGE the SECOND created *John Hobart*, Lord HOBART, *Baron Hobart*; and on 5th September, 1746, Earl of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. From him (by Judith, daughter of Robert Britiffe, Esq.,) came JOHN, (born 1722) the *second* EARL, who chose for the partner of his heart and home, Mary Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Drury, Bart. This nobleman appears to have been considered of very influential character in his day, and calculated to represent at a great foreign court the munificence and authority of his country; since we find that in 1762 he was sent as our ambassador to St. Petersburg, and in 1776, was further honoured by the favour of the government, and the countenance of his Sovereign, being invested with the authority, and clothed in the robes of Viceroy of Ireland. His Lordship died August 3, 1793,

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and having no lineal issue from his two marriages, was, of course, succeeded by his brother GEORGE, the *third* Earl. This nobleman married in May, 1757, Albinia, daughter and co-heiress of Lord Vere Bertie, and granddaughter of the Duke of Ancaster. By this accomplished lady he had George, (who just saw the light, and left it) Robert, Lord Hobart, and several daughters, who enhanced the distinction, and increased the influence of the family, by uniting their fortunes to noble and distinguished gentlemen.*

Upon the death of his father, ROBERT, whom we have just mentioned, (and who was born 6th May, 1760) succeeded to the Earldom. On November 30th, 1798, he was called up by writ to the House of Peers, as "Baron Hobart of Blickling, in the county of Norfolk." He married, first, (4th January, 1792), the widow of Thomas Adderley, Esq. From this union sprung a flower that in due time expanded into elegance and beauty, namely a daughter JANE, who in the due march of years married the Right Honourable John Robinson, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, but now advanced to the Peerage, and the station of the upper house, where his opinions are looked up to with respect, and his oratory frequently cheered by the applause of his hearers—we mean the Lord Viscount GODERICH.

Death, we are told and know,

" — knocks as loudly at the rich man's door,

As at the meanest cottage of the poor."

thus it will not be matter of surprise that he should have visited the house of Buckinghamshire. The *Countess* was smitten by the tyrant, and her place was no longer upon earth! Sorrow, however, has bounds, and regret its days of triumph; we must not, however, marvel, that in 1799 the *Widower* fled, for consolation to wedded affections once more. In June of that year he married ELEANOR AGNET, daughter of WILLIAM, first Lord Auckland, by whom he had no issue, in consequence of which, the family honours, titles, and immunities devolved, at his decease in 1816, as we have shewn, upon GEORGE ROBERT HOBART, the present and *fifth* Earl.

Biographical notices of those who move in the higher circles of society, are sometimes as little imbued with wonder workings, and acute interest, as are, for the most part, the "short and simple annals of the poor." Besides this, it may not be always either honest dealing or a prudent performance, to drag before an exaggerating tribunal, (as the world sometimes is) either the whole internal history of the lordly dwelling, any more than it would to make "story books" of the humbler adventures which have sprung from the peasant's cottage. Yet there are writers who not only *have done*, but do these things; feeding their appetites, and filling their pockets by distorting truth, and summoning invention. We are not, however, called upon to exert any particular acuteness, or affect any magnanimous forbearance upon the present occasion. If *St.*

* The EARL's fourth daughter, Maria Anno, married GEORGE, Earl of GUILFORD, an event which took place upon the 30th September, 1785.

James's Square, and the *Farlo-table* were formerly mentioned as connected together, and equally patronized by the *female ancestors of noble houses*, what care we, since our female nobility and their descendants of the same sex, would now as soon think of learning the language of the ring, or the trickeries of the turf, as follow the trade, or desire the appellation of *gamblers*! In fact, and thus indeed as we are progressing towards improvement, they would equally detest soiling their gloves with a dice as their voice with a wager. If the Earl of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE has not fulfilled the promise which his earlier parliamentary career, as Lord HOBART, promised, there may be causes too deep for speculation to grapple with, too domestically interwoven to admit of the officious gaze of prying curiosity. If Hamlet was correct when he says to Horatio, that "there are more things between heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in man's philosophy," it is not for every body to hazard opinions where proof is so difficult of attainment. All, therefore, it is here necessary to say of the subject of our present occupation, is, that if the Earl of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE has done little to bid us withhold events on the one hand, or pompously emblazon them on the other, he has yet held the "even tenor of his way" without seeking that transient popularity so many are covetous to obtain, and certainly without causing those envyings and regrets which would otherwise sully his tomb with a forbidding epitaph. If he possesses not a name which, from his deeds, would

"— make the world turn pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale,"

there will be few found to blacken his name, or desecrate his character.

His Lordship married on 3d May, 1819, a very beautiful lady, Miss JANE GLOVER; and in 1824 assumed, by royal permission, the name and arms of a title which history has honoured, and freedom reveres—that of "HAMPTON."

The motto of the Earls of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE is peculiarly modest to them, and highly complimentary to him who created their title. It is in the classical language "*Auctor preciosa facit*," in ours, "*the author makes it more valuable*;" so that, in conclusion, we may say if they cannot boast so *antiquated* a descent as a COURTENAY, a TALBOT, or a PEMBROKE, they, at least, claim respect, and deserve homage.*

DONNA CONCHA.

Don Ceasar de Lauvedra, a principal Grandee of Spain, lived many years in great esteem and happiness at a beautiful house which he possessed near the town of Jaen, and

* The first noble family in England was that of Lord Courtenay, being descended from those Earls of Devonshire who often intermarried with the blood royal of France and Britain, as may be found at the commencement of Sully's Memoirs. The Duke of Beaufort is descended from Geoffrey Plantaganet, Lord of Anjou, son of Fulke, King of Jerusalem, and grandson of the Empress Maude, daughter of Henry the First. Consequently this family has flourished as Dukes, Marquisses, and Earls, without descending to lower degree, for full 700 years. The Duke of MONTAGUE traces his descent, by the female line, from Charlemagne. The Earl of SHREWSBURY's family is derived from the famous TALBOT, the terror of France; hence having been Peers full 500 years.

which he very rarely quitted, it was said, because he could not bear the sight of Murviedro Castle, or rather of Murviedro himself; who, from having been his dearest friend, was now become his mortal enemy. When at any time they met by chance, they exchanged looks of rage and contempt. The gloomy countenance of Murviedro turned pale every time his eyes encountered a brilliant ring, which the happy Don Ceasar wore upon his finger; and he appeared to take pleasure in causing its lustre to dazzle the other's eyes. It was rumoured throughout the country, that a rivalry in love had caused this violent hatred between the two friends, and the ring had been bestowed upon the favoured one.

Nothing was ever known of the family connections of Murviedro. As for Don Ceasar, he had an amiable and affectionate wife, and an only daughter, who was christened Santa Maria, but who was commonly called Donna Concha. She had just attained her thirteenth year when Ferdinand the Seventh was driven from the throne, and all Spain was in arms. Being early accustomed to think (for he was not of the ancient nobility), and better instructed than his countrymen generally are, Don Ceasar became a partisan of the new cause, and his opinions, which he took no pains to hide, caused him to be ranked amongst that class, which was called the enfranchised.

It was then that Don Ceasar visited the country more frequently, and prolonged his stay there purposely, that he might not be obliged to take a public part in political affairs, but devote himself to the education of his daughter, who was of exquisite beauty, and passionately beloved by her parents. Don Ceasar endeavoured to inspire her with bold and masculine sentiments, for "in these unhappy times," he would say, "it would be a scandal if even the women were to be effeminate." The happiness enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Castle of Lauvedra was too great to be lasting. The evenings were passed in music and dancing, and the days as tranquilly as if the country were in perfect peace. The feast-day of Donna Concha was at hand, and her father determined upon celebrating it by a grand ball, when an unexpected event occurred to disturb the happiness of this envied family.

Murviedro had followed another path. Instead of remaining quietly in his Chateau, as Don Lauvedra did, he repaired to Madrid, where he assisted in all the secret consultations which were then held, and became the guiding spirit of all the conspiracies against the government of the intruders. He went on foot up in the mountains, where he organized the *Guerillas*; he established an active correspondence with all the post towns of the province, and exercised an extensive influence in the provisional Junta, which apparently acted in unison with the French, while they secretly worked to their undoing. He was frequently seen scouring the neighbouring country, surrounded by a military escort; and, without either house or title, he had acquired immense power in the country.

Don Ceasar also frequently received secret intelligence, and these missions became multiplied just as he was preparing to celebrate his daughter's birthday; but he considered himself secure in the midst of his vassals and the numerous workmen employed at the Castle; therefore he took no precautions to defend himself against his powerful enemy.

He was wrong. At the moment when he was arranging a transparency representing his daughter and her sainted patroness, surrounded by rays of glory, a troop of cavaliers

alighted before the gate, and Don Murviedro was announced.

Before Don Ceaser was recovered of his surprise, Murviedro entered, and presented him with an order of arrest, enjoining, that he should be carried away to the prison of Jaen.

Donna Concha and her mother, in the first moment of fear, flew towards Don Ceaser; but scarcely had Donna Concha heard the words uttered by Murviedro, than shewing an extraordinary presence of mind, in one so young, she disappeared while Don Ceaser was disputing the validity of the order; and returning again in a few minutes, she made a sign to her father, and shewed him, at one glance, all his people under arms. At this sight, Lauvedra took courage to refuse obedience to the order, and prepared to assume a posture of defence. Murviedro hesitated an instant, then drawing out a pistol, he discharged it at Don Ceaser, who expired (without uttering a single groan) in the arms of his daughter.

"*Ave Maria!* Vengeance is good. I have at last succeeded," said Murviedro, stooping over the dead body of Don Ceaser and tearing the diamond ring from his finger.

"Kill the murderer! kill the thief!" cried Donna Concha, who supported her mother in her arms.

"I am not a thief," fiercely answered Murviedro. "This ring always belonged to me; but no matter, I will give you its value." At these words he threw a purse full of gold towards Donna Concha, and mounting his horse, set off with his troop. As all these circumstances had occurred so rapidly, no one thought of impeding Don Murviedro's departure.

This first act of violence between the parties which divided the province, produced great commotion at Jaen; but it was so soon succeeded by other more terrible scenes that it was speedily forgotten.

Two years had passed away, and Donna Lauvedra was at length resigned to her fate, but Donna Concha was not to be so easily reconciled. She had loved her father too tenderly, too devotedly, for her young and warm heart to banish the thought of vengeance. The ardent sun of Spain had developed, at an early period, the spirit of Donna Concha. An excess of trouble had caused the premature ripening of her spirit. Her black and brilliant eyes had lost little of the vivacity of youth, but she appeared to look on life as a serious business. Her thoughts were never directed towards the charms and accomplishments of her numerous adorers; she seemed to try to penetrate into their secret souls, and in despite of the exhortations of her mother, who deeply felt how much it behoved them to have a protector at that troublesome period, she refused the homage of all the nobles who offered for her.

"They are too vain and too foolish," said she. The military she found were too imperious when near her, and too submissive when before their commander; and she called them a mixture of *despot* and *slave*. As for the merchants, "their souls were worn away," she said, "in calculating how far a quarter of a *real* would go;" therefore she could not support the thought of them.

Donna Concha had now nearly reached her fifteenth year, and her mother pressed her most anxiously to make choice of a husband.

"Mother," said she, "let me remain with you. No one seems disposed to disturb us, and in the last two years I have learned a great deal. I will never marry a man whom

I do not love; and *can you* name one amongst those suitors you are so anxious about, who is deserving of my love?"

"All the young nobles of the province are at your feet."

"But am I beloved, mother? Who knows me? Who guesses at my thoughts? Who has an affinity with me? They adore my fortune—my rosy face! All these will last perhaps but a little while, then what will become of their love? Nevertheless," added she, seriously, "I am already betrothed to one whom I love."

"Who is that?" said her mother in the greatest surprise.

Donna Concha hung down her head.

"Who is he, my dear child?" replied the widow; "I seek in vain to discover him. I cannot find one lover upon whom you have bestowed a single smile. Who is he? Let me see him."

The daughter still kept silent.

"My dear child, do you not find me worthy of your confidence?" said Donna Lauvedra, bathed in tears. "That is very cruel of you."

"Can I name him?"—at last, said Donna Concha, in a low voice—"I do not even know him."

"And you love him, do you say? Margareta, what am I to think?"

"I will love him! so, don't tease me, mother, I beg of you," said Donna Concha, hastily. "I will confide every thing to you, if you will not laugh at me, nor vex me; neither endeavour to turn me from an idea which is deeply rooted in my heart. I love him who will revenge the death of my father; I will have no other marriage ring than that which he wore on his finger, bathed in the blood of his assassin."

Her mother turned pale with terror. "Poor child!" said she, "I much fear, then, you will never find a husband. However, you have reason on your side; Murviedro is not worthy to see the light of day; but he is become powerful; his name is the terror of Frenchmen, and his credit is immense. You will never have a husband!"

"Well, mother," gravely replied Donna Concha, "if I do not find a husband upon earth, I will seek one in heaven. What is not to be done here, will be executed above. I have made my election, mother; my hand shall be given to my father's avenger, or the black veil shall cover my head!"

Donna Lauvedra again addressed her daughter:—"Since you are so resolute," said she, "I will venture to name a husband for you. What think you of your cousin Manzoris?"

"What, that poor boy, with pale cheeks and timid looks, who says he loves me? He is the next heir to my father's property, and if I die, it will be a good thing for him."

"Don't misunderstand me; he tenderly loves you, why do not you love him?"

"I don't know, dear mother; I am ignorant of that passion you call love. Whatever I have heard tell of, or whatever I have read of it in books; however the wildest romances may depict it, my heart has never beaten one throb more. If he is courageous, I believe that I shall love him."

Don Manzoris came at night to the castle. By a sign from Donna Lauvedra, he quitted the brilliant society which encircled Donna Concha, and followed the good lady into an adjoining apartment. "I have at length obtained her confidence, cousin Manzoris," said she briskly,

"Concha does not object to our scheme, but"—She then related to him, (but in other terms) the conditions upon which her daughter consented to accept a husband. Manzoris appeared struck. "Leave it alone to me, said he, formerly I had access to Murviedro's house, I may obtain it again; let what will happen, I now know the chord that must be touched to win her."

That very evening before they parted, he found an opportunity to speak to her. Donna Concha suspected that her mother had acquainted him with but *half* her secret. Manzoris could not help acknowledging that he had but slight hopes of success, yet the ardour of his affection was such, that he accepted all her proposals. "The assassin certainly ought to be killed," said he, "but there must be time given to consider *how*; it is only by stratagem, I think, that we shall find a favourable opportunity."—"By stratagem! repeated Donna Concha." "How can it be done otherwise? he never goes out unattended. It is only necessary to obtain his confidence and not to give occasion for suspicion, and then I shall soon arrive at the point which will ensure me the summit of my wishes; for in order to shield myself from the vengeance of his friends, who would deprive me of that wealth, I should sacrifice every thing to obtain, I will poison him!" "O fie, fie! cousin, said Donna Concha. Revenge should be a public act; his blood should stream; it should be by a bullet or the point of a sword. Poison is only used by cowards; go, you are not the man for me."—"What do you say, my lovely cousin? assassinate him! ah, you wish for my death, and not for my happiness."—"I thought Manzoris, that you were courageous! That death you design for him cannot be paid for except by the purse which he threw at us; and in truth, I do not know what is become of it. Go! but do not kill him, for *I will not marry you*. I must, at least, esteem the person whose name I shall bear."

She then left him and returned to the saloon. A pleased expression like that which appears on the countenance when some danger has been avoided, diffused itself over her countenance. Don Manzoris appeared a few moments after, his air was gloomy and he made a hasty retreat.

Donna Maria's conversation with Manzoris made a deep impression on her daughter. She knew perfectly well how little that world she lived in understood the depth of her resolution and courage; and she despaired of meeting a congenial soul who could sympathize in her ideas of revenge. "I perceive," said she, sighing "the convent will be my lot, and my celestial spouse will take upon himself to revenge me."

Nevertheless all the warm feelings of youth arose in her heart, while her mother unceasingly strove to calm the ardent spirit of her daughter. She thought it most advisable to address herself to Donna Concha's understanding. They led a calm and peaceful life in Madrid, and their pleasure was confined to the entertaining of some few of its inhabitants. At Jaen then, or its environs perhaps, they might meet some young man whose courage and ambition would make an impression on Donna Concha's heart! Since the death of her husband, Donna Lauvedra had very seldom visited their country house, and Donna Concha never had. All the preparations of his unfortunate entertainment remained still in the same state, and the anniversary of her daughter's birth was again at hand. The old Donna (over whom the habits of life had acquired the powers of a second nature) begged her daughter to consent to their immediate return to the country, to those scenes of her car-

liest infancy, where she had delighted to revel amongst the flowers and the shrubs, and there to celebrate by a splendid feast, that day which formerly had been a day of joy in the family? Donna Concha dared not refuse this natural and well meant request of her mother.

On the eve of that remarkable day, they arrived at their chateau. When she crossed the threshold of her mansion, the time which had passed from then until the present was lost to Donna Concha, so freshly did her father's assassination appear before her. Her pulse beat with violence, her blood boiled in her veins; and in the midst of the confused sounds which assailed her ears, an imperious voice seemed to utter "vengeance!" and her bosom heaved with a force that seemed ready to bereave her of life.

The fatigue of the journey operated upon her troubled mind and she enjoyed a good night's rest. On opening her eyes a bright sun illumined her apartment, and the birds were cheerfully caroling their morning salutations. She felt the good effects already of the change she had made, and rising with alacrity, she dressed in a rich white satin robe that her mother had presented to her for the occasion. She looked in the glass and saw the reflection of extreme beauty of which she was not a little proud; she experienced however, a slight shudder when her attendant remarked that there only required a coronet of white roses on her head to appear dressed as a bride.

The neighbours were all arrived when Manzoris ran in, paler and more overcome than ever. "Have you not heard of what happened last night," cried he? Every body anxiously surrounded him. "The terrible brigand, Horquito, with his furious band assaulted the chateau of Murviedro and completely sacked it, although he had arrived there it is said some hours before. It appears that the *brigands* are less afraid of him than *honest men* are, and they do say that although he fought like a devil, he is either killed or made his escape. The neighbourhood is all in confusion, for every one expects to share the same fate." "Will he dare to venture here where so many persons are assembled," asked Donna Lauvedra with assumed calmness? "What does not Horquito dare?" replied Manzoris shrugging his shoulders, "but I took the precaution to demand a detachment of soldiers at Jaen." Donna Concha kept silence, but her heart beat violently. "The chateau Murviedro pillaged, and he killed perhaps!" said she.

"We have nothing to fear" said Manzoris endeavouring to rally his spirits. "We are too numerous here for him to dream of an attack, and two so near together would be an unheard presumption." "Who is afraid here?" cried Donna Concha aloud. "For my part, the brigands cannot do me harm, they have burnt the chateau of Murviedro, and may be have assassinated Murviedro also. Long live Horquito!" "Signora," unanimously exclaimed the astonished guests. "Pardon me" replied Donna Concha, quickly recovering herself, "I am the daughter of Don Ceasar and at this spot where you are now assembled, I saw his blood flow;" and she fell half dead upon a chair. Every one pressed around to assist her, but she soon recovered her senses, and did the honours of the repast with a becoming grace. According to her command, all the tenants remained at the castle and danced upon the velvet lawn, and not far from the grand entrance to the house. Donna Concha had not danced for two years, but she now appeared determined to repair the loss; her little feet lightly tripped upon the surface and beat perfectly in unison with the sounds of the instruments. Joy reigned

equally in the park and the hall. Suddenly the domestics flew in affright towards the château, exclaiming aloud, "Horquito!" "Horquito!" repeated all the dancers, remaining immovable in their places. "Where is he?" "He came in by the garden gate," replied the *maître-d'hôtel* all in a tremble. One of his men scaled the wall and opened it for him. "To arms!" cried Manzor's turning quite pale; and he went forth followed by several of the young men. All the company flew out by the different doors while the troop of Horquito dashed past them; the terrible brigand quickly followed.

He was a fine fellow, dressed with taste, the mouth shadowed by a thin mustachio; his air was distinguished, but negligent, like that of a gentleman on his travels. Altogether he bore written on his features the impression "*here is a man*." Whether it was that idea, or the sight of the ring on his finger, Donna Concha who had remained in the saloon with a few friends, felt her heart beat impetuously, and irresistibly attracted towards the brigand. She was troubled at seeing her mother on her knees before Horquito, with extended hands, half fainting and supplicating his forbearance. Horquito looked with eagerness towards the numerous silver vessels and ornaments that were scattered about the room, the massive candelabras, the superb pictures, and above all, on the place where the ladies in their fright, had thrown their ornaments; but all at once, his dark eye rested upon the figure of Donna Concha, standing calmly in the centre and radiant in beauty; his eye feasted on her charms and knew not how to disengage itself from that fascinating object. Accustomed only to view those features that were distorted by terror, pale faces, blue and trembling lips, he could not forbear contemplating the freshness of the Donna's beauty, her mild eye, and dignified deportment. Donna Concha appeared to exercise the same power over Horquito that he did over her.

"No!" said he at length, "I want nothing; nothing on earth but her!" and he fell at the Donna's feet, his hands pressed on his breast, his head bent, and altogether in the attitude that he would have assumed before the image of the Madonna.

"Put that ring on my finger, and I will be thine," said she breathing difficultly.

"That ring!" cried he joyfully. "Yes, provided that you took it from a hand that can no longer move!" "I have killed Murviedro, the scoundrel defended himself well. His diamonds almost blinded me when I fought with him; but thanks to my patroness, I gave him a wound of the length of your pretty hand, Senora." "It is yours! take it!" "My daughter, O my daughter!" cried Donna Lauvedra, in a reproachful tone.

"My poor mother!" said she mournfully, "you well know what I have sworn to do."

"But!" said her mother, rallying all her powers of argument, "but if he is already married?" Donna Concha turned pale. "Then mother," sighed she "my fate is decided. Before the sun goes down, I will cut off my hair, and exchange the silken robe you gave me, for the dress of a nun." "*I am not married!*" said Horquito whom surprise and joy had bereft of his usual boldness, perhaps for the first time in his life.

"Come to me, then," said Donna Coucha, and the roses reappeared on her cheeks. "Weep not, my dear mother! added she, kissing her hands with ardour, "your daughter will not be unhappy, for she loves him! In these

last few minutes, I have learnt the lesson of Love; but for the honour of our name keep my secret. Say that he carried me off." "That is what I mean to do," cried the brigand as he departed with her in his arms.

LOVE!

"Why do we live, if not for love?"

Sigh'd a youth, as he breathed his votive lay,
In a rosy and fragrant moonlit grove,
To the fair Juliana, delighted and gay.

"But tell me," the laughing maiden cried,

"How long will endure such enrapturing joy?"

"My love," dearest girl, the fond Henri replied,

"No winter shall perish, no tempest destroy!"

"Tis love to live alone for those

Whose faithful hearts are joined with ours;

And 'till life's pilgrimage shall close,

To strew the radiant path with flowers;

One only joy, one only care,

Should either lov'd-one ever know,

In union each, as one, should share,

The height of rapture,—depth of woe.

When such hearts meet; oh, then divine

Is the spirit that hallows each moment of joy;

Every rapture is holy, and ah, how sublime,

Are the blissful thoughts of the heart's employ;

Deathless the rapture they each may prove,

Their love is heav'n, their heav'n is love!"

The maiden gave her trembling hand,

And sigh'd "dear Henri, I am thine;

He press'd her to his glowing breast

And cried, "My love, for ever, mine!"

H.

THE LADY EMMELINE.

"Her form—her slight and fairy form was full of early grace,

And proud and pensive beauty reign'd upon her gentle face."—UNPUBLISHED MS.

A silver lamp, richly fretted, and suspended from the ceiling, shed a sort of *Rembrandt* light upon the chamber, while the brief flashes occasionally emitted by the wood consuming on the spacious hearth, heightened the picturesque effect of the scene. Every object in the apartment betokened the wealth of the possessor, and showed that it was the wonted retreat of some high-born maiden; the floor was thickly strewn with rushes scattered with scented waters, and the walls were decorated with tapestry of golden cloth; an ebony table, inlaid with ivory, was placed in the centre, and a sculptured desk, furnished with a breviary and missal gorgeously emblazoned, occupied one corner of the room, while a tripod of marble, containing holy water, stood in another. A canopied bed, with curtains of silk curiously wrought with silver and gold, and a velvet coverlet guarded with miniver, filled a distant recess; and, close to this, a half-opened door discovered an oratory, dimly illumined by the beams of the moon that, struggling through the branches of a vine which nearly obscured the lattice, cast a visionary light into the place.

Seated by the table, with her head resting upon her hand, the fair inmate of this chamber appeared buried in profound meditation, heedless of the respectful attendance of her bower-woman, who stood, silently, gazing upon her mistress.

The countenance of the maiden was partially concealed by the position of her hand, and the long ringlets of golden brown which fell luxuriantly upon her brow, and reposed upon her neck, but sufficient was displayed to show that it was pale and spiritual, and that a lip of exquisite enchantment gave beauty and character to the lower part of her face. Her slight and graceful figure was arrayed in a robe of azure silk, confined at the waist by an embroidered zone; a band of pearls was wreathed fancifully in the loose tresses of her hair, and a carcanet, set with jewels of price, glittered upon her neck; but neither the pearls upon her brow, nor the jewels upon her breast, seemed to give happiness to their possessor. A deep sigh forced its way from her bosom, when, raising her head and shaking back the clustering locks that lay like shadowy gold upon her temples, she unveiled a forehead fair and lofty, a brow calm and youthful, but at once strangely sweet and haughty, an eye full of sublime thought and melancholy and feeling, and a cheek whose marble purity shamed the living damask of her lip.

"My good Bridget," said the maiden, addressing her attendant, while a smile, faint but of radiant loveliness, hovered around her mouth; "my kind Bridget, I have too long detained you from repose, the night wanes apace, hasten to your couch, and may St. Mary be your guard."

"But, my lady, would you not that I prepare you for your rest; the moon is waxing dim and—"

The damsel would have proceeded, but a slightly impatient gesture on the part of her mistress caused her to desist; making her obeisance, she glided into an adjoining chamber, and after offering up her usual devotions, soon sank into a quiet slumber.

While the waiting-woman was thus buried in the arms of sleep, her mistress was yielding to the wild emotions of grief; tears stole rapidly down her cheeks, and the changing hues of her countenance betrayed the agitation of her spirit.

"And shall it be thus?" she exclaimed, "shall the heiress of *De Wilton* shrink like the supple reed before the blast, and wed with one who possesses not her heart? No—no—" and she clasped her hands upon her brow, "sooner shall this head lie low in the tomb of her ancestors, this hand moulder into dust, and this form pass away as a vision from the earth. Alas! alas! that the meanest peasant maiden should be free to give her hand where her heart hath made its choice, while the proud and the high-born, the dowered heiress of wood and castle, must plight her troth for gleaming gold and an empty state."

With a troubled step the lady passed into the oratory, and throwing herself upon her knees, remained for some moments absorbed in devotion before an ivory crucifix; and, as the pale light of the moon partially beamed on her slender figure, and tinging her whole countenance with a visionary lustre, rested serenely upon her upraised head, she seemed like a sainted spirit kneeling at the shrine of its creator. While thus engaged, a strain of sweet and pensive melody stole upon the breeze, but when the Lady Emmeline arose and approached the lattice, the music had ceased.

It was a fair and lovely night, well fitted to inspire the heart with melancholy tenderness, and unseal the springs of the imagination. The sky was calm and cloudless, and the moon floated proudly through the deep azure, like a fair bark careering in the blue waters of the Levant. Grove and bower, and garden, lay quietly beneath, while the dreamy spells of silence and of shade hung upon every object—the sweet and solemn stillness of the hour of rest, and the soft mysterious shadowing of the summer-night,—every leaf and flower diffused fragrance upon the breeze, as it stole murmuring along, and the whisperings of the zephyr, the rustling of the forest-trees, and the tinkling of a fountain that fell lightly into a sculptured basin of marble, were the only sounds that, breaking upon the ear, shed a delicious sadness upon the soul. But other sounds, quickly disturbed the silence; the thick branches beneath the casement were shaken, and emerging from concealment, the musician stood before the lady. Habited in a page's attire, he bore a harp in his hand; his graceful figure was displayed to advantage by his dress; dark hair clustered upon his brow, and the character of his head was noble and poetical, while, as he raised his eager eye to the window, the light of the moon fell broadly upon a face that Guido might have chosen for the model of those divine countenances, which beam in celestial glory upon his canvases.

"Emmeline! my own—my adored Emmeline!" exclaimed he, in a low, deep and impassioned tone, "I have tarried long at the bower, and methought the moon was less bright, the stream less musical, the jessamine less fragrant than were wont; alas! they wanted the fair presence of my lady-love. But how is this?" enquired he, quickly and earnestly, perceiving the traces of sorrow and inquietude upon the features of his Emmeline, "how is this, my beloved? Whence is thy grief?—shall it not be shared by thy Edmund?"

"My Edmund, alas! never!" passionately responded the maiden, "hast thou not heard that the Baron Fitzwalter hath sent to demand me in marriage of my father, and that ere to-morrow's eve he will arrive at the castle to press his suit in person? Alas! dazzled by his wealth, and blinded by his renown, Lord Hubert hath signified to me his commands that I receive him as my betrothed; but sooner shall the grave be my portion, and the worm my companion, than Reginald Fitzwalter shall claim me as his bride."

The reply of the lover-page was wild and impetuous, as flinging himself upon the earth, he solemnly swore to rescue his mistress, or perish in the attempt.

The blushing hues of morning were stealing upon the sky, ere the lady waved a farewell; the myrtle trembled in the breeze, the rose bared its damask bosom to the bee, and the sweet violet rearing its modest head with the lily of the vale, breathed deep perfumed upon the air. Sweet was the incense of the summer flowers, but far sweeter was the vow of fidelity unto death that sealed the parting moment.

And now to change the scene. The expected arrival of the chimed Baron Fitzwalter took place ere the vesper-bell had, and the shrill blast of the warder's horn, announced his approach, as, followed by an armed and gallant retinue, he rode over the drawbridge and entered the portcullis. The Baron was, apparently, in his fortieth year, tall and dignified in person, and of a dark and martial aspect; but although nature had gifted him with faultless features, a

brow of majesty, and an eye of deep intelligence, with a lip that wore well the smile of blandishment, there was a peculiarity of expression, a glance of that eye, and a quick curving of that lip, which repelled familiarity and confidence.

His forehead was shaded by a plumed harret-cap, and his superb figure was cased in a suit of *Milan* harness, over which was thrown a cloak of the richest *Genoa* velvet, fastened at the throat by a clasp of pure gold; while a thickly studded belt sustained a straight, two-edged sword, and with the chain depending from his neck, and the golden spur upon his heel, completed his attire.

The beauty and trappings of the noble animal which he bestrode, were worthy of its rider; and the gay and glittering appearance of his suite bore full evidence to the wealth of their Lord. Descending from his steed, he saluted Lord Hubert De Wilton, who, with courtly greetings, welcomed his guest and led the way into the castle, where refreshments were prepared with the nicest skill, and displayed in pompous profusion. Of these the Baron partook but slightly, although eagerly entreated by his host, who beheld his dreams of ambition on the point of becoming realized by the union of his daughter, then in her sixteenth year, with the pride of chivalry and the terror of the Paynim. A man far advanced in the vale of years, of a narrow heart and a designing head, he had retired from the court of the fickle-minded and contemptible Prince John, in order to avoid sharing in the reputed danger of his disgrace; and while anxious to shield himself from the displeasure of the lion-hearted Richard by an alliance with one of the powerful followers of the martial monarch, Fitzwalter, beheld the fair Emmeline as he was hunting in her father's forest-glades.

Although the glance was momentary, the impression was immediate and ardent; seduced by the grace and beauty of the noble maiden, he forgot the great disparity of years, impetuously resolving to make an offer of his hand; and as his eye roved over the extensive stretch of wood and water, field and plain, which lay beneath his sway, his bosom throbbed at the idea of bearing off the peerless Emmeline, and making her the mistress of his wide domain. But the heart of the fair girl was neither to be captured by his gallant train, nor his proud estate; and while the Baron revelled in the delirium of his new-born hopes, the stripling page, the gentle and youthful Edmund, was the favored but unknown rival, with whose influence he had, fruitlessly, to contend.

The silent grove and glade—the shadowy sequestered dell, where the little brook made pleasant music as it ran bubbling from the roots of the knotted oak, and the deep blue of the sky pierced through the gnarled branches of the trees, whose bright verdure cast a sweet shade upon the earth, while a glimpse of the inner woodland, or a snatch of the open country wild and romantic, broke in here and there, giving depth and animation to the scene:—these were the favorite haunts where the love-lorn youth mused away his absent hours, and passed the time in golden reveries of future happiness; and not unfrequently did he there pour out his impassioned soul at the feet of his mistress, and woo her with all the fervid tenderness of truth. A glance, a fond sweet smile, a deep suffusion of the brow, or a timid sigh breathed as she wandered by his side, and, ever and anon, turned away, blushing, from his gaze, on these occasions betrayed the state of her affection.

But these dreams of bliss were destined to be broken; and

while the youthful pair, insensibly, yielded up their whole hearts to the fervency of a first attachment, a father's frown was unthought of, and glancing but slightly upon the dark perspective, they endeavoured to believe that there were fairy gleams of brightness beyond. But the overtures of the Baron destroyed the illusion; and an interview with her father, who was a stranger to the sentiment existing between his daughter and his page, sent the Lady Emmeline, with an aching brow and a bursting heart, to the solitude of her apartment, there to give way to the transport of emotion with which she was assailed.

We will now return to the hall, where it may be remembered we left the Baron with his intended father. That the former urged his suit with all the impetuosity of a lover, and that the latter expressed the gratification of his pride in the projected match, may be imagined. But as yet the fair object of their debate had been invisible.

"How now, damsels?" suddenly cried out De Wilton. "Where is the Lady Emmeline? Hasten and inform her that we desire her presence."

"In faith, my noble friend," continued he, addressing himself to Fitzwalter, who sat impatiently, twisting the massy links of the gold chain around his neck;—"In faith, these women are dainty and fantastic creatures, loving much their own wayward will, and unreasonably loth to part with its indulgence; and of a truth, vanity is their soul, and the looking-glass their idol."

His speech was, apparently, well relished by his guest; nevertheless, handing his goblet to the cellarer, who filled it to the brim with the choicest wine of Candy, he rose from his seat, and pledging "the Lady Emmeline," quaffed it to the bottom.

"Now by my halidome," observed the Baron, replacing the empty goblet, "if all women resembled thy fair daughter, they were the meet company of angels, not of rough mortals; but few can compare with the Lady Emmeline, and I speak of experience, for these eyes have rested upon the dark-browed beauties of the East, whose glances are brighter than the diamonds in their hair, and whose lips are sweeter than the rose blooming upon their simarres. By heaven! my good host, a thousand falchions might well gleam in their defence, and yet queen-like in their looks, and faultless in their form, I would resign them all for one glimpse of the fair brow—one smile from the bland lip of the Lady Emmeline."

A bustle at the upper end of the hall interrupted his speech and awakened his attention; the folding doors were thrown open, and the object of his eulogium appeared, followed by her maidens.

To fulfil the commands of her father, the Lady Emmeline had caused herself to be attired becoming her high birth and station, but the usual graces of her countenance were somewhat diminished by an air of reserve added to that natural shade of haughtiness which was so intimately blended with the sweetness of her expression. Her tunic and skirt of pale green silk were fastened round her slender waist by a glittering zone, studded with costly gems, and her fair arms were decorated by bracelets of gold, inlaid with emeralds and pearls; a twisted chain of the latter encircled her throat, and gleamed like snowdrops through the wild ringlets that lay upon her bosom; but a veil of silk, interwoven with threads of gold, nearly concealed those luxuriant tresses, and partially shaded the luster of her brow.

With an air in which native pride and girlish timidity struggle for pre-eminence she received the greetings of the

Baron as with gallant courtesy he handed her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. His ardent gaze of admiration was oppressive, and the colour rose and deepened upon her cheek beneath the intense scrutiny of his eye. Her father viewed her in stern silence; it was evident that her coldness of manner displeased him, but bridling his resentment, he ordered the minstrels to tune their harps, and while the song resounded through the hall, the wine bounded in the goblet, and the heart warmed beneath its influence, the pleadings of the Baron became frequent and importunate, and as he related the scenes of wild and fearful enterprise in which he had been engaged, and dwelt upon the marvellous beauty of the women of other climes, he skilfully threw in many a wily and insinuating compliment to the fair-haired maidens of the West. He had laid aside his barret-cap, and the noble grandeur of his head, covered with short thick curls of ebon hair, was fully displayed, while his brow softened into tenderness, corresponded with the persuasion of his lip. But on Emmeline his attentions, as well as personal attractions, were entirely lost, and as her timid glance rested, for a moment, upon the graceful figure and glowing countenance of her youthful and nobly descended suitor, who stood at the end of the hall, the fearless spectator of his proud rival's assiduities, she felt that to share *his* destiny, however humble, she could willingly resign the dignity of birth, and the allurements of wealth.

The evening had far advanced when the retreat of the Lady Emmeline and her waiting-women was the signal for the commencement of the loud and unrestrained revelry of the banquetters. Fitzwalter, intoxicated with the charms of his mistress, drank her health in repeated libations; his example was followed by the guests of De Wilton, and before the party had broken up for the night, the marriage ceremony was appointed to take place in the Castle Chapel on the fourth day from thence.

All noise had long ceased in the Castle when Fitzwalter, pacing his chamber with feverish inquietude, at length approached the casement to cool his burning brows in the soft breezes of the night. The chapel, wrapt in silence and shade, attracted his attention, and as the moon-beams playing upon the Gothic tracery of the windows, marked them with lines of silver, or darting between the cypress trees, shed a fitful light upon its walls, he could not resist a desire to pay a nocturnal visit to the spot. Throwing his cloak around him, and girding his sword to his side, he silently descended the stairs, and passing through a low wicket that opened into the chapel grounds, he entered the sacred building; a lamp burned upon the altar, and the venerable figure of a monk bent in devotion before it arrested his notice. The holy man seemed too intent upon his orisons to heed the approach of the Baron, who, presuming that he was engaged in the performance of some vow, was about to retire, when the echo of light and cautious footsteps upon the pavement awoke his surprise, and caused him to retreat into the shade. The steps approached, and three figures appeared, the first of whom Fitzwalter recognized as Bridget, the favourite waiting-woman of the Lady Emmeline; hastening to the monk, she whispered in his ear; he immediately arose from his knees, and, taking his place at the altar, opened his missal, while the two others advanced to the steps. The light of the lamp fell full upon their faces, and, with rage and wonder indescribable, the Baron beheld the idol of his imagination; his promised bride—the high-born Emmeline De Wilton—she,

who to him was cold as monumental marble, about to plight her troth to the stripling page,—the unfriended and presumptuous Edmund! For an instant he paused as if doubting the evidence of his senses; but when he saw the daring youth tenderly supporting her on his shoulder, and imploring her to become his with all the deep impassioned eloquence of looks and words, he sprang from his concealment; a curse, wild and bitter, followed by a blow, struck with the fury of a maniac, announced his desperate intent. The Lady Emmeline shrieked and fainted in the arms of her affrighted attendant; but the youthful bridegroom, who was armed, unsheathed his sword with the rapidity of lightning; the fierce clashing of steel, in an instant, broke the hallowed stillness of the place, and it was plain that the blood of man, shed in the black wrath of passion, would sprinkle the sanctuary of his God. With a fearful cry of agony the monk raised the cross between the combatants, but too late;—well tried in many a sanguinary field, the blade of Fitzwalter had drank the heart's blood of the gallant youth, who, turning his dying eyes upon Emmeline, sank lifeless upon the ground. The clamour alarmed the inmates of the Castle, and in a few moments De Wilton and his friends and followers were on the spot. Horror and consternation filled every bosom,—the Lady Emmeline was borne in a state of insensibility to her apartment, and the body of the unfortunate Edmund consigned to the care of the holy Father who had witnessed the sacrilegious murder. The reverend man prepared it for its lowly bier, and, assisted by the Brothers of his monastery, laid it with many a prayer and benediction in its cold and narrow bed. And from "*the night of blood*," as it was termed, the spirit of the Lady Emmeline darkened, and her fair head never rose from the pillow which it pressed. In vain did the despairing father enrich the sainted shrines with jewelled vestures and ornaments of price, while offering half his treasures for her recovery, and calling in the aid of the most cunning Leeches of the time. Her complaint was beyond the power of medicine and the art of man; the gloss faded away from her bright tresses, the light died within her eye, and the rose withered upon her lip. Alas! alas! her malady was a breaking heart, and, to all eyes, she was rapidly passing to that hallowed place, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And ere the month had waned away, the fair and graceful, the young, the noble, and the high-born Emmeline De Wilton slept in the vaulted tomb of her ancestors. Her obsequies were celebrated with all the pomp to which rank entitled her remains; and amidst the nodding of plumes and the gleaming of torches—the tossing of censors and the floating of incense—the loud pealing of the organ and the echo of the choral dirge, with blazoned pall and escutcheon, and all the gorgeous ceremonials of state,—the pride and the idol of many was laid in an untimely grave.

Of Fitzwalter little was afterwards heard; a vague rumour was circulated, that when he hastily quitted the Castle he proceeded to court, and from thence to Palestine, where he died beneath the sword: but from that hour De Wilton became a blighted man; he withdrew from all society, practised the austerities of religion with unceasing rigour, and finally retired into a neighbouring monastery, where he wore away the remnant of his days in prayers and penance. His castle fell into decay, and the broad lands which had once owned him as their lord, passed into the possession of a stranger, when his decease proved the extinction of his name.

C***y.

FATE!

AN EASTERN TALE.

They die,—the young and lovely,—all expire,
Like spring leaves wasted by untimely blight.
What heart divines the cause?—We only weep,
But none can read Heaven's mystery!

The reign of Abdoul, one of the most powerful and potent of the Persian Sultans, was characterized by a continued series of happiness that seemed bestowed by Providence, as if in reward for his truly good and pious deeds; no cloud passed before the sun that irradiated his path, no cry of war broke upon the harmony that attended his delightful reign. His only son Nouredin, was growing towards man's estate, and the aged Abdoul beheld the child of his affections, rich in each virtue that beamed so resplendently in himself, promising a continuation of the national felicity, when he should be called upon to resign his spirit to the Eternal. Thus was his fleeting moments cheered with consolation, and he looked forward to his parting hour with resignation and content. But the Omniscient who holds the destinies of the world in his grasp, and whose inscrutable designs are ever for his children's good, spread a dark cloud across the brightness of the felicity of Abdoul, and plunged him in despair. His son, his darling child, Nouredin, sunk beneath the dart of the fell enemy of mankind, the destroying angel alighted upon Abdoul's palace, and Nouredin, the young, the amiable Nouredin, was his prey. The pure unsullied spirit of the son of Abdoul was wafted to the eternal rest of the happy, to repose among the brightness, in which the souls of the good are rewarded,—Nouredin died: the hope of the people, the solace of Abdoul's age, was snatched from the world which he seemed destined to make felicitous, and the sorrow-stricken sultan, was plunged into the deepest woe.

In the vehemence of despair, the miserable parent forsook the golden halls of his home, he quitted the scenes which the presence of Nouredin had formerly endeared to him, but which now presented only the records of desolation and death, the stamp of the destroyer was blazoned upon each wall, and every doorway bore the fatal traces of his vengeance. Abdoul left the splendid spot of sorrow, where despair alone reigned in proud magnificence, and resorted to gloomy caves, and glens, where he could commune with his own spirit in silence, and give vent to the emotions of his breaking heart, unseen by the prying eyes of the world, unheard by the busy millions of his people. There he rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation, which patience offered him, to the ground. He suffered not his subjects, nor even the minstrels of the palace, who had been wont so long to minister repose to his heart, to appear before him; but isolated and alone, he would remain in his seclusion, listening to the winds that drearily whistled through the tall interwoven trees, and to the screams of the melancholy birds of night, as they flitted through the solitary vaults of the caves in which he dwelt. His sorrow at length progressed towards impiety, and he began to revile the Providence that through his life had blessed him with its unceasing care. "Is it possible," cried he, in the height of his infirmity, "that the power can be benevolent, who thus darts upon the soul, like an

enemy from a secret ambush, and wounds it with the poisoned arrows of affliction, crushing us beneath the overwhelming force of his omnipotent arm?—Ye lying ministers of religion, false, treacherous Imams! prate to us no more of the kindness of an all-loving Providence. He, whom ye pretend, dwells in the highest heaven, will not protect the miserable sons of men, nor watch over their felicity!—No, his perpetual delight is but to blast the fairest flowers that spring to life in the garden of hope, and with the fury of a monstrous giant, press down the towers of happiness with his iron arm, crushing the goodly edifice of man, down to the white dust of the arid plain!—Did this power possess the goodness,—wore he the robes of mild compassion, with which our flattering ministers have invested him, he would not spread those evils over the children whom he loved,—he would not plunge his faithful sons, the darlings of his paternal bosom, thus into the rankling pool of despair,—he would not make this lovely world so very dreadful!—No, I will not bear it longer!"

With those wild and incoherent words, the distracted Abdoul tore open his vest, and snatching hastily a dagger from his girdle, he raised his arm to strike the weapon to his agonized heart, when at the instant, a deep roll of thunder burst over the cavern, and broad sheets of lightning flashed to its inmost recess. Abdoul started in dismay, the lifted dagger fell from his phrenzied grasp, as his glance fell upon a being of more than human beauty, arrayed in waving robes of cerulean blue, and crowned with amaranth; a light of dazzling effulgence streamed around his person, imparting an holiness to his appearance, that bespoke a heavenly messenger. In his right hand the angel held a branch of palm, that was stretched towards the fallen arm of Abdoul, cautioning him to desist; a smile played upon his beauteous countenance, and in mild, melodious accents, he exclaimed, "Follow me!"

The aged monarch terrified to humility and resignation, followed his conductor through the cavern, in silence; they progressed along the gloomy shades of solitude, and the dark glens wherein Abdoul had breathed his impiety, and indulged his maddened despair; at length they arose to the top of the mountain;—the misty clouds floated beneath their feet, revealing occasionally the city far away in the distance which seemed but as a speck in the vast abyss. Onward rolled the dark thunder cloud that had burst upon the cavern, like a giant reposing after a contest, his head reclining upon the cushion of a thick white vapour, and his canopy the clear bright blue of an unsullied heaven.

"Turn from the contemplation of your city," at length exclaimed the angel, "and look here."

Abdoul turned in submission, and his eyes fell upon a wide unbroken mass of clouds that spread across the face of heaven, and floated even to the mountain's base.

"I am Azael, the angel of peace," continued the conductor of the sultan, "sent from that power you have presumed to censure, to reveal the mysteries of fate.—Behold!"

The thick clouds rolled away from the mountain's foot, and Abdoul beheld a dreary solitary spot of earth, in the midst of the ocean's waves; upon its shore sat a pale and ghastly figure, apparently perishing from starvation. The cries of the sufferer were wafted upon his ears, and he heard the man arrayed in splendid robes that shone with their accumulation of gold and precious stones, lament that he could not find in the whole island a single wild berry, nor a refreshing spring, to still the pains of hunger, or to quench his burning thirst. A casket of jewels lay

shining upon the sands, but he would gladly yield them all for one welcome meal; the embers of his fire were fast expiring, darkness was spreading over the face of the earth and the waters, and the howling of beasts of prey added to the utter horror of the scene.

"Angel of heaven!" exclaimed the sultan, "let not this man perish by the fury of the beasts of prey."

"Peace!" cried the angel "and observe—!"

A dim speck appeared in the horizon, and shortly revealed itself as a vessel progressing towards the dreary isle. What words can describe the rapture of the splendid wretch, when he found himself discovered by the sailors, and that a boat was put off to receive him into the ship. The captain, however, was struck at the sight of the casket, and the sufferers jewelled robes, and he bargained with him to carry him to his native land. Half of the jewels in the casket was the appointed price, but no sooner had the treacherous sailor received his stipulated quantity of gems, than he consulted with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remainder of the jewels, and to leave the sufferer in his desolate condition. In vain were prayers, tears and supplications exerted to move the sailors to compassion, the stranger threw himself upon the ground, embraced the knees of the villains, and besought them for the love of heaven to rescue him from destruction, but his prayers were heeded not, they struck his hands from their fixed embrace, and leaping into the boat, left the exile to perish on the desolate isle!

Abdoul shrieked in compassion, and, in tears, he turned towards the angel, exclaiming. "Will heaven permit such injustice?"

"Peace!" rejoined the angel, "canst thou comprehend the designs of omniscience? Look again."

The desolate isle, and the starving man had vanished, and Abdoul gazed upon the vast expanse of waters, with a sigh. A tempest was gathering in the skies, and the white foaming billows rose to a towering height, and seemed to mingle with the stormy clouds; the noise of the bursting waves as they dashed furiously over each other, was absorbed in the rolling of the thunder, and the vivid lightning darting down the fearful chasms which the broken waters made, seemed to strike to the very heart of the globe! The same ship that he had before beheld, and which contained the treacherous captain and his host, was again seen, beat about by the tempest, and shattered by the lightning that flashed around and upon it; now the vessel rose upon the breast of the billow to the contact of the clouds, and again a crash of thunder drove it down the fearful gulph between the bursting waves. In another moment the ship was dashed against a rock, it was shivered into atoms; shrieks rose from foaming waters, and every trace of the vessel and its crew was buried in the bosom of the deep!

"Merciful heaven!" cried Abdoul "what may this mean?"

"Presume not," exclaimed his conductor, "to direct the governor of the universe in his disposal of events. Thou hast pitied the starving man upon the desolate isle, he shall be rescued from his perilous state, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, in that one darling passion was absorbed the virtues of humanity, and in his never-dying thirst for riches, he lost those cheering attributes bestowed by the Creator, that, if cultivated, might have rendered him a minor type of heaven's associates; his soul lay in his wealth,—that wealth he has now been taught not only to despise, but to abhor; he threw his jewels on the shore, and owned them useless;

he offered part unto the mariners, and found them to be pernicious. Now, he can discern his weakness, and bows his head down to the earth, in meek submission to the will of him who reads the hearts of men. He now has learned that wealth is rendered vain or useful, good or evil, but by the deeds and temper of the possessor. Happy is he, who has learnt wisdom from distress!"

Abdoul cowered beneath the reproof of the angel, and tears fell from his aged eyes upon the ground.—"Look again," cried the angel. Abdoul immediately beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with splendid statues of his own ancestors, wrought in jasper, the ivory doors turned upon massive hinges of burnished gold, and the halls blazed with the myriad gems wherewith they were adorned; the rajah's of fifty nations, ambassadors from foreign lands, and officers of state, surrounded a throne of diamonds, upon which sat a youth magnificently apparelled in the robes of royalty, whose face was turned to gaze upon the beauty of a princess, by his side, whose loveliness surpassed the pictured beauty of the Houris of the prophet's rest. The sounds of music floated through the halls, and the choicest perfumes of Arabia yielded their odours to the universal delight of the scene. Abdoul gazed on the youth upon the throne, and was about to turn enquiringly towards the angel, when the youth inclined his features towards him, and the astonished monarch fell to the ground, exclaiming, "gracious Alla!—*It is my son!*"

"It is Nouredin," rejoined the angel.

"Oh let me clasp him to my heart!"

"Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision.—I now am shewing to thee, what would have been that darling's destiny had he continued longer with the sons of men.—Arise and see!"

Abdoul gazed upon the face of the vision of his son, upon that countenance whereon the smile of kindness and innocence ever played, but now it was sullied with the lines of passion, rage quivered upon his lip, and his eyes were glazed with the appalling glare of beastial intoxication; the banquet table was spread with the richest luxuries of the earth, and the deep red wine sparkled in the crystal beakers, as the maddening draught was quaffed by the heated prince. Again, he beheld him in the solitude of his chamber, sleep was banished from his eyelids, he rolled in agonies upon his couch, and started from fearful dreams in terror,—his form was wasted, intemperance had ploughed the furrows of age upon his cheek, and a dark murky stain sullied the whiteness of his hands,—it was blood,—*a father's blood!*"

"Forgive me, gracious Alla!" murmured the afflicted Abdoul, as he raised his clasped hands towards heaven, and buried his face within his robe.

"Behold!" rejoined the angel.

The splendid palace, had now given place to a loathesome dungeon, where his son, Nouredin, lay stretched on the cold and clammy stones; coarse robes covered him, and his eyes seemed to have been put out, the cries, and groans of the tortured wretch echo'd through the cell, and presently the beautiful princess, whom Abdoul had before seen at Nouredin's side, enjoying his caresses, and beaming light and happiness upon his heart, entered with a bowl of poison. Nouredin shrunk from her sight, but she held the cup to his lip, and forced him to inhale the deadly draught. He fell a lifeless corse at her feet!—The scene instantly changed, and Abdoul beheld the murderess marry the successor of Nouredin to the throne. The rolling clouds again floated to the mountain's base,

and Abdoul fell prostrate upon the ground in adoration of the Power he had despised.

"Happy is he," exclaimed Azael, "whom Providence has by the angel of death, rescued from guilt! Blessed is he, from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have brought upon himself still greater misery than it could possibly produce to others!"

"Enough, enough!" cried Abdoul, "I do adore the inscrutable designs of heaven! My child has been rescued from evil by a death which I impiously bewailed,—a death of innocence and peace, that has blessed his memory upon earth, and kept his spirit worthy of a mansion in the skies!"

"Throw down the dagger then," rejoined the messenger of heaven, "the dagger which thou wast about to plunge into thine heart. Exchange complaint for silence, doubt for resignation, and adore that power thou canst not comprehend. Can a mortal look without giddiness and stupefaction into the great abyss of heavenly wisdom? Can a finite mind perceive infinity?—How rashly then does man presume to censure that which but bears the semblance of ill; go to thy palace sultan; return to thy enjoyments, with this remembrance, that perfect happiness is not the human lot; eternal sunshine would wither all the plants of life, the tears of the clouds enrich them, and the bright flowers spring again to happiness, increased in beauty with the returning radiance of the sun. Perfect happiness is known only to the spirits of the blessed, it is an attribute as incommunicable to humanity, as omnipotence and eternity. Repine not then at heaven's decrees, but submit with resignation, and bear with manly fortitude the little chequerings of sorrow, meant but to brighten the future hours of the good."

The angel of peace spread wide his pinions to the air, the flutter of his majestic wings resembled the rushing of a cataract;—he cast a smile upon the humbled and prostrate Abdoul, and dashing from the mountain's top, he soared towards the height of heaven; the white fleecy clouds rolled rapidly between him and the world, and Abdoul remained upon the mountain alone.

TO ———.

When this heart the grave-worm feeds,
And its vital powers flee:
Then, and not till then,
Shall I cease to think of thee.

When this soul no longer heeds
Things that mortal be;
Then, and not till then,
Shall I cease to think of thee.

Other arms may clasp thee,
Other lips may press to thine;
But a heart thoult never find,
With a love like mine!

Thou mayst a world of pleasure meet,
And not one aching throb be thine;
The cup of joy thy lips may greet,
But 'tis for ever dash'd from mine!

TO * * * *

"Idolo del mio cor."

The beam that shines through clouded skies,
When midnight shadows flee,
Is not more dear to Pilgrim's eyes
Than, love! thou art to me.

My guide and hope! my lamp and light,
When all is dark beside;
A star that smiles serenely bright,
O'er life's uncertain tide.

In joy to charm—in grief to cheer;
My beautiful! my blest!
Be thou but ever hovering near;
The Idol of my breast!

EDWARD.

THE LOVER'S BARK.

"— There be perils of land, and perils of waters!"

The bark was on the sea,
And the lovers were in the bower;
The moonbeams danced on the waters bright,
And the maiden's bosom thrill'd with delight:

Far, far, over the sea,
She fled from her guardian's power.

The bark was on the sea
And the lovers were in the bark:
Tempestuous clouds obscure the moon,
Fierce lightnings break the fearful gloom:

Far, far, away on the sea,
'Mid billows high and dark.

In vain the lover's prayer,
In vain the maiden's sigh;
The fierce waves rush upon the deck,
Soon, soon, alas! the bark's a wreck!—
Far, far, away on the sea.

The hapless lovers die!

SONNET.

Nay, cast not down those eyes of fire,
Nor longer weep, my lovely maid;
Oh, let not sorrows influence dire,
With agony thy breast pervade:
For o'er the present scene of sorrow,
Hope spreads her airy pinions bright;
And the clouds that affright thee to-day, will to-morrow
Have fled, and joy's sun once more beam with delight.

FINE ARTS.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

(Concluded from page 192.)

No. 342. "*Attachment.*" E. LANDSEER, A.—A noble specimen of Landseer's abilities, illustrative of the death of a young gentleman who perished by falling from a precipice of the mountain Helvellyn. Scott's pathetic lines

upon the subject cannot be unknown to our readers. The expression of the mute and unconscious guardian of the dead is not to be surpassed;—the earnest and seemingly half-doubtful gaze, the air of wistful anxiety, and the pricking-up of the ears, as if ready to drink in the least sound that might betoken the termination of the death-like slumber, are exquisitely touching and characteristic. Such is the wonderful fidelity to nature displayed in the little faithful terrier, that the words of the poet rise involuntarily to the mind.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number?
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?"

No. 375. "*The Guerilla's return to his family.*" D. WILKIE, R. A.—An uncouth picture;—how much rather would we greet one of *Wilkie's* inimitable Highland scenes, full of domestic charm and interest, than any of the foreign subjects upon which he has engaged his admirable pencil since his continental rambles. If national scenes are to be forgotten or disdained by our travelled painters, we must heartily pray for an "Act of Parliament," to restrain their wandering propensities.

No. 421. "*A Storm coming on—a scene from nature.*" C. R. STANLEY.—A cottage buried amidst woods and hills, and hoary cliffs, here salutes the eye of the spectator. The aspect of loneliness in this wild retreat, the waving of the trees agitated by the mountain blast, the darkening of the sky, and the descent of the shower are capitably expressed.

No. 426. "*Abbot Boniface.*" G. S. NEWTON, A.—Seated by a glowing hearth, the lordly Abbot is seen wrapped in one of those dreamy dozing reveries, which men are apt to fall into when quietly indulging by their own fireside. The expression of indolent abstraction is truly admirable; and the swollen hands, adorned with many rings, the portly figure, and bloated countenance of the Abbot are in excellent union. A little gothic apartment, dimly illumined by the embers gleaming on the hearth, forms the scene of his meditations.

There are many other excellent productions, which want of room alone prevents our noticing. In the "Miniature" class are several captivating and exquisite little gems, together with some of the most lamentable daubs that ever were perpetrated. Among the former we may enumerate the beautiful and highly finished performances by *Mrs. J. Robertson*, particularly (849) her portrait of *Sir John Naesmith, Bart.*; "753" A pleasing portrait of the late President, by *W. C. Ross*; "873." *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Heathcote*; "a very bijou." "906" "*The Sisters*" by *Miss Hayter, &c. &c.* From the latter we are willing to escape with merely naming "797." *Portrait of himself*, by *J. W. Gear*, A perfect jeer upon art; and "824" "*Portrait of Miss Mary Anne Wheeler*" by *T. Wheeler*—a prodigy of bad taste and deformity. The *Architectural designs* comprise many of the first class by *Robinson, Cockrell, Soane, &c. &c. &c.*

The *Model Academy* is fertile in noble productions of the chisel; among the principal are "1170," *A monumental Statue in marble, of his Royal Highness, the late Duke of Montpensier*, by *R. Westmacott, R. A.*; worthy of the Sculptor; "1171." *Group in marble, of a Mother and child*, by *Baily*; "1240," *Bust of the late Sir Thomas Laurence, P. R. A.* by the same; "1241." *A capital bust of Soane the Architect*, by *Chantrey*; "1265." *A marble bust of His Majesty*, by *S. Joseph*; "1268." *A posthumous bust, in marble,*

of a young Lady by Behnes, that Sculptor of the graces; "1270." *A monument representing Bishop Heber blessing two Hindoos* by *Chantrey*; "1274." *A marble statue of Cupid embracing a dove*; an exquisite production by *Behnes, &c.*

C***y.

SCULPTURE.

THOM'S "*Tam O'Shanter and Souther Johnnie,*" &c.

Much interest has been excited by the exhibition of the above Statues, from a circumstance which however is not singular in these days of genius and application, viz., their being the production of a *self-taught Sculptor*, who, although not attempting to tread in the proud footsteps of a *Chantrey*, a *Hogan*, or a *Lough*, has still evinced an uncommon vein of merit in the particular style of his compositions.

We believe that these figures, illustrative of *Burns's* celebrated poem, are designed for a monument to the memory of that simple and captivating bard, and it is in no trifling degree honourable to *Mr. Thom*, to declare that in comic humour, truth of character, and propriety of attitude, they are worthy of their destination. In fact, they are so far very *petrifications*; and an insect concreted in amber, or a leaf translated into stone by the influence of the celebrated waters at *Knaresborough*, could scarcely possess a much greater share of natural effect.

"*Tam O'Shanter*" is seen engaged in courteous, nay, almost gallant conversation with "*the Landlady*," whose patronising aspect, close homely cap, hair combed back from her temples, old-fashioned gown and kerchief, with comfortable strong-soled shoes are, in their way, inimitable transcripts of familiar nature and quaint simplicity. The rugged, but not displeasing features of "*Tam*," are illumined with a cordial smile, and his cap and ample coat, with the immense stockings reaching above his knees, present the true costume of the character. "*Souther Johnnie*," with a queer, round, droll, *Sancho Panza* sort of countenance, lit up with an expression of the most exquisite good-nature, is in witty discourse with "*mine host*;" a broad grin plays upon his face, while "*the Landlord*," with up-turned head, seems enjoying a hearty roar of laughter. To enter into a minute detail of, or scientific critique upon these performances, would be undertaking an unnecessary office, and trying these talented productions by an undue ordeal. The impression produced by them is such, that it is impossible to look at them without something like infectious merriment; and in the execution we cannot pass, without observation, the curious detail of the sculptor—from the nails on the fingers down to the individual stitches in the stockings, and the junction of the sole with the upper-leather of the shoe—all is chiselled out with elaborate and patient fidelity. Considered as illustrations of rustic life by an *un-taught sculptor*, they lay claim to no ordinary share of admiration, and that they have been viewed with such,* may be inferred from the fact that at the corner of every street we may now meet with miniature casts from the original figures, in close neighbourhood with the head of "the immortal BYRON," and the figure of "NAPOLEON."

C***y.

* We understand that no less a sum than £5,000 has been already cleared by the Exhibition.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

No. 77.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1830.

VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—A MORNING VISITING DRESS; A SLIGHT SKETCH OF QUEEN ADELAIDE; A FASHIONABLE BALL DRESS; AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SECOND,—AN EVENING DRESS; A MORNING DRESS; A FANCY COSTUME, NEAPOLITAN; AND TWO FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE THIRD,—A MORNING DRESS; TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—A MORNING DRESS; TWO EVENING DRESSES; AND FIVE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FLIGHT OF THE FASHIONABLES.

"Fly away—fly away—fly away!"

MODERN PRETTINESS.

Away, away, from the lighted dome,
Away from the festal hall;
Fair Fashion's children gladly roan,
Where richer sunbeams fall.
Again our town wears weeds of woe,
Its face speaks care and sadness,
The country has its radiant show,
Its beauty, wealth, and gladness.
Thy shining pebbles, oh, St. James,
Is now, alas! deserted:
Thy silver flood, oh, father Thames,
Is, also, now perverted.
No friendly face we ever meet,
No curt'sy, nod, or bow;
Deserted is each place and street,
The Park, and Rotten Row.
For rural life yields all its charms,
The fields are bright and green;
Its air, too, proffers healing balms,
To cheeks where health has been.
Now Brighton has its *beaux* and *belles*,
Delighting and delighted;
There beauty takes its mystic spells,
But none with sorrow lighted.
Away, away from the lighted dome,
Away from the festive hall;
Fair Fashion's children gladly roan,
Where richer sunbeams fall.
To wander o'er the shining sands,
To float upon the wave;
To bask in the breeze that the sea-surf fans,
And in green waters lave.
To mount thy steeds, Jerusalem,
And jockey on the beach;
And then come prancing back again,
To hear KEMP teach and preach.
To gaze upon the palace walls,
The KING has now revealed;
The splendid towers and splendid halls,
That Majesty concealed.

To saunter in the libraries,
Small-talk, chit-chat, and bother;
Where folks may say whate'er they please,
And scandalize each other:
Lord A—— may whisper Lady B——
With *some one* was disporting;
And Miss C—— tell, how Colonel E——,
Fair Sylvia D—— was courting.

Whilst some see sly things pass between
The couple in the dances;
And Mrs. G—— the dowager,
Can speak to divers glances:
Then Dr. H—— may say he heard,
The Bishop had a summons;
Sir BENJAMIN declare he saw
The Colonel at the Commons.

There's some may say, the honey-moon
Of A——, passed very sadly,
And hint that *frowns* had come too soon,
That A——, poor man, looked sadly.
That W—— dressed very mean,
And poor and shabby still;
"How long had the last item been,
Upon his tailor's bill!"

That C——, the brave and merry beau,
Looked very bad of late;
And whisper he'd been seen to go,
Too oft through C—k—p's gate!
And thus the slander floats around,
This coterie and station,
Where folks "delight to back and bite,"
And murder reputation!

And then too there's the grand resort
Of cockney-tribes and people;
The Browns and Blacks,—St. Mary Axe,
The courts about Bow steeple:
There's Mrs. Jones, whose husband groans,
At Mrs. J.—with reason;
Yet she will go, to swell the show,
At *Margate*, in the season.

And Dibbs, the common-council-man,
Will have his recreation,
Upon the sea, if Mrs. D.,
Will yield her approbation.

VOL. VII.

U

The shop of Mr. Muggleton,
Is also now forsaken;
And he will roam, away from home,
His butter, eggs, and bacon.

There's Weymouth too, and fair Southend,
Where Fashion loves to dwell,
When summer heats, burn London streets,
And each fair, fainting belle,
Sighs for a float upon the wave,
A plunge into the deep;
In merry bands, along the sands,
To pluck the sea-weeds, creep.

Thus London, poor old luckless town,
Is silent and forsaken;
Its mirth is dead, its spirits fled,
Its pomp and pride are shaken;
It raises still its giant head,
But meagre, pale and wan,
A mark of scorn, a type forlorn,
A living skeleton!

But yet again the radiant stream,
Shall soon flow back again;
For folks will tire, of sea and shire,
Of "foam-wreaths on the main:"
'Tis very pretty there's no doubt,
Just when the weather's warm;
But nothing puts me to the rout,
Like a chill November storm.

And so again the merry bells,
Their welcome peal shall ring,
And all the sea-wash'd beaux and belles,
Their joys shall hither bring;
Our halls shall be flashing with brilliant light,
The eyes of beauty be beaming bright,
And pleasure shall fill the blest domain,
When Fashion comes back to her radiant reign;
And London rife with revelry,
Again shall merry London be!

THE LIFE OF THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

"Honour and fame still travel with HIM on,
O'erjoyed with such companion; loyal love
Makes itself hoarse to speak his well earn'd praise,
Whilst fond affection whispers out his name
E'en if in humble dwelling."—CHAPMAN.

Although it is too often the case that there are those who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a *great man*, with an inward satisfaction and self-complacency, not stopping to look into their own errors and infirmities, but transported with a secret kind of vanity see themselves superior even to one of sublime and celebrated reputation; nay, although it is beyond question, as Addison affirms, that a satire or libel upon one of the common stamp never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon a splendid eminence, (*as in the case of a ruler of a great nation*), and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men: whether it be, that it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some

implicit kind of revenge, to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own ranks, who had far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind. Notwithstanding these truisms, yet it is as just as it is singular, that nothing of this kind of envying and detraction have been levelled at our GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN from the first moment of his grasping the sceptre of England even until now; in fact he has been so pure in his great office that slander gave up its calling in despair, and falsehood fled from the court discomfited; for they looked upon the throne and beheld seated thereon, a monarch full of good offices, and wise withal, and without a catalogue of notorious weaknesses and dangerous infirmities. This premised, we with much satisfaction proceed to a brief notice of *Royal actions* during the month of September.

As was proposed, HIS MAJESTY and QUEEN, accompanied by the LANDGRAVE of HESSE HOMBURG, the young PRINCES of CUMBERLAND and CAMBRIDGE, and suite left Windsor and proceeded to the Pavilion at Brighton. Here they were, as may easily be imagined, most enthusiastically received; every demonstration of loyalty, love, and respect being evinced from low to high by the delighted inhabitants. The *Royal Cavalcade* entered the town under a triumphant arch appropriately ornamented and fashioned; not the least interesting portion of which was a "tar of old England" waving over his "messmate monarch's" head (for so did "Jack" express himself,) the union and triumphant flag of our country. In fact, as was beautifully said by Junius Brutus, of Lucretia, (and *Kean's* delivery of the passage must have impressed it upon our memories,) so might it be affirmed of our BELOVED MONARCH upon the occasion of his entry into Brighton. "It was a holiday" there; and "all came out to meet him." "Old age forsook its staff,"—the weakly child grew sudden strong to clap its little hands in token of a greeting! In truth all shouted, as in the case of the Roman wife. "GOD BLESS, GOD BLESS"—OUR MONARCH!

A day or two subsequently, a most gratifying exhibition took place in honour of the *Royal arrivals*. The whole of the weak, the poor, the young, and the needy were feasted publicly, and to the banquet came unostentatiously and even affectionately HIS MAJESTY, the "good QUEEN ADELAIDE," the YOUNG PRINCES and a distinguished party; and rarely have we seen those who are lifted above us by birth and situation more pleasurably gratified than upon this memorable occasion. They walked by the whole range of tables, talked here, smiled there, and encouraged all. The younger branches of guests seemed particularly to attract the notice of the *Royal party*, and HIS MAJESTY frequently by words and gesture, indicated how much he was delighted to witness the self-satisfaction of the plum-cake-devouring urchins, and how sincerely happy he was to have been in a measure, the means of their doing so. Illuminations complimentary and appropriate, fireworks of most splendid descriptions, banquets, balls, and brilliancies of all kinds completed this liberal festival so propitiously commenced; whilst at the Pavilion, and during the month, select parties were honoured by being permitted to partake of the hospitalities of a palace.

We hear nothing in addition, decisive of HIS MAJESTY'S immediate intentions. We hope, however, it will not be a great while before He gives us, (we mean London and St. James's) the benefit of his smiles and presence again; for so well gratified were all ranks with the activities of His

last visit, that we every one of us seem (who will better than Himself understand the phrase?) *quite out of our element* without him again.

ON DITS OF FASHION.

The King perseveres in his determination of having every thing around, and about him, **EXCLUSIVELY ENGLISH!** The productions of foreign countries are sacrificed at Britannia's shrine, and it is the pride of our beloved ruler, to advert to the superiority of English manufacture when encouraged by the patronage of the powerful; and to enjoy the confusion of those who have hitherto maintained the *foreigner* to be indispensable towards the production of our comforts, convenience, and superfluities. Foreign cooks, who have for so long a period presided over the destinies of the English kitchen, and about whom Lady MORGAN has wrote such a farrago of absurdity in her new work,* are reduced by the *sovereign* to their proper inferiority; the splendid banquet in St. George's Hall, upon the anniversary of his Majesty's birth, was produced by English cooks, and excited the admiration of all who had the honour of participating in its enjoyment. The King beheld the gratification of his guests, and turning to a distinguished nobleman, he exultingly observed, "SEFTON, SEFTON, you see we *can* do without foreign cooks!"

Cranborn Lodge, in the great park of Windsor, formerly the residence of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, is to be demolished, and a simple Gothic entrance substituted. It was at first intended to repair Cumberland Lodge, but it having been found to be in too delapidated a state, his Majesty has caused to be intimated to the members of the Jockey Club, that the edifice will be at their service annually during the Ascot races.

The plate on the royal table at the celebration of the King's birth-day, has been estimated of the value of £200,000.

Clarence House, St. James's, has been given to the Queen by his Majesty.

The ancient concerts, will next year be under the patronage of their Majesties.

The misguided and unhappy Miss DIGBY, the late Lady ELLENBOROUGH, has returned to England, and occupies a residence near the Regent's Park; she lives in comparative seclusion, a little boy, and an old servant who formerly nursed her, being her only attendants. Her own feelings are evidently more distressing than all the punishments inflicted by the *law*, or the contempt of former friends. With all our abhorrence of criminality, we cannot but pity this afflicted lady, undoubtedly more the victim of circumstance than the votary of crime; and when we refer to the conduct of the party that ought to have been most kind to her, and by directing her thoughts to virtue, have rendered her an ornament to society, and a blessing; when we refer to the conduct of that party, our tears fall over the errors of the beautiful victim, and our lips breathe a language that we will not convey to paper, indignant of conduct unworthy the distinction of manhood. We have no personal knowledge of Miss DIGBY, we have met her but once in our connection with society, but the impressions of that one interview induced the most honourable opinions, and now, when she is stigmatized, and censured, and contemned, we say in the language of him who was without guile. "*Let him that is without fault, cast the first stone.*"

* *France*, 1829—30; for which Lady MORGAN is said to have received £1000.

Chatsworth is at the present moment full of visitors, and those of the most eminent distinction; his Grace of DEVONSHIRE is an excellent host, and his unceasing exertions are directed towards the gratification of his guests; gaiety and merriment prevails. The new suite of apartments called *The Leicester Rooms*, from their connection with an historical subject, are represented to us as possessing the most delightful attractions. Indeed the festivities of Chatsworth seem to resemble the fanciful entertainments which some of our novelists so interestingly describe.

The Marquis of HERTFORD has gone to Sudbourn Hall, where a succession of splendid amusements are in preparation. Lord H's. late mansion in Seymour Place, has been purchased by Lord STAIR, who remains in Paris while the necessary repairs and alterations are in progress. His lordship is expected in town about the end of the month.

We have heard that the most extensive preparations are in progress for a brilliant Opera season; it is said that PASTA is already engaged, and that RUBINI will also appear. LABLACHE and LALANDE are retained, as well as BLAIS and CURIONI. It is doubtful whether MALIBRAN will accept an engagement in London; if she does come, she is desirous of her father (GARCIA) being also engaged; if DONZELLI, however is retained, we do not think the proposition of MALIBRAN will be acceded to. We may hope for TAGLIONI. It is also said, that the *prima donna* of Madrid, Signora JOSE, is engaged.

Miss KEMBLE's tragedy, *Francis the First*, will be the first novelty at Covent Garden Theatre, the management of which is endeavouring to open with equal *éclat* to that which is anticipated will attend the rival establishment. The new decorations of Drury Lane are extremely splendid, and are said to have cost £2000. Macready, Wallack, Cooper, Liston, Farren, Miss Chester, Miss Phillips, and Miss Mordaunt, are among the company; Mrs. Waylett, will supply the place of Madame Vestris.

Lord GROSVENOR is entertaining a select party of fashionables at Eaton Hall, who endeavour to do justice to the fine fruit for which Moor Park has long been celebrated, but which this season surpasses any previous one in abundance and richness; its peaches are indeed surprising.

It was not a bad thing of PEAKE's, the other evening in the green-room of the *Alephi*, when BARTLEY was speaking of Sir GEORGE SMART's alarm at a flash of lightning—"Poo, poo," observed the farce concocter, "we all know Sir GEORGE to be a *conductor*."

It is with deep regret, that we state the continued indisposition of a lady whom the English nation are bound to, and do respect,—Mrs. FITZHERBERT. This unfortunate lady, when the tidings of his late majesty's decease was conveyed to her, was so deeply affected, that she has since been confined to her chamber; and from her advanced age, her recovery is very doubtful. Mrs. FITZHERBERT enjoyed an annuity of £6000, which is still continued; every member of the royal family are upon terms of intimacy with her, and seem to regret deeply her present distressing state of health.

We have been over to France since the late eventful period, and among the numerous objects that excited our admiration, we were particularly struck by the appearance of that brave but still *funny-looking* body of men, the *National Guard*. It is composed of individuals of all descriptions and sizes, tall and short, lean and corpulent

ugly and handsome, mingled together in one "harmonious whole." It was extremely ludicrous to see a short thick little fellow with a musket taller than himself, elbowed by a huge monster, straight as a pike-staff, and as high, the little bit of bravery however considering himself an equally important personage, though he might be compelled to request the assistance of his tall neighbour in withdrawing the ramrod from his musket, his own minor length of arm rendering himself incapable of that necessary action; we were told that in one instance this dapper little hero having no one near him, disengaged, to withdraw the rod, fired off his musket, rod and all, with what effect we were not able to learn. There were some fine looking men who squinted enormously, famous, we were told, for firing round a corner, their beautiful obliquity of vision favouring them; others so extremely corpulent, they seemed almost to absorb the miserable anatomies of men who reared their "diminished heads" beside them; but there was courage marked upon every brow, and bravery was upon every lip, though we often glanced upon a *General Bombastes*, and often a *Rigidum Funniculus* met our eye; there was one enormous fellow parading before the Hotel de Ville, in a round hat, and his cartridge box behind him, with as much importance as if he himself had been the liberator of his country; another thundering soldier with thick bushy brows, and deep pits in his face that seemed capable of holding the enemy's shot, was talking of his valour, and taking snuff, with the air of a Napoleon. At Boulogne, we were present at the funeral of a poor fellow who had died in consequence of the fatigue endured by him during the memorable "three days," military honours were decreed to him, and the *guard* was drawn out for that purpose. In the midst of the mournful reflections which the funeral was calculated to excite, the ludicrous appearance of the *military*, and their grotesque gestures, broke upon the beholder with singular effect. Their unequal sizes, the strangeness of their dress, the *very curious* manner of holding their arms, and their looks of extreme bravery, produced altogether the most singular sight imaginable; we saw one burly little fellow, oppressed by the heat of the sun, take off his hat and hang it upon the top of his musket; another soldier we saw tap his next associate and request a *pinch of snuff*, which was instantly granted with the usual complaisance of a Frenchman. In a short time afterwards we heard one military individual whispering another to hold his musket for a few moments, while he ran home for something which he had forgotten! Some had their favourite dogs lying at their feet, or barking round them, and all these "doings" were carried on with peculiar gravity but seemed matters of course, and altogether agreeable to the "new order of things." Such, however, are the *National Guard*, a brave body of men, certainly, but still the most ludicrous and funny-looking congregation that we have ever beheld.

DONCASTER RACES.—One of the most instructive of writers and patient of men has said—"A world in *season*, how good it is!" consequently it is most natural of us to obey the wise injunction by now presenting to our readers as good an analysis of the *Race Meeting at Doncaster* as we are capable of doing, considering the late period of the month when that very influential event, or rather series of events, were in a course of busy action. It has been exceedingly aptly remarked, that our *country's sports* seem to have been made for us and *we for them*; and this assertion seems strictly to be borne out by the popular character

they, upon most occasions, so perceptibly assume. Take Epsom, and you shall there find that London has poured forth its medley of population,—the lord and the labourer, the duke and the dustman, the merchant and the butcher, the elegant and the eccentric, to variegate the scene. Go to Ascot, and behold the pomp of MAJESTY gilding the whole prospect around; gaze which way you will, nobility puts forth its splendour, and beauty its smiles; gravity is a forbidden thing, and gaiety and joyousness reign lords of the ascendants. And now look upon DONCASTER (Goodwood deserves its honours too); there also are the high and the mighty and the powerful congregated; there are the noble displays and equipages of a FITZWILLIAM, a LONDONDERRY, a QUEENSBERRY, a KELBURNE, or a JOHNSTONE: there a palace (*for so the Stand is*) thronged with *northern* beauty and nobility, and these again, like rare flowers added to an already rich parterre, intermingled with the elegance and attractions of the *south*. We may mention a hundred more incentives to the enjoyments of a race-course, and the more so upon the present occasion, since much that was objectionable, and some things, such as low gambling, have been, thanks to the Duke of LEEDS and others of rank and influence, either abolished altogether or deprived of a portion of their mischievous and demoralizing effects. In fact, the disgraceful scenes of last year, when the well-bred and well-behaved suffered danger and insult from the vulgar and unprincipled, were not re-acted; so that we might have said to a stranger, as in our company he glanced with eyes of admiring wonder upon the effect which *Doncaster Race Course* on Tuesday, the 21st September, presented—

"Content thee now, these are scenes as gay
As e'er woke a fond minstrel's strain,
And list to that cheerful autumnal lay
That amuses yon splendid train;
Shall any deem now that cold clouds shall trace
Their shadows to dim our proud promised race."

The Meeting commenced, in consequence of Sunday intervening on Monday the 20th, upon which the *Champagne Stakes* of 50 sovereigns each, form the principal, and a very great attraction, since the race not only gives something of a clue towards judgment with reference to the comparative quality of certain of the horses engaged in the great race of the following day, but even sets speculation at its busy task for the ensuing season. The *field*, we beg the pardon of our fair readers for speaking as sportsmen, rather than as we wish to be considered their admiring, devoted, and most humble servants: we mean the number of horses that this year started were very limited in number, and certainly not very superior in flying qualities: the winner being decidedly the superior animal. This was Mr. HOLDSWORTH'S Sultan colt, named *Frederica*, which was not only rode by a "*Darling*," but proved one himself to his proprietor. Mr. WALKER'S *Victoire*, SCOTT directing him, was second, and was the only one that had at any part of the struggle a chance for victory. We must here mention a good thing that was said by Mr. HOLDSWORTH, upon being reminded that as he would have six dozen of champagne to give to the club, there was a certain "Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT" living somewhere in London, who sold "a cheap and good article," replied—"That may be, but upon the present occasion I must be permitted to *judge for myself*; and in doing so, (being something of an experienced traveller) I shall take the *rule of the road* for my guide, which tells me

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
As we travel Life's rough road along;
If you go to the left you're sure to go right,
But if to the right you go wrong."

LORD SCARBOROUGH'S colt *Wincliffe*, by Waverley, rode by his Majesty's jockey, George Nelson, won the stakes named after that veteran and venerable supporter of Doncaster, Lord FITZWILLIAM, beating a very plain lot, for they had neither prettiness nor pace; and *Ballad Singer* ran to a good tune, very properly leaving a *Mendicant*, but not so gallantly a *Lady Emily*, nor so loyally (especially as it was for the *King's Plate*) a *Cambridge* behind.

Tuesday found early risers, and anxious speculators in Doncaster; and from twelve till two o'clock the road, fortunately not dusty, was literally covered with a continuous line of people—in carriages, on foot, a horseback—thronging to the Course. Arrived there, we might, upon one or two occasions, have seen more company, but never a more orderly or a more interested assemblage. The other races of the day being mere make weights, we shall confine ourselves to the GREAT ST. LEGER. Contrary to expectation, a large "field" started for it. No less than twenty-eight—a number never but once before surpassed—going away at about three o'clock, and at one honest and honourable start for it. *Priam*, with one of his proprietors, S. CHIFNEY, being nearly at evens against the field, so much had his previous successes got him into favour. *Emancipation*, the property of Mr. LIDDELL, and rode by JOHNSON, took the lead followed by *Maria*, and a sufficiently speedy rate to convince us that the lot would soon be like a charge of citizen-riders in the Park, *one here, one there, and some nowhere*. It proved so; for *Pedestrian* soon forgot his *stride*, *Revolution* became *peaceable* and ceased contention; the *Chancellor* was out in his judgment, *Mimic* proved, as a racer, truly a *buffoon*, and the *Barber* was not sharp enough to cut round the corners with other customers. The *Cardinal*, *Birmingham*, *Brunswick*, still held on; but at the *Red House*,—

"— oh word of fear
To many here!"

the boasted *Hassan* declined, *Moss Rose*,—pretty name! *withered away*, and *Lady Mowbray* lost her title as a legitimate scion of nobility. *Priam* now began to think the *siege*, though not of *Troy-town*, must be raised, and drew upon the leaders; *Birmingham*—no counterfeit, as he proved himself, but a good *mint* issue,—holding on with him. At the distance the two had shaken off opponents, and "the stand of Mr. Lockart, the object of all their wishes, lay before them."

It was soon seen the favourite was not upon his own ground, the whip was necessary to persuade him, and that was pretty severely inflicted, whilst CONNOLLY, though hard at work with his hands, arms, and elbows, used neither whip nor spur in a mode which may be deemed *punishment*. In fact he won cleverly by rather more than half a length, in a style which proves *Birmingham* a very fine valuable animal; CONNOLLY a clear-headed, cool rider, and Mr. BEARDSWORTH a good judge of that sort of thing which is most valuable in a "Repository."*

Although defeated, the Chifney's have lost no honour, *Priam* no credit by their defeat; they brought their horse

* Mr. Beardsworth is the proprietor of a very large, and well-managed horse, carriage, and sporting Repository at Birmingham; in fact a second Tattersall's.

honestly to the post, and he did his best. The state of the course, strange air and food, and a long journey, were against the animal; and perhaps he found as good a nag as himself;—for

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The times will change, and each horse have his day."

Almost equaling the St. Leger in interest, from the circumstance of *Fleur de Lis*, *Rowton*, and *Laurel* coming against each other, the *Gold Cup*, run for on Thursday the 23rd September, drew together an immense assemblage of anxious and much interested spectators. The capital performance of His MAJESTY'S pet at Goodwood, and her known good qualities, made her, from the first moment her well remembered name appeared in the list, considerably the first favourite, though the *Rowton* of 1829, when he won the St. Leger, and the *Laurel* of many victories were not without their backers: so that speculation grew out of suspense, and hope was fed by anticipation. We pass over the other races of the day, and come at once to the principal part of the performance. Well, the GOLD CUP is run for; and lo! after *Retriever* is beaten by *PRIAM easy*, who could not win the ST. LEGER, he comes out, and wins the CUP, Poor *Fleur de Lis* being *hors-de-combat*. "There is something more in this, if philosophy could find it out."

It may be as well to mention with reference to the great race of Tuesday, that the winner was originally (when a foal) purchased for only fifty-five guineas; that his owner wins nearly twenty thousand pounds by the race, and that he has had the generosity to give his jockey 500 pounds.

Such was the DONCASTER RACE MEETING, of 1830. Of which we must say it has been productive of as fine a run *St. Leger*, and as good management as any that preceded it; but at the same time we must observe, that those who the most benefit by it are still very far from evincing a spirit of liberality, or generous reciprocity. The corporation, the tradespeople, and the wealthy of Doncaster do not adequately support the several stakes, (for what are additions of tens, and twenties where so much good is done?) and deserve, we are almost ready to exclaim

"To lose the good which fortune from wheel
Showers on their homes and hopes."

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

From smiles to tears we turn, and thus life's drama goes.
WALTER SCOTT.

It is delightful to dwell upon the little sunshinings of nature, those bright spots upon the career of human existence, where the eye is unclouded by a tear, and no sigh quivers upon the happy lip; and how refined is that delight, when we glance at the mutual joy of two young and affectionate hearts, meeting the reward of long cherished hopes, and aspirations crowned at length with success. The happiness of two individuals swearing to the holy nuptial compact before the Omnipotent who holds the destinies of the world, it is indeed happiness to behold. The pictures of virtue and of truth are the most delightful that the human eye can rest upon. These remarks are excited by the celebration of the nuptials of the amiable and lovely daughter of the late S. PERRY, Esq. and niece to the Earl of CHARLEVILLE, and Lord DUNALLY, with M. S. SANKEY, Esq. a gentleman of acknowledged worth and probity, whose

union with this accomplished lady, promises the realization of the most perfect happiness.

But alas! the scene of life changes; and the glitter and gaiety of connubial felicity, gives place to the pall, and the escutcheon, and the sombre weeds of death. *Aldenhaym Abbey*, Herts, has been the spot of sorrow, for there, the respected Admiral, Sir C. M. POLE, G. C. B., breathed his last sigh to the fading world, and in the 74th year of his age passed into the valley of death. Sir C. M. POLE was returned to Parliament for Newark, in 1803, and in 1805, was made Admiral of the Red. He was equerry to his present Majesty, naval aid-de-camp, and also master of the robes, in the place of Lord MOUNTCHARLES.*

"The black banner waves o'er the tower" of *Easton*, Suffolk, whose noble possessor, Earl ROCHFORD, and Viscount TONBRIDGE, there expired. By his death the titles become extinct. The Duke of HAMILTON, it is said, has been made heir to the estates. Who is there among our distinguished readers, that will not join with us in our regrets at the distressing death of Mr. HUSKISSON, who whether we regard him in his character of Statesman, or a Man, claims alike our admiration, and our sorrow for his untimely loss. Mrs. HUSKISSON was not merely present at the distressing accident but actually saw it occur, she beheld the wheel of the steam engine pass over the thigh of her beloved husband, squeezing it almost to a jelly! Amputation was at first intended, but on account of the low state of Mr. H's. health rendering it almost certainly fatal, it was not performed. He was removed to the *Vicarage of Eccles*, near Manchester, where this respected gentleman expired on the same evening, in the greatest agony.

We will pass from the reflections to which such a melancholy event gives rise, to record the nuptial happiness of the gallant Capt. E. C. FLETCHER, 1st Life Guards, who has been united to the youngest daughter of Lord TEIGNMOUTH, the Hon. ELLEN MARY SHORE, a lady whose beauty and amiability of disposition has long endeared her to society. And we will also glance at the happy alliance just formed between Sir E. BLOUNT, Bart., of *Sodington*, and MARY FRANCES, eldest daughter of E. BLOUNT, Esq. M.P.; and also, that between the Very Rev. the DEAN of YORK, and the lovely MARGARET EMMA, only daughter of the late Col. PEARSE of Kensington, alluding to those happy events, as promising the most perfect and uninterrupted harmony, and connubial joy.

The Navy of England has been deprived of another gallant Admiral, by the death of Sir HENRY NICHOLS, K.C.B., who expired at his seat in Somersetshire. He first entered the service when a child, and at the age of thirty years obtained the rank of full captain. He commanded the flag-ship of Admiral Lord GRAVES, in the war of 1793; in 1810, was constituted Rear Admiral; and in 1820, he obtained the distinction of K.C.B. He was afterwards made Vice Admiral of the Blue, and in 1830, Vice Admiral of the White. He did not long however, enjoy the last distinction, for he went to the tomb of his fathers, and the white stone tells only that he has been.

On the 6th ult. the Right Hon. Lady BOSTON, expired at her residence in Park Crescent, Portland Place.

Among the expected marriages that have been talked of in fashionable circles, we first mention that of Mr.

* Captain GEORGE SEYMOUR, C.B. has since the decease of Sir C. M. POLE, been appointed to this situation.

LYSTER, the highly talented author of *Granby*, the tragedy of *Epicharis*, &c., with the lovely Miss VILLIERS, one of the brightest ornaments of the fashionable world, whose merits have been celebrated in this magazine, by the pens of some of its distinguished contributors. Mr. LYSTER is not a little envied upon the conquest he has made. We understand that the Countess of CHARLEVILLE's son, Mr. TISDALL, will in a few days be united to the daughter of the worthy possessor of *Weald Hall*, Essex, C. TOWER, Esq. Also, that one of the amiable daughters of the late ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, will shortly become a bride. The soft and engaging manners of Miss SUTTON, her acknowledged goodness of disposition, and kindness of heart, may well excite the best wishes for her happiness. It is reported in fashionable circles, that the marriage of Lord STAIR with Lady LAURA TOLLEMACHE, (which had been invalidated by a previous matrimonial contract formed in Scotland with the daughter of Mr. GORDON, of *Clunie*, now deceased,) will be re-solemnized immediately upon his lordship's arrival in England.

THE DRAMA.

"The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give
For they who live to please, must please to live."

Mr. ARNOLD's *English Opera company*, in acknowledging the truth of our motto, have done their best to please the patrons of the Drama; and though no very great success has been the result, we cannot but admire their unabated exertions, performing under such "untoward" circumstances. The novelty of the past month was a lively little affair denominated "*The Deuce is in Her*," in which Miss KELLY, as the *Widow Volatile*, displayed some very spirited acting. BARTLEY, also, performed his character with great ability. On the evening of the production of this piece, the gas-works accidentally failed, and the house was almost in total darkness; the performance, however, was persisted in, and the effect produced was certainly extremely curious.

A very indifferent piece, called *The Foster Brothers*, has been partially successful, in consequence of some very talented acting by J. VINING, RUSSEL and Miss H. CAWSE, than whom no other three performers are rising so rapidly into popularity. We trust Mr. J. VINING is at length aware of the silliness of that opinion by which he was induced, at the commencement of his London engagements, to expect to arrive at the pinnacle of fame upon the instant; perseverance and attention can alone effect that desirable object, and to those Mr. VINING, we believe, is now devoted. We have seen Mrs. EVANS in *Rosina* at this theatre, but with by no means a bad opinion of her abilities, we do not consider she will ever be able to hold a situation upon the London boards. There are too many pretty singers at the present day, and among those alone must Mrs. EVANS be classed.

The most interesting, and consequently successful affair of the season, is a drama called *The Irish Girl*, got up expressly for the display of those fine talents which Miss KELLY possesses, and which are ever so successful in exciting the warmest feelings of the audience. Her performance in this interesting little drama is worthy the reputation she enjoys;—throughout natural, chaste, and impressive, appealing with resistless influence to the human heart.

PHILLIPS has returned to his engagement, and appeared in *Don Juan*, and the hero of MARSCHNER'S *Der Vampyr*, characters which he personifies with the greatest power and effect. Miss KELLY'S *Lucy Dashwood*, (*Wanted a Governess*) has been much admired; it is one of her best characters, and attracts good audiences. *The Spring Lock* has been frequently played, but the absence of Wood is severely felt.

The HAYMARKET is going on very prosperously. We have seen Miss TURPIN in the various characters she has personified since our last, but regret to add, our opinion of her abilities is not very high. In *Margaretta*, (*No Song, No Supper*), she displays great merit, but her performance is unequal; in fact, we think her appearance has been premature, and that she should have profited by another season of Mr. HORN'S tuition before she ventured to appear. The only thing in her *Clari* worth notice, was the ballad of "Home," which was extremely prettily delivered; her acting is very inferior. Though the last novelty of the month, we will first notice the drama of *Ambition, or Marie Mignot**, from the gratification which its performance afforded. In dramatizing the life of the misguided *Marie Mignot*, the truth has often been sacrificed for the purpose of producing a supposed better effect. FARREN sustains the character of *Mignot*, a cook, the uncle of *Marie*, with all that truth, originality, and effect, that has lately characterized his performances. COOPER, as the doting old ex-king, (*Cassimir of Poland*), sustains his part with adequate effect. We must also notice, in favourable terms, the acting of Mr. WILLIAMS, who has evinced his possession of the most legitimate comic talent. Mr. VINING and Mrs. GLOVER display great abilities in their respective characters; but the great achievement is that of Miss F. H. KELLY in the character of the heroine. We have had our eye upon this young lady since we first caught a glance of her delightful *Juliet* some few years back, and are happy to find that we are not deceived in the opinion which we formed therefrom. Miss F. H. KELLY undoubtedly possesses the most excellent tragic abilities; her personation of the ambitious *Marie* is one of the finest pieces of stage representation that we have witnessed for a length of time, and we refer to it with unmingled feelings of delight. Her early scenes were admirably sustained, and where her exertions are directed towards the attainment of the throne of Poland, which *Cassimir* had abdicated, Miss KELLY exhibited the highest perfection of histrionic skill. We leave private friends to point out the faults of her performance; they are few, and may be easily remedied; they are observable, and claim the attention of the actress.

* *Marie Mignot* was the beautiful daughter of a draper of Grenoble, and subsisted by washing linen; she was beloved by the secretary of a popular counsellor of parliament, but the master, however, carried off the prize, and she became his wife. He did not live long after the nuptials, and the beautiful widow then went to Paris, where she became the wife of the Maréchal DE L'HÔPITAL. He also died before the charms of *Marie* had faded, and she subsequently won the affections of the ex-king of Poland, who at that time resided at the court of France. Upon his death, however, she fell rapidly from the height of fortune to the extremity of despair; she begged in the public streets, and at length perished by starvation. Such are the historical notes of the life of *Marie Mignot*, upon which the French drama, from which the Haymarket piece has been translated, was constructed.

A farce, called *The First of April*, is another successful novelty, but without a tithe of the pretensions of the former to such distinction; indeed, *The First of April* is one of the most absurd affairs that we have lately seen, and its success is to be ascribed to the very excellent acting of W. FARREN, and to its buffoonery, stolen, we apprehend, from some condemned Christmas pantomime. We did hope, at one period, that the Haymarket theatre would be devoted to something like the legitimate drama, but while professedly pursuing that object, it supports a low and degenerate species of composition, which, though it may excite the roar from the groupes of "unwashed artisans in the gallery in the roof" must "make the judicious grieve." The plot, from what we could comprehend, turns upon the efforts of Colonel Airey, (VINING) to obtain from Sir Bumpkin Pedigree, (FARREN) a fortune of £10,000, which the said Sir Bumpkin unjustly withheld, the said Colonel Airey effecting his object by making Sir Bumpkin an April Fool! Were £10,000 unjustly withheld from us we think we should go a different way to work than by endeavouring to shake it out of its unjust holder, by pulling him up in his bed to the ceiling of his chamber and letting him down again; yet this, gentle reader, is the chief means of the fortune being shaken out of Sir Bumpkin. Bumpkin indeed must he be, and bumpkins, indeed, must the author and the manager think us, if they suppose such arrant nonsense will be suffered to escape without our castigation. How Mr. FARREN could allow himself to be made a party to such an exhibition we cannot conceive. VINING seemed ashamed of his part; as for the rest of the players we saw them murder *Richard the Third*, and in consequence consider them ashamed of nothing. We are inclined to think that it was the *First of April* when this precious farce was sent to the manager—need we say more?

Miss PATON has returned to the metropolis, and appeared at this theatre, where she made her first essay but a few years ago. It is gratifying to consider the rapid success of this popular vocalist, but how deeply is that gratification alloyed by circumstances of recent date, which throws a dark veil over the purity of her character, and causes sighs to mingle with our admiration of her splendid talents. Miss PATON is in good voice, and she attracts respectable audiences.

TOTTENHAM STREET.—We can scarcely keep pace with the novelties at this theatre, so indefatigable are Messrs. MELROSE and CHAPMAN in their exertions to attract. POWER has been delighting crowded audiences by his genuine comic talents. Miss JARMAN and Miss S. BOOTH, have also been performing here. The company is one of the most respectable in London, and the various pieces that have been performed, have, in consequence, been ably and effectively supported.

Among the attractions that are to be offered at Drury Lane, there can be no one greater than that of the arrangement of the music for the evening, two sterling overtures are to be performed by the band, and this rule is to be without exception. This system will undoubtedly be extremely popular, as the musical amateur will be certain of hearing something endurable upon his visits to the theatre without being annoyed by such execrable music as it has been lately the practice to perform. We will just hint, by the way, to the new management, that some years ago the plays of SHAKESPEARE were, at Drury Lane, preceded by an overture by HANDEL.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR OCT., 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A high dress composed of India muslin, *corsage en chemisette*, but with very little fullness, which is arranged in a broad band of rich embroidery round the top; a similar embroidery marks the centre of the bust before. Sleeve à la Montespan, with an embroidered epaulette; the trimming of the skirt consists of a worked flounce, placed close to the border, above which is a rich embroidery surmounted by another flounce, and that headed also by embroidery. Pink crape hat elegantly trimmed with an intermixture of blond lace, flowers, and rosettes of ribbon. Scarf of pink gauze terminated by *nœuds* of ribbon to correspond.

A SLIGHT SKETCH OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ADELAIDE.

A satin dress, the colour is Clarence blue of the highest shade. The *corsage* is cut low and square, and made with a pointed white satin stomacher, richly ornamented with large pearls; a string of pearls encircles the waist, and terminates by a tassel which descends from the point. Short full white satin sleeve, over which is one in the form of a shell, composed of three falls of white *tulle*, embroidered in blue silk of a lighter shade than the dress. The skirt is made considerably shorter than the white satin slip worn under it, and is trimmed with a deep flounce of *tulle* richly embroidered in blue silk. *Tulle* apron, also embroidered. The hair is dressed in full curls on the forehead, and low at the sides of the face; it is turned up in one large bow on the summit of the head, by a jewelled comb, an ornament resembling a tiara, composed of blond net, intermixed with pearls, and surmounted by bows of gauze ribbon to correspond in colour with the dress, is placed immediately over the forehead, and a *tulle* scarf embroidered to correspond with the trimming, thrown gracefully over the back of the head. Necklace and earrings of large pearls. Gold bracelets.

BALL DRESS.—(Centre figure, front view, half length.)

A dress of straw coloured crape, the *corsage* is cut very low, and ornamented in front of the bust with rouleaus disposed *en étoile* of tawny orange satin. *Beret* sleeve very short and full. Scarf of blue crape, the ends striped horizontally with *brun hométon*. Cravat of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, terminating in four pointed ends, edged with tawny orange. The countenance is one of those which attractive in itself, is rendered still more so by ornament. The hair dressed in a profusion of curls on each temple, is parted so as to display the forehead. The hind hair is partly disposed in two bows, one the *coque endoyante*, the other a bow of the usual form, and a moderate size; and partly turned round these bows in a soft braid. The head of an ostrich feather, blue tipped with white, is inserted under the braid immediately over the forehead, and five long ostrich feathers are placed at the back of the head,

three of which surmount the bows, and the two others play over the curls at the sides.

FIGURE 4.—A back view of the *coiffure* of the ball dress just described.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 5.—A back view, half length, of the morning visiting dress.

FIG. 6.—A back view of figure 7.

FIG. 7.—A turban composed of blue crape and *foulard* intermixed, the crape forms the foundation of the turban, the *foulard* is arranged *en papillon*, by folds of crape, placed in the centre; two long white ostrich feathers, placed in contrary directions, ornament the front, and an end of crape finished with broad gold fringe falls into the neck.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress composed of white *gaze de Paris*, over a white *gros de Naples* slip; plain *corsage*, cut very low, over which is a *corsage fichu*, composed of folds of pink gauze ribbon; they form a trimming à *revers* round the bust, which is edged with narrow pointed blond lace. *Beret* sleeve, composed of white *gros de Naples*, a fall of blond lace set on extremely full, nearly covers it. The skirt is embroidered from the edge of the border, considerably above the knee, in a very rich blond-lace pattern. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and dressed in full curls on each side of the face. The hind hair is arranged partly in curls, and a bow on the summit of the head, and partly in a plaited braid wound round them. A tortoiseshell comb, with a very high gallery placed behind, and a sprig of roses and wild flowers inserted in the braid, on one side, completes the *coiffure*.

MORNING DRESS.

A cachemire dress, the colour is *pousière de Londres*, *corsage uni*, and sleeves of the *gigot* form, terminated by *manchettes* of embroidered muslin, which turn towards the elbow; the skirt is embroidered at the knee in a light border of flowers, disposed in waves. *Pelerine fichu* of embroidered muslin, trimmed round with a full fall of muslin, lightly embroidered at the edge. Leghorn hat trimmed with straw-coloured ribbons and ostrich feathers; the ribbon is very broad, and the feathers, which are placed in contrary directions, are red, white, and blue.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—(Neapolitan.)

This dress offers a mixture of colours, which, though glaring in themselves, are yet so skilfully and tastefully blended, as to present a striking and graceful *ensemble*. The dress is of white *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is of the *chemisette* form, and cut very low; the sleeves, which reach to the elbow, are very wide, and are drawn round the elbow, and fastened in front with a rose-coloured knot. The epaulettes are composed of rose-coloured *tabs*, lined and corded with yellow



*Newest Fashions for October, 1830.
Morning & Evening Dresses.*

Queen Adelaide
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Newest Fashions for October 1830. Costumes of All Nations No. 59.
Morning/ Evening & Ball Dresses.





*Newest Fashions for October, 1880.
Morning & Evening Dresses.*

satin, and adorned with a range of rose-coloured knots on the shoulder. A very low boddiece, and braces of black velvet, decorated with narrow rouleaus of yellow satin, is worn over this dress; it is pointed in front of the bust, at bottom and top, and each point is adorned with a rose-coloured rosette; the skirt is decorated round the border with horizontal bands of brown, yellow, and white. We must observe that it is made excessively short, and is partially covered by a rose coloured skirt, with a white gauze border; the latter figured in yellow silk, which comes no lower than the knee. The apron, which is nearly of a diamond shape, is striped in waves with rose colour, and trimmed with broad, yellow fringe. The hair is decorated with knots of ribbon, and a scarf of white gauze, striped and fringed at the ends with yellow; this is arranged on the summit of the head with gold pins, in a species of square toque; the ends fall behind nearly as low as the knee. Half-boots of white *gros de Naples*, with the shoe part of black silk, adorned with large pink rosettes, gold necklace and ear-rings, of the girandole form, bracelets of rose-coloured ribbon, tied in a knot in front.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

A rose-coloured *gros de Naples* dress, *corsage carré*, the sleeve is a little of the *gigot* form, but more graceful. The trimming of the skirt consists of a very broad embroidery, in a running pattern round the border; it is finished in scallops at the upper edge. The *canézon* is also of jaconot muslin, richly embroidered; it is made with a double collar, is pointed before and behind, and is finished with a trimming which extends from the bottom of the waist behind, to the point of the shoulder in front; it is very narrow, and almost plain behind, but full and deep upon the shoulders; embroidered ends, which descend from it, cross upon the bosom. *Capote* of white *gros de Naples* trimmed with broad figured gauze ribbon, and a bouquet of red roses and field-flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

A blue gauze dress over blue satin; the *corsage* is trimmed with folds *à revers*; it is cut low and square, and the folds form the shape in a very advantageous manner. The upper one is cut *en demi losange*; they are both trimmed with blond lace. The short full *béret* sleeve is partially covered by the *jockies* of the folds, and is terminated by a narrow fall of blond lace. The trimming of the skirt consists of a rich embroidery of white and blue floize silk; there are two rows of fancy flowers without buds or foliage, placed singly at some distance from each other, and a blond lace flounce headed by twisted rouleaus of blue satin. The latter is placed immediately under the embroidery, and close to the edge of the hem. The hair is dressed in full curls on the temples, and in very high bows behind; it is ornamented with a bouquet of ostrich feathers, placed immediately over the forehead, and *esprits* arranged among the bows. Diamond necklace and ear-rings.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gaze de popeline*. The *corsage* is cut low and square behind, and *drapé* in front; it is trimmed round the back and shoulders with a full fall of the same material, richly embroidered in white silk; very short full sleeves. The trimming of the skirt consists of three narrow satin rouleaus, two are gold colour and one rose, which mark the upper edge of the hem. The hair is dressed full at the sides of the face, and arranged in bows *en papillon*

on the summit of the head. A scarf of rose-colour, yellow, and white *grenadine* is partly twisted round the back part of the head, and partly disposed in *nœuds*. A corresponding scarf, but with rich ends, is twisted in the boa style round the neck, and knots of *grenadine* ribbon are placed at each side of the bosom on the shoulder.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A *redingote* of white cambric muslin, the *corsage* is made to sit close to the shape, and fastens in front with buttons which also extend down the front of the skirt. The upper part of the sleeve is *en béret*, extremely short and full. The lower part sits close to the arm. The collar of the dress is made square before, but pointed behind, a very richly embroidered *capote* of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with striped ribbon, and a black veil of English lace of the Chantilly pattern. *Bottines* of black *gros de Naples*.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose coloured gauze, quadrilled with black *corsage uni*, finished *à revers*; the folds are edged with two rouleaus of rose-coloured marabouts, a rouleau also surrounds the bust. *Béret* sleeve very full, and reaching nearly to the elbow, terminated as is also the ceinture with a rouleau of marabouts. The trimming of the skirt consists of three rouleaus, much larger than those on the *corsage*. They are placed at some distance from each other. Hat of rose-coloured crape, trimmed with gauze ribbon, lightly striped with black, and a bouquet of rose-coloured ostrich feathers; the latter are placed in front of the crown, and one of them waves gracefully over the brim, the inside of which is decorated in a very novel manner with ribbon. Pearl ear-rings and necklace. Bracelets gold and pearl.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of pearl grey crape over *gros de Naples*, to correspond. Plain tight *corsage*, cut low and square, and laced behind, it is almost entirely covered by a *canézon carrée* of blond lace. The trimming of the skirt consists of a double fall of blond lace, set as high as the knee, the ends of the *ceinture* cross midway from the knee to the waist, and terminate in *nœuds* upon the flounce; it is composed of rich ribbon, striped in various shades of green. A *collier à la Napolitaine* of similar ribbon terminates in the centre of the bust in a *nœud*. *Coiffure demi chinoise*, the hair is combed back, and arranged in tied large bows. A knot of ribbon is placed in the centre of them, and another at the back of the head. Gold enamelled necklace and earrings.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view, half length, of the morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A dress cap composed of blond lace, so arranged as to lie flat upon the head, in the form of an open shell: *nœuds* of ribbon in the shape of stars are placed on one side, and behind. On the other side, a full bouquet of flowers mingles with the lace. This is a singularly graceful and original style of cut.

FIG. 3.—An undress cap composed of English lace, and trimmed with green ribbon, striped in different shades; it has a low crown, the borders thrown back in front fall over the sides of the face; *nœuds* of ribbon are placed, one near the summit of the head, the other at the left ear.

FIG. 4.—A back view of figure 2.

FIG. 5.—A back view, half-length, of the second evening dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1830.

Hail, versatile deity! graceful in all thy endless changes—we, the ministers of thy sovereign will, hasten to perform our delightful task of announcing to thy lovely lieges the orders of their sovereign lady. A task the more easy, since its performance is facilitated by the view afforded us, of those superb Autumnal *toilettes* now preparing in Cleveland-row, for the *élite* of our fair fashionables, who at Brighton, Cheltenham, and other places of stylish resort, are awaiting with anxious expectation the arrival of the cases containing the elegant novelties which we are about to describe.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Leghorn is one of the Summer materials that still continues to be used for hats. Some are trimmed with feathers, others with a sprig of flowers, and a good many are adorned with knots of ribbon only.

Gros de Naples and satin, are the materials employed for carriage bonnets; the latter is in particular favour, it being a material which can be employed in all forms, and which suits different styles of dress.

Capotes are much in favour in morning dress; they are always composed of *gros de Naples* and profusely trimmed with blond lace. White ones are sometimes lined with rose or blue. Several hats for morning visits are composed of rose coloured satin, and trimmed with an intermixture of blond lace and flowers; though this kind of trimming has been in favour for some time, Mrs. Bell has contrived by her elegant and tasteful arrangement of it, to render it as novel as it is becoming.

TUSCAN GRASS BONNETS AND HATS.—We have been much pleased with the very great improvement that has been accomplished in this tasty and useful material;—it entirely supersedes the Leghorn, which was once so much the rage, to the great injury of our own manufactures. Queen Adelaide wears the Tuscan grass bonnets; the shape her Majesty selected at Mrs. Sanders', No. 92, Oxford Street, is quite new and becoming; and we expect it will be very fashionable; there is a style and taste in the shape of the bonnet, which must procure it many purchasers. The Brozzi and English straw bonnets, are also in great variety at Mrs. Sanders', who sells them at very moderate prices; and therefore our readers, we are sure, will be glad to have a house pointed out, where every description of Patent Tuscan Grass, and English Straw Bonnets, and Hats, can be procured at a moderate rate.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Muslin is still worn in carriage costume, but dresses composed of it, are now always accompanied with a *demi saison* mantle; they are composed of rich *gros de Naples* or *gros des Indes*, and lined with sarsnet, but not wadded; they are made with a single pelerine of a very large size, and a deep falling collar.

Silk dresses are very much in favour. Some are made with a *corsage uni*, and to lace behind, others have the *corsage* made plain, but with a trimming which rises in the middle under the *ceinture*, falls very deep over the arm, and turns round the back in the style of a pelerine. The prettiest *corsages*, and the most in favour are those made full upon the shoulders, and in front, or else crossed in drapery. In morning dress this style of *corsage* is made high, in the evening it is cut very low. The skirts have seldom any other ornament than a very narrow flounce placed just above the knee. By far the greatest number are those with a very broad hem, and without trimming.

Canezons of lace or embroidered muslin are still worn

with silk dresses, but they are now always accompanied with a boa tippet. Those *canezons* and pelerines, of which we have spoken last month, are still in favour, but not so much so as one of a singularly pretty form which has just been introduced; it is composed of India muslin, the fronts are ornamented in three folds on each shoulder, which meet under the *ceinture*, but do not cross; the fronts are fastened by gold buttons, the three folds are trimmed at the edge by a narrow lace laid on plain. The *jockies* are not so deep as they have been worn, they are composed of three rows.

Fichus, to wear with dresses partially high, are composed of cambric or jaconot muslin, plaited in small plaits. Many of these *fichus* are worn with small cravats of the same form as those *à la coquette*, composed of cambric and jaconot muslin, embroidered and trimmed with lace at the ends.

DRESSES.—We still see some half-dress gowns composed of *mouseline cachemire*, either *à colonnes*, or in very large running patterns. They are always worn with *canezons*, either of cambric or muslin, which terminate in the shape of a fan before and behind. Their trimming consists of a very broad hem edged with Valenciennes lace, they are finished at the throat with a very full ruff, which is also edged with Valenciennes lace.

The trimming of many dresses composed of *gros de Naples*, consists of a very narrow flounce, placed as high as the knee; another of the same breadth goes round the bust, both terminate in an *effilé*.

Dresses for grand parties, either white or of silk, or crape of delicate colours are trimmed with blond lace above the hem. Sometimes this lace forms a simple flounce, at others it is laid on full and disposed in *dents*, *coquilles*, &c. &c.

A very beautiful evening dress is composed of lavender bloom coloured *gaze de Soir*; the *corsage* is cut very low, and is arranged in triangular plaits, partially laid one upon the other; they were arranged in four compartments, four plaits in each, two of these compartments were bordered with blond lace. The sleeves were excessively full, and very short; they were arranged in regular plaits, and resembled two fans placed close together. The trimming of the skirt corresponded with that of the *corsage*.

A favourite style of trimming for gauze dresses, consists of two *niches* composed of ribbons, which descends in the style of a broken cone from the *ceinture* to the upper edge of the hem, when they terminate in *nœuds* of the form of a *datura orientalis*.

We see already a good many dinner dresses embroidered round the border in silk to correspond. Others of a very pretty description are trimmed above the hem in elegant patterns formed by very small round *gances*, put so close together that the present embroideries in relief.

MATERIALS.—We still see shaded *gros de Naples* used, but those fashionables whose taste is most looked up to, prefer colours which are excessively faint; notwithstanding this it must be owned, that if the silk is embroidered, it forms a much more elegant attire.

Among the light style of tissues, broad striped *Organdi* is mostly worn; but colours are preferable to white. Lilac and green stripes, rose-colour and brown, have a charming effect.

On dark brown and black muslins are printed remarkably good patterns in blue, red, and green, of vivid shades. A narrow flounce placed at the top of the hem is scolloped in silk the same colour as the pattern.

MORNING DRESSES.—For this style of costume, black *gros de Naples* open robes are worn; this foretells that black satin and velvet will again be worn for winter dresses and tippets.

Lately we noticed some tippets of Florentine, since then shawls are worn, and on quitting the theatre the graceful *Boas* is a pleasing, as well as useful appendage.

THE MAKE OF THE DRESSES.—Silk robes are principally worn with a drapery crossed on the bosom. Some bodies are made quite plain, with a broad ribbon, which, fastening before at the bottom of the waist underneath the *cestus*, passes very low upon the shoulders, and turning round the back, forms a pelerine. Draperies gathered on the shoulders and crossing like a *fichu* on the bosom and back, make the most dressy figures. Of necessity a richly-worked *chemisette* must be worn to cover the whole of the waist. One or two narrow flounces above the hem is the only ornament worn on those robes which have neither blond nor embroidery.

A general system of embroidery prevails; in columns, bouquets, or garlands, at the height of the knee, placed obliquely on the hem at equal distances of two or three fingers' breadth.

A complete costume for evening wear at this season, is formed of a robe of white *Organdi* ornamented with two broad folds, the edges of which must be trimmed with a narrow lace. A bow of gauze ribbon is fastened to each of these folds on one side of the robe. The *cestus*, made of white or coloured *gros de Naples*, forms two long and wide ends cut in points, which falls on the sleeves, and uniting in form of a fan underneath the waist. Ribbons, *en coques*, ornament the plat of hair which forms a coronet on the forehead, and composes the coiffure.

HEAD-DRESSES.—*Gros de Naples*, plain and figured satin, crape, and satin gauze, are the materials in favour for dress hats. The crowns of the most novel are cut in such a manner as to add to the graceful air of the head; they are short behind, and at the ears, the brims are much lower, but still very wide. Some are ornamented under the brim with ribbon cut in foliage, others have *rosaces* of blond lace, mingled with knots of ribbon. The flowers most in favour are *reines*, *marguerites*, *chrisanthemes*, *dahlias*, roses, pinks, &c. Feathers are more in favour for crape hats; we see also many hats composed of white silk and satin, adorned with coloured feathers.

Some white crape hats are lined with plaid gauze ribbon, and trimmed with a single knot to correspond, placed on one side; it consists of two large bows with very large ends.

Many hats of *gros de Naples*, are trimmed with gauze ribbon cut to resemble foliage. If the hat is of a light colour, the ribbons are often very dark, and *vice versa*.

Blond lace caps are much in favour in full dress, they are trimmed with gauze ribbon, disposed in large *coques* over the forehead, the blond which surrounds them is arranged *en auréole*.

Turbans are likely to be this winter as rich and elegant as they were last, several have already been ordered by distinguished fashionables, of black gauze, quadrilled with gold.

COLOURS.—Clouded stripes are much sought after at this time. They are sometimes formed of different colours, or of one singly of various shades, and of this latter greens are the prettiest. Those which we have seen of *gros de Naples*, worn with white sleeves, the drapery of the *corsage*

open, and trimmed with a narrow lace, make very pretty dresses.

AMUSING NEEDLEWORK.—Frame-work offers the greatest variety of female amusement, and when done on silk, it has the advantage of forming an entire ground-work; flowers of silk of brilliant colouring exhibited as though detached from the surface.

For articles in continual use, such as chairs, stools, &c. large stitches must be used; for those which require more suppleness, such as slippers, &c. *short* stitches do best.

Pretty objects for painting on holly-wood are low baskets in open chequers, hair brushes, and small hand mirrors.

Embroidery is done in silks, or silk and gold cord on taffeta, to make bags; sometimes they are painted.

It is a pretty idea to design by the painting or embroidery what perfume the bags contain, by placing on them a bouquet of violets, pinks or roses, &c.

Others, more easy, are made of ribbons joined on the wrong side, and formed into what figures best please; for example, stripes, points, or squares. Several colours form a striking variety, like Harlequin's coat.

JEWELS.—Chains in enamel are always very elegant. All the jewels are made heavy, and of antique patterns; no more open and delicate chasing. Stones are mounted in plain gold, and though bracelets are composed of links, they are also of Gothic shape; the clasps of plain gold.

The colours most in request are ponceau, rose-colour, dark green, deep blue, citron, and various shades of brown and lavender.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Hats have again decreased a little in size, and it is said that in the course of the ensuing winter they will be reduced to very moderate dimensions indeed; the brims are now made closer, and more over the ears.

The national colours continue to be worn as much as ever by the liberal *belles*. Crape and rice straw hats are mostly trimmed with bouquets of flowers of these colours. In some instances each flower offers the three colours. Many of the new crape hats are trimmed with a single bouquet of flowers, placed on one side, close to the top of the crown, and the *nœuds* of ribbon placed behind; these *nœuds* are disposed in such a manner that at a certain distance they resemble the cup of a fine large tulip.

Chapeaux of *paille de riz* are also generally adorned with flowers, but those composed of Leghorn, which are still very numerous, are now trimmed with feathers. Besides those adorned with flowers of the national colours, we see many decorated with green and straw-coloured plumes.

Many very elegant women have appeared lately in the promenade of the Tuileries in hats composed of rice or fancy straw, finished at the edge of the brim with a curtain veil of blond lace, and with no other trimming than a broad ribbon, which crossed the crown, and tied under the chin in a very full bow.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Redingotes* are decidedly more in favour than *robes* for the promenade; they are still made with the *corsage* open in front; they now begin to be made in silk for the promenade, but they are generally without trimming, and have nothing remarkable in their form, but you can always distinguish a woman of fashion by the richness and elegance of her *chemisette*.

Redingotes of embroidered muslin are still adopted by many women of fashion, but they are always lined with

white or coloured taffetas, and fastened before by knots of ribbon to correspond.

Muslin is still worn in *robes* for the promenade; those of *organdy* are most in favour; they are generally striped in two colours, and we see almost as many in lilac and white, cherry-colour and white, and green and white, as in the national colours.

Robes, whether of white or coloured muslin, or *gros de Naples*, are distinguished only by the extreme simplicity of their form. A high *corsage*, either *uni* or with a little fullness. Sleeves *en gigot*, or *à quatre bouffans*, and a skirt without trimming, or else finished with a very narrow flounce at the knee.

Cachemire shawls are universally adopted by elegant women with muslin dresses, but they are not yet worn closed in front, but thrown negligently over the shoulders; those with black grounds, and palm borders in very vivid colours are decidedly preferred by the most fashionable *belles*.

DRESSES.—White embroidered muslin continues in favour in half-dress, though *robes* and *redingotes* of *gros de Naples* and *chalis* are more numerous. Muslin dresses are either embroidered above the hem, or trimmed with a deep flounce; those dresses are generally worn with a *canezon*; those composed of *tulle*, which had declined in favour, are now in great request; they are trimmed with English lace. Some have very large sleeves, others are made without sleeves, but with a double row of trimming, which falls upon the shoulders and corresponds with the *manchettes*. Some of these *canezons* form draperies, which cross on the bosom; others are trimmed only with a single row of lace round the top.

Many dresses, composed of *chalis*, are made without trimming; others are embroidered in Turkish patterns above the hem, in very vivid colours.

Robes composed of *gros de Naples* have very seldom any trimming, but then they are worn with a *canezon*, or a pelerine of extreme costliness and beauty; the latter are now of the *fichu* form, cut out so as partially to display the neck, and crossed a little in front. Some are of *tulle* richly embroidered in lace patterns, but the greater number are of English lace.

Many unmarried ladies, and some young wives, wear, in home-dress, *foulard* aprons; they are always made with small pockets, cut either square, pointed, or in half-circles, and ornamented with a knot of ribbons. Some of these aprons are made with braces, which form a *ceinture*, and meet behind under a buckle. The prettiest of these aprons have a white ground thickly sprinkled with small bouquets of coloured flowers; there are some also in *batiste écarle*, finished with narrow embroidery in coloured worsted. The pockets are worked to correspond, and the colours of the *ceinture* are similar.

Muslin and organdy are the materials in favour for evening dress. The *corsage* is cut low, and made either in *draperie croisée*, or else the fullness of the front is confined by an embroidered *poignet*. The sleeve is always of the *béret* form, surmounted by a very deep epaulette composed of lace or embroidery, which entirely covers it. But if the dress is for a social party, the sleeves are frequently made long.

HEAD-DRESSES.—*Capotes* of gauze and crape are in great favour in half-dress. The most novel are those of printed gauze in running patterns, or else flowered upon large stripes. The colours of the flowers employed to trim them always correspond.

Capotes of white crape are more generally trimmed with wreaths than with bouquets; those composed of *marguerites*, blue, rose-colour, or yellow, are most in favour.

Dress-hats have the brims still very wide, but not deep; helmet crowns are still in favour. A good many hats have the right side of the brim slightly turned up by means of a ribbon, which passes from the crown to the brim.

Crape, satin-gauze, and white-watered silk, are the materials in favour for dress-hats; they are still trimmed with flowers, but not so generally as last month, feathers being more in favour. Those ladies who wear the national colours have never less than three feathers, one of each colour; but we have seen some *merveilleuses*, who wore as many as nine; this is, however, rare, three and five being the numbers most generally adopted.

Some of the most elegant dress-hats are trimmed with two birds of paradise, one placed under the brim with the plumage turning over it on the left side, the other in the centre of the crown, with the plumage turning towards the right. We see also many hats trimmed with plumage arched in the style of the plumage of birds of paradise.

Almost all the *coiffures en cheveux* for young ladies are *à la Chinoise*. Many young married ladies wear their hair *à la Madonne*, others have it disposed in those tufts of light curls which are so generally becoming. The hair is always dressed high on the summits of the head, either in a plaited band, which forms a sort of diadem, or in two very large bows confined by a tortoise-shell comb with a high gallery.

Flowers are still in the greatest favour to ornament *coiffures en cheveux*. Some are disposed in wreaths, which are placed obliquely round the bows of hair on the summit of the head; others are disposed in long sprigs among the bows of hair; and a good many *coiffures* are adorned with *noeuds* of ribbon, placed so as to surmount the hind bows of hair, and a small bouquet of flowers inserted in a band on one side.

Jewellery.—Enamelled chains are always much in favour. Trinkets are very massive, and of heavy forms. *Wur*. bracelets are made of *chainons*, they are also of a Gothic description. Enamelled bracelets are in great request; those *à plaque*, in particular the bracelet, is composed of five *plaques*; the one in the centre is the largest, the others are of smaller size, on black ground, with white and gold patterns, are most *distingués*. Ear-rings are of gold, and enamel; they are now of enormous size.

Miscellaneous.—Perfumes have been for some time out of fashion; but bags containing the powder of violets, bergamot, and different sorts of herbs, are constantly kept by our fair fashionables among their linen.

Many of our *élégantes* amuse themselves with working in tapestry the portraits of the most celebrated men of the present period; these pieces of needle-work serve as coverings for *tabourets*, work-tables, and we have lately seen a collection of screens adorned with the portraits of modern French poets. If our ladies were as industrious as the beauties of the fourteenth century, we might expect to see a museum of this kind that would serve as a history of France.

Just at the moment that parasols are going out of fashion, we see some elegant new ones; they are of white watered *gros de Naples*, without either stripes or fringe; the stick is of ebony, or of the Chinese palm-tree.

The most elegant *calèches* (the *calèche* is the *chapeau bras*, of which Mrs. Bell is the inventress,) are of pearl grey Morocco *piqué*, with silk hoops of the same colour.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

" 'Tis ever thus
Malignant envy with her poisonous breath,
Taunts the bright surface of an honest name!"

The most absurd and malicious falsehoods having been industriously circulated in the fashionable world, respecting the exalted individual, whose name is prefixed to this article, we have taken considerable pains to obtain correct information upon the subject, and the result of our labours, it is now our pleasurable duty to offer to our readers.—Were we to be asked to name the individual, who with the desire, had the power to do good, beyond most others that comprise the splendid circle in which she moves, and whose universal philanthropy, reflects the proudest lustre upon the coronet that gems her brow, we should, without hesitation, particularize *the Duchess of St. Albans*.

The subject of our sketch is the posthumous child of a highly respectable gentleman, who held an honourable situation in the service of the East India Company, and her mother afterwards marrying a musical gentleman, who was leader of the band at a provincial theatre, Miss MELLON was introduced to a dramatic life at a very early age. Under the patronage of the family of a gentleman in Yorkshire, she acquired all those accomplishments which have since rendered her so valuable an ornament to refined society.—The respectable character which the family of Miss MELLON maintained, obtained for her the friendship and patronage of the most exalted individuals, in every place to which her profession led her.—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, that lamented and misguided genius, met with Miss M. at Mr. WRIGHT's, a banker, at Stafford, where he happened to be upon a visit, and immediately engaged her for Drury Lane Theatre, at which theatre she appeared in 1793, with the most decided success; and while her public and private character was such as to defy the breath of calumny, her name furnished a very prolific field, for the would-be wits of the day, a specimen of whose effusions we subjoin—

"For an apple, old Adam, 'tis said, lost himself,
But why should I his follies dwell on,
When I own I am just such an amorous elf,
I could do just as much for a MELLON!"—

A short time after her appearance at Drury Lane, she obtained a ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, and this first instance of her good fortune, was, we believe, the signal for the commencement of those hostilities against her, which to the present day have been so unceasingly continued—the ladies of the dramatic world, are none of the most amiable, and envious of the superior fortune of any of their sisters, they give vent to their spleen in the most base and false insinuations. The subject of our sketch has been accused of much, but this is certain, that nothing has ever been proved to her discredit, nor has any one ever dared to avow the authorship of the tales that have been so widely disseminated; on the contrary, the propagators of the calumny have shrunk from the proof, and when

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defied to it, have silently retreated to the shelter of their own obscurity! Such are the indisputable facts; and while the much-injured victim was silently enduring the baseness of concealed enemies, we have proof that she was engaged in the most noble actions of charity and benevolence. It is impossible to obtain the knowledge of every humane and christian action in which she was engaged, neither would our limits allow us, but many, very many, have not been able to elude our investigation, the voice of gratitude will burst from the truly thankful heart, and the blessings of the relieved, must be offered at the shrine of the reliever.*

In January, 1815, Mr. COURTTS led Miss M. to the hymeneal altar, and here we beg to observe, that had any of the charges adduced against that lady been founded on the least degree of truth, it would not have eluded the vigilance of that worthy gentleman. And now that she had the power, as well as the desire to do good, her charities were extended, and among the pensioners upon her bounty, we may record a poor woman who attended her at the theatre, to whom, besides furnishing two houses for her, she allowed fifty pounds a year; the same sum she also bestowed upon Emery's family, and poor Raynond and his family were also deeply indebted to her. These facts are but too partially known, and we find that upon every occasion when the sympathy of the benevolent has been called for, by any calamitous occurrence, among the most prominent benefactors will be found the subject of our sketch.

We are enabled to illustrate our biography, with the following interesting anecdote. In the early part of the life of Miss MELLON, she took a benefit in the country, in the success of which, the Countess of O—y, who resided in the neighbourhood, interested herself very actively, and disposed of many tickets. Some years after this circumstance, Lady O—y went to the banking-house of Mr. COURTTS, to solicit from him the loan of a sum of money, the procuring of which was of great importance to her. She had, however, in vain endeavoured to effect her object, till (while sitting in a private room at the back of the office, in the Strand,) Mrs. COURTTS entered the room, she immediately recognized the Countess, and having been made acquainted with her business there, stated to Mr. COURTTS the early obligations she was under to the Countess. This interference procured for her former patroness, the desired loan, which was of a very large amount, and which she certainly could not have obtained by any other means.

"The only charge made against her," says a biographer, "that bore any appearance to tangibility, was her with-

* We have not space for more than one instance of the philanthropy of Miss MELLON. At the period of her residing in Russel-street, she with her own hands made up many articles of baby linen, which as her finances then did not permit her to give, she lent to poor women during their confinement, and which when returned were appropriated to some fresh objects of misery. Many similar instances might be adduced, but this we deem sufficient to characterize the amiable conduct of the subject of our sketch.

X

drawing an allowance from WEWITZER : to this also we can reply. Mr. WEWITZER had from other sources full £100 per annum, yet he always appeared like a mendicant. We appeal to the members of Drury Lane Theatre, whether several of their body have not frequently given him clothes, which invariably disappeared in a day or two, and the old actor again appeared in his rags. It is an unpleasant task for us to say anything that may appear harsh towards the memory of poor WEWITZER, but we must speak the truth. If what we have said be not the fact, there are hundreds that can disprove it, and for what further we shall advance, we will give our reasons. Old WEWITZER was always an expensive man, and, in his declining days, whilst subsisting himself upon charity, he kept a hale young man of the name of WEBB in idleness, and supported him even in extravagance. Nor was this the only person that WEWITZER's purse sustained, though we cannot furnish the names of his other pensioners; what claim whether of affinity or otherwise, they may severally have had upon him, we know not, but this we know, that they all appeared much more capable of supporting him. Mrs. COURTTS very justly declined her further assistance, and stopped a provision, which had she given to old WEWITZER, would have passed through his hands to his *protégé*."

Mr. COURTTS died in 1822.

A gentleman once obtained an interview with Mrs. C. and offered to suppress a manuscript, composed of all that depravity could suggest, if that lady would present him with £500. The lady enquired what part he took in the affair. "That of a principal," replied he. "Then sir," indignantly replied Mrs. COURTTS, "you may remember I am a principal too," and instantly threw the manuscript into the fire, and thrust the poker through it till it was consumed. The gentleman left the house precipitately. This was only one of many schemes of a similar description; a clergyman of the church of England, being named as the extortioner in one instance!

In the month of June, 1827, Mrs. COURTTS was united to his grace the Duke of St. Albans, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, and upon the anniversary of that happy event, at a *fête champêtre* at Holly Grove, which their Graces gave to a select party, including the Duke of Sussex and Prince Leopold, his Grace took the opportunity to observe the happy manner in which he had spent the preceding year with his amiable bride, and he also remarked that he would, if he could, have revived the old custom of claiming a fitch of bacon at Dunmow; but as it was not in his power to do that, he begged the Duchess as a mark of his affection and regard, to accept a silver fruit basket, upon which was engraved a *fitch*, with the following lines appended,

"In love connubial form'd to live and last,
This gift records a BLISSFUL twelvemonth past;
We claim then, boldly claim, thy fitch Dunmow,
First of the blest, to keep thy marriage vow."

In return for his Grace's present, the Duchess begged him to accept of a six-oared cutter, called "*The Falcon*," in allusion to his Grace's distinguished office of Grand Falconer; immediately upon which, the boatmen, dressed in the livery of the Duke, (green and yellow silk,) appeared in the conservatory adjoining, and the *Canadian boat song* was sung by Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Lette, the Misses Stephens, Grant, Goward, Cawse, Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett. The whole entertainment was given with a

degree of magnificence and splendour, to be equalled only by the fanciful festivities of the Arabian tales.

The Duchess of ST. ALBANS is endeared to the people of England by her universal benevolence, and the munificent manner in which, by her splendid style of living, she encourages the national trade. Let her enemies point out *one lady* who has ever done so much good; her charities are unbounded; and with a true nobility of mind, she seems to consider that the fortune which Providence has blest her with, was bestowed only for benevolent and christian purposes; to heal the scathed breast of the mourner, and to dry the tear upon the cheek of the child of sorrow. Defamers may revile, but her Grace possesses a sufficient consolation in her own bosom, and the feelings of her heart must be such as effectually to counterbalance the traducing temper of her foes.

It has been justly said that the Duchess of ST. ALBANS is magnificent in her entertainments, emulating Cleopatra in the splendour of her festivities, for at a *fête* given at Holly Lodge,* on July 8th, 1824, no less than *three waggon loads of plate* were brought into requisition.

Her Grace is Lady of the Manor of an estate near Chelmsford, which, by an old feudal law, compels the principal tenant to serve her at breakfast, when called upon, in *complete armour*. The present tenant, subject to this law, is Reynolds the dramatist, but, we believe, his service has never been required.

LOVE'S EMBLEM.

"Those are the true interpreters of love."—JONSON.

You tell me this garland of flowers you wove,

In affection, and I, sweet, believe it;

You give it to me as an emblem of love,

As an emblem of love I receive it;

But ah! 'mid these flowers of delicate hue,

There twines the dark buds of the ominous rue.

Was't by chance or design, that *these* blossoms disgrace

The wreath you composed for my brow?

Was't to shew that in love even care has a place,

And affection oft mingles with woe?

Thy emblem, oh, dearest, to nature is true,

For 'mid love's brightest flowrets will spring up the rue.

But the seeds that are planted in purity's bower,

Bloom in beauty and brightness with sweet odours rife;

And the sunshine of innocence withers the flower,

So fatal to love's hopes, and happiness life!

Thus the emblem of love, still to nature is true,

Being formed of joy's flowers, devoid of the rue.

* This beautiful spot is a favourite retreat of her Grace; a beautiful road runs before the front of the house, from the right of which a descent leads to some most delightful walks and wildernesses. Rising up the hill, the sight is lost in thick woods; but below, the perspective is one continued garden. One of the most interesting objects is a splendid *bed of roses*, occupying a very large space between the terrace and the valley, and perfuming the air with the sweetness which it exhales. The people in the neighbourhood of this romantic spot term it "The Garden of the Hill."

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE.

A TALE.

"Their path had been a troubled one, each step
Had trod 'mid thorns and springs of bitterness,
But they had fled away from the cold world!"

L. E. L.

"It is delightful to walk in such a scene of quiet and repose," exclaimed the benevolent priest, as we progressed through the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, "when each glance at the objects around, remind us not only of the fragile nature of our hold upon humanity, but also raises our thoughts to the Paradise prepared for the spirits of the good, in the skies, where all shall be made happy and every one unite in peace and love. It is delightful to linger upon such a scene, for its voice is powerful in calling erring man to his Creator's service; it is a silent monitor, but how forcible is its language felt upon the human heart! How weak, how impotent are the precepts of the preacher, compared with the lesson such a scene affords. It tells us we must die—that the earth-worm shall revel upon the tombstone we have been so careful no spot should sully, that we shall mingle with the dust from whence we sprung; but still, oh, still does it convince us that as the grass, and the bright flowers spring from the hillocks that cover us, so also shall we arise to light and life, in another scene of perpetual brightness, where the sun is never clouded, and the flowers never die!"

The man of heaven leant upon a tomb, and raising his eyes towards that region where his thoughts all dwelt, adored, in tears, the goodness of the Omnipotent. Inspired with similar sentiments, and led by my companion to devotion, I remained silently gazing upon the scene around me, absorbed in the enthusiasm which such a scene and such reflections were calculated to inspire, until my attention was excited by a low murmuring sound of melody, so wild, but still so beautiful, that it seemed rather to belong to other worlds than to our own. I could in my ecstasy have believed some ministering angel was descending from the skies, to call a spirit from its earthly rest, but directing the attention of my companion to the subject, he smiled at the excitation of my imagination, and explained the cause of the melody which I had heard.

"It is a peasant girl," observed he, "singing over the grave of her lover; poor Elise, she was once the gayest and most lovely of my village charge, but, alas! the blast of the destroyer has swept across her brow, and all that now remains is but the wreck of so much youthful innocence."

Charmed by the melody that I had heard, I felt interested in the story of the village girl, and directed my enquiries upon the subject.

"My young friend," rejoined the minister, "the years of happiness you have passed through in the career of life, has not enabled you to understand the human heart; youth and inexperience cannot credit the tales which age and observation may have learned, and will perhaps laugh at the seeming improbability of truths, alas! too fatally experienced."

The old man passed his hand across his brow as he spoke, and dashing away a tear from his eyelid, was about to proceed, when the melody of the mourner was again wafted upon our ears; he paused to listen,—it was the same voice, but the air was wilder, the notes were loud and rapid,

but still in a continued strain of beauty; at length they softened into a murmur, and became altogether absorbed in the breathing of the wind.

"A strain so exquisite, seems rather to belong to heaven—"

"And she is heaven's!" rejoined the priest, "her perishable form still moves upon the earth, but the divine part of her immortality, that pure essence which imparts the faculty of reason to a senseless mass, has long been snatched away."

"The poor Elise, then, is insane?"

"Too true, too true," continued the old man. "her griefs, indeed were far too great for human sufferance. Born in affluence, and bred in the lap of happiness, you my young friend cannot conceive the intensity of grief, and can but idly judge of poor Elise, but still your sympathy may be excited when you learn the village girl is friendless and an orphan,—that her lover was a suicide!"

"A suicide!"

"Too true, too true," the old man hurriedly exclaimed, "but the Almighty God, I trust, will not refuse his mercy to the agonized youth, who had not strength to bear the burthen of his sufferings: he perished by his own hands, and though we know the terrors that are threatened unto such an impious act, it is my trust, it is my prayer, my constant fervent prayer, that Edward's crime may be forgiven,—the Almighty judge may take him to his mercy."

"What cause had the young peasant for so rash, so desperate an action?"

"To answer your question strictly my son, requires the whole of the melancholy tale; you shall hear it, and though your heart has never been appealed to by any recital of such anguish, I trust your sympathy will be awakened, and that your tears will be mingled with those which I am unable to restrain when the remembrance of my unfortunates' recur to my mind. But we will first draw towards Edward's grave, and you shall behold the riven-hearted girl, whose wild and thrilling strains of melody have already excited some degree of interest in your breast."

I followed the old man to a distant portion of the cemetery, and he directed my observation to a female form that appeared resting upon a grave fancifully decorated with various flowers. It was Elise, and she was reposing on the suicide's grave!

"—She leant beneath a tree which flung
A shower of leaves and blossoms o'er her head,
But faded all of them: this made the place
A fitting temple for her; like her joys
The fresh sweet flowers grew far above her reach,
But like her griefs the withered ones were strewed
Beneath her feet, and mingled with her hair,
Her long, dark hair, which swept round like a cloud,
And had no other wreath than those sad leaves.
Her brow was bowed upon a marble urn,
Pale as its cold white pillow; on her cheek
Lingered the grace which beauty ever leaves,
Although herself be gone; her large dark eye
Was as a picture's fixed and motionless,
With only one expression. There are griefs
That hunt, like hounds, our happiness away;
And cares that, ivy-like, fix on our hopes,
But these are nothing—though they waste the heart—
To when one single sorrow, like the rod,
The serpent rod, has swallowed up the rest!

Elise did not perceive our approach, too intent was she upon her melancholy reflections, her large dark eyes were fixed upon the grave, and the thick clusters of her deep brown hair hung carelessly down her neck, undisturbed in the least by the winds; she was dressed in black, and not the least motion of these sombre habiliments was visible, indeed she seemed so statue like, and her fixed and apparently immovable features so strongly encouraged the idea, that the repeated assurance of my companion alone convinced me of her belonging to the living world. I gazed in admiration of so much silent agony, dreadful from its very silence, and of so much beauty.

"Poor child of sorrow," exclaimed I, "those looks of anguish have already claimed my sympathy, I will snatch you from your wanderings, and protect you as a brother."

"Hush," exclaimed the old man, "you will alarm the maiden by those rapturous exclamations."

The minister needed not have claimed my silence, for the melodious tones of Elise again fell upon my ear, as she warbled her wild song:—

"Cold and dark is the cheerless grave,
But flowers in brightness o'er it wave;
Types of the fate of my own true love,
Dark beneath, but bright above;
His dull corse 'neath the hillock lies,
But his spirit lives in the bright blue skies!"

The last notes of the song were breathed in a spirit of thrilling melody, and the girl's eyes brightened as if by inspiration at some newly awakened thought; she started from the grave of her lover, and in a moment was out of sight.

I entreated my kind companion to favour me with the story of the unfortunate lover, which he gave me in almost the following words. "About three years ago, Edward Blanc first came to reside within my district; he had become the purchaser of a thriving farm, and by his exertions and industry, excited a very favourable opinion among his neighbours. Among those by whom his acquaintance was courted, was the father of Elise, who took pleasure in beholding the growing attachment between his young and lovely child, and the industrious Edward. Elise was passionately attached, and Edward was sensible of his happiness, the value of her affections; often have I beheld them wandering through the green lanes, scarce conscious of the existence of any object but themselves, the world worthless in the estimation which they mutually felt. It was, indeed, happiness to gaze upon their felicity, so artless and so holy, and I have been proud, yes I will confess it, I have been proud to point the example of Elise to my erring children, for her instruction was derived from myself; I was her sole preceptor in leading her through the paths of virtue, the immediate cause of stamping that eternal mark of goodness on her heart which will inevitably make her worthy of an habitation among the spirits of the blessed. Pardon me, sir, for this digression, the merits of Elise demand it, and I was her preceptor. Edward was in no respect unworthy of my darling child. I beheld their growing attachment with delight, and in my wild imaginings depicted the holy rapture of their lives, when their hands should be united in the sacred compact, which seemed to promise them a mortal's perpetuity of happiness; but, alas! we behold all things 'through a glass darkly,' the full tide of enjoyment may be stopped in the height of its career, and the heart that bounds with its fulness of felicity, may in-

stantaneously be crushed, its feelings utterly destroyed. I had for some time noticed the change in Edward; his face once all smiles and joyfulness, was now clouded with some secret grief; at length he became abstracted, and almost heedless of his welfare; his breast heaved with its weight of anguish, and every word fell tremulously from his lips; but still Elise clung to his drooping form, and when absorbed in grief, the tears would chase one another rapidly down his cheeks, Elise would be at his side, pressing her white hand to his burning forehead, and with words of consolation endeavour to lead his thoughts to peace and resignation; for woman's love is ever so faithful, so undying, no chance or change is able to direct it from its object, in pains and peril it displays its power, and even unto shame it follows the misguided object,—such is woman's love. Elise acknowledged it in all its depth, its terrible intensity; she never asked the cause of Edward's grief, her sole endeavour was to dissipate it, to dispel the demon that sat brooding upon his mind, and once more to awaken all his thoughts of tenderness. Edward was not insensible to her kindness, for cold indeed must be that heart, which refuses to acknowledge the generous tenderness of woman; he would not make her anguish equal to his own by the revelation of the cause of his altered manners, the same still in their regard for her, in that alone unchanged.

—— He renounced

All projects of ambition, joyed no more,
In pleasures of his age."

But yielding to the weight of his afflictions, he mourned, and the faithful love of Elise alone broke the terror of his thoughts. Thus things remained until one winter's evening, whilst the family of Elise were enjoying the pleasures which their domestic circle afforded, Elise alone disturbed, for the hour had long passed when Edward had promised to come to her, and she remained listless and unhappy, when the door suddenly opened and the lover, pale and breathless, rushed into the room, he sunk into a chair, and hiding his face in his hands, convulsively exclaimed "ruined, ruined, beyond redemption!" The affrighted Elise shrieked in dismay at the dreadful exclamation, and starting from her seat was instantly by her Edward's side, pressing his cold hand to her beating heart, and endeavouring to gain an explanation of such dreadful words. He speedily became ashamed of his situation, and regretted the words that had escaped him, but they were too plainly spoken, and the truth was too apparent.

I will not detain you by a recital of the family distress, let it suffice, Edward was a gambler! With the most refined virtues, and the strictest principles of rectitude and honour, he had suffered this one hated passion to progressively obtain an ascendancy over his mind, and the result was utter ruin. His farm, his stock, and all his possessions were lost, and Edward Blanc, a youth of worth and principle, honoured and respected by his friends, beloved by a maiden of excessive goodness, and with the brightest prospects that could possibly irradiate the path of human existence, became an outcast and a beggar! The father of Elise scorned to unite his child with a gamester, and his neighbours who had loved, now found it necessary to despise him. He came to Paris, misfortune had deadened his feelings, and ruin at length destroyed every principle of rectitude in his heart; he associated with the depraved, and became a villain! None ever new the secret thoughts of Elise, she never spoke of her misguided lover, nor was

his name mentioned in her presence, but still the recollection of his love, lived imperishable, and the very silence of her grief added to its intensity; her heart was breaking, but it was not estranged. Other lovers sought her hand; it could not be that she so lovely and so good, would be without admirers; she listened to their professions with a sigh, but unto no one did she give a cause to hope. One of the admiring throng from mischief, or revenge, at length disclosed the fate of Edward, long known, but carefully concealed from her. He had been detected in a deep laid scheme of villany, and to preserve himself from the hands of justice, became a *suicide*. Each circumstance connected with the fatal event, was now detailed to her, and her reason broke beneath the weight of the affliction; her sorrow became light to what it previously had been, but alas! that noble faculty bestowed upon humanity by the blessed giver of light and life, to render as a minor emblem of himself, was utterly destroyed. In the place of tears, smiles now only pervaded her countenance, but those smiles, how dreadful! Her aged parent, overcome by the distressing state of his beloved Elise, yielded his spirit in these arms. "My child, my child!" exclaimed he, as the last breath of life quivered upon his white lips, and his eyes were imploringly directed towards me. "Be comforted, I will protect your child!" I rejoined. He pressed my hand with grateful fervour, and in that instant was mingled with the spirits of those who have once been. I was faithful to my promise, I have protected the girl, I regard her as my own child, alas! she will not long need an earthly protector; all human skill is unavailing, and I dread each moment may prove her last, that the frail and fragile tie which binds her to mortality will sever. I allow her to visit her lover's grave, for then she seems more composed, and it would be cruel to endeavour to draw off her regard when her course of life approaches so rapidly to its fulfilment!"

My companion thus concluded his narrative, broken at intervals by his tears, and throughout delivered with that pious feeling and emotion, which characterize the christian and the man.—Having purposed staying some days with my venerable friend, I had opportunities of beholding the beautiful Elise; an indifferent observer would scarcely have perceived the distressing affliction under which she suffered, her observations were so limited, and made in such a low and mournful tone; it was only when conversation was forced upon the forlorn girl that she betrayed the melancholy truth.

"Will you go England with me Elise?" I inquired of her one day when she appeared in a sorrowing mood.

"To England!" exclaimed she, "they tell me, there the women all are beautiful and good, the land of the free, where all must be made *happy*."

"And Elise too, shall enjoy that happiness."

"No," rejoined she, in a voice of mournful decision, "that has passed from me; it was my lot to live in other lands, and the cup destined for my lips through life, was ever to be filled at the fountain of sorrow."

"And you never expect to be happy Elise?"

"I am happy," exclaimed she, "for I am resigned!" She paused for a moment, and glancing her eyes upon the piano by her side, she ran her fingers over the keys in a wild manner, and accompanied the following air.

Happiness, happiness, 'tis a thought,
With a gush of rapture fraught,
But bliss is like the gaudy flower
That brightly beams in beauty's bower;

Lovely in its graceful form,
But its bosom bears a thorn,
And quickly it dies in its loveliness;
Alas, and so does happiness!
Happiness! Ah, 'tis the breath of a wind,
That goes, and leaves no trace behind;
A meteor's flash, a passing sigh,
A wreath that blossoms but to die;
A dream that cheers the throbbing heart,
And spreads a life in every part;
Too soon it loses its lovely dress,
Like that, like that, is happiness!

One morning Elise was missing from the breakfast-table, the previous evening she had spoken little, and it was evident that her existence was drawing rapidly to its termination; she had joined, however, in the evening service with the most fervent devotion, and was heard at intervals in the night, singing hymns to the Virgin. The priest became anxious respecting his interesting charge, and expressed his intention of proceeding to the cemetery in pursuit of her; I proposed accompanying him, and we set off together. As had been conjectured, Elise was engaged in her usual occupation of plucking the weeds which grew among the flowers upon her lover's grave; her efforts, however, were weak and languid, and as she raised her face upon the noise of our approaching footsteps, there was a deadly hue visible upon her cheeks, and her eyes seemed rapidly sinking into the dimness of eternal night. She endeavoured to rise from her situation, but her efforts were ineffectual, and she sunk motionless upon the green grass of the *suicide's grave*!

I instantly left the spot in order to procure a carriage to convey the dying girl to her home, and when I returned, she was supported in the arms of the priest; we placed her in the vehicle, and she reclined her head upon the breast of the good old man; upon our arrival at the house, however, we found that the poor girl had resigned her spirit to the heaven from whence it proceeded; that having surmounted the pains of mortality, she had winged her flight to the other and better world, where the spirits of the good are made happy, in the enjoyment of perpetual bliss!

"I will not mourn thee, girl, Oh no!

As one whose hope is quenched for aye;
The tears unceasing shall not flow,

Which earth nor heaven can wipe away;
Rather from realms of cloudless day,

A light shall pierce the circling gloom,
To cheer us on our weary way,

To guide the wanderer to his home;
A home where all that grieved before,

Is known—or is deplored—no more!" *.*

THE THREE REGICIDES.

The Baron R. de D., accompanied by two of his particular friends, rambled over Switzerland, in the year 1792. Returning thence, they stopped for the night in a town where the most distinguished *Hotel* appeared to them in such a shabby state, that they would willingly have proceeded onwards, if the weather had been less stormy. However the travellers insisted upon occupying their carriage, in preference to the *best room*, which was ceremoniously offered to them; for the house, and the grim visages of its inhabitants, strongly recalled to their recol-

lection those petty inns in Poland to which the Jews resort. They therefore made up their minds to submit to all the inconveniences of the carriage, and passed some time in conversing on the political state of Europe, in spite of the lightning's glare, and the growling thunder.

It was at this period, that the assassination of the King of Sweden took place; and the conspiracy of Counts Horn and Ribbing, with whom the Baron was acquainted, occupied their minds, till wearied nature sunk them to repose. At five o'clock in the morning, according to order, the postillion announced that the horses were harnessed; and, after having paid the host very exorbitantly for the permission to sleep outside the house, the Baron and one of his comrades settled themselves snugly in the corners of the carriage, while the third party, who was more watchful, and full of fun and good humour, joked with the landlord and servants. And now being in a full vein of humour, upon the landlord's bringing out a book and asking their names, he resolved to enjoy this propensity to the utmost. The landlord asked "Whom he had had the honour to accommodate with lodgings?"—"How can our names at all interest you?"—"Not me, honored sir, but the police."—"Well! make your report in this fashion; the postillion is called Christopher; the horse to the left is Achilles, and that to the right is Mirza."—"You are joking, honored sir; but you very well know that we inn-keepers must be obedient to the laws. I ought to carry in your names on my book of arrivals, at seven o'clock precisely."—"Let me consider—it is now only five o'clock, at seven, by going at a round pace, we shall be four leagues in advance; that will be as good as if we were at the world's end; will it not, landlord?"—"At least, no one from hence could overtake you; our's are only poor sorry backs, and you have indeed fine horses—with such I could travel over a hundred miles of ground in *half an hour*,* therefore pray do tell me, your much honored names?"—"Do you ever read the newspapers, landlord?"—"Oh, yes! of a Sunday I receive my little precious *pacquet*; it is my sole recreation!"—"Well, then, on Sunday next you will read some very interesting particulars, hearken,—a *great King has been shot at and killed*!"—"What are you talking of?"—"Yes; the King of Sweden."—"In a battle was it?"—"No, at a masked ball."—"What; assassinated in such a place as that?"—"Just so. We are but now from Stockholm. The night before our departure, we were at this frightful masquerade, and we saw the King carried out, and his assassins seized."—"Poor king! are his murderers known?"—"We came away too soon to learn their names; but the whole story of the assassination will undoubtedly be put in all the newspapers."—"I shall hardly be able to wait till Sunday."—"Amuse yourself, then, with the account of this regicide; such things are not read of every day. Adieu, Mr. Landlord."—"But, before you go, pray do tell me your much honored names?"—"Count Horn, Count Ribbing, and Baron Ankerstrom; this latter, is myself."—"Horn, Ribbing, Ankerstrom. Now, you may go, and the grace of God be with you."—Without reply to the thanks, prayers, and compliments of the host, the Baron commanded the postillion to put his horses to their utmost speed.

The two dosers, who had listened to nearly all the conversation with the landlord, now uttered some warm re-

proaches upon the mention of the conspirator's names, and the making free with such an awful event; while the jester, burst into a violent fit of laughter, at thinking of the confusion and bustle that their arrival would cause when the landlord's book should be handed up to the police magistrate of this imperial town.

In fact, he was not deceived; for the burgomaster, who was also at the head of the police, could not believe his eyes, when he read the names of Horn, Ribbing, and Ankerstrom; and starting with affright, he treated the poor landlord with the utmost severity, for not having brought him till two hours after their departure the list of arrivals. He soon set the little town in alarm with the news: "that the assassins of the King of Sweden had passed the night there." The Recorder, who was a very skilful horseman, instantly mounted his best courser, and set off in pursuit of the fugitives. A domestic followed at a rate that nearly cost the lives of both man and horse; and it never once entered their imaginations, that the regicides would in reality rather have kept their names concealed, than to have publicly declared them. But zeal sometimes blinds wisdom; no wonder, then, that darkness should reign over the administration of this little insignificant town.

Having so greatly the advantage in hours and horses, the regicides would with difficulty have been overtaken, if an accident had not happened to their carriage. One of the wheels had broken, and they were forced to stop two hours to repair it, at a village not more than a mile from the place of their last night's rest. This delay was fatal to the run-aways: as they were about to re-enter the carriage, the recorder of the town came in breathless haste, to arrest them in the name of the wise magistrate of —, and accordingly pronounced them his prisoners.

In order to make the joke complete, the pretended regicides offered watches, purses, and in fact every thing they possessed, in order to continue their route. But these were vain and idle temptations! The recorder, faithful to his duty, and inebriated with joy at having made so good a capture, put them under the special guard of the farrier, where they had alighted; and assembling all the gossips of the village, he required their assistance to convey the three gentlemen suspected of the murder of the King of Sweden back again to the town.

At this account all the villagers assembled, and the little cortège was soon in motion. The recorder marched at the head, and by his side the principal men of the village, surrounded by a mob of curious gazers who attracted, as by the loadstone, followed the carriage, wherein the three merry regicides were seated; who, when not observed, gave way to their inclination for laughter.

Great indeed was the noise created in this little town by the departure of the recorder, and his return with the assassins of Gustavus; every body was in motion, but they were soon again restored to tranquility, for a good joke never ought to be pushed too far. The travellers being impatient to throw off their assumed characters, commanded, in an authoritative tone, that the burgomaster should speak to them in the carriage. They then threatened to lodge a complaint of his conduct with the Imperial diet; so that it might be thoroughly understood, what indignities they had shewn to men of their consequence; and to those verbal menaces they added a sight of their passports, which had been examined by the ambassador of — at Stutgard, in which the Baron de R— was described as Baron Ankerstrom, counsellor of the court; the Counts

* We presume the landlord's "*half-hour*" is equivalent to the expression "*twinkling of an eye*."

Horn and Ribbing, with several other names, as chamberlains of the Electoral Prince of D—.

The burgomaster retired in chagrin with his nose a foot shorter. The recorder took to his bed to conceal his agitation, and the populace loudly testified their displeasure on finding that the three strangers were not really *King killers*.

OF NAPLES.—IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Image to yourself, my dear friend, the principal town of one of the most beautiful countries in the world, placed so conveniently on the borders of a fine gulf, that the inhabitants appear to have the heavens under their feet. The clearness of the atmosphere, the azure of the celestial vault, the pure waters and the busy-stirring scene on the shore, with Vesuvius towering proudly over all, adds to the charming impressions which the traveller receives, and he comprehends at once a new life of tranquillity and delight.

The remembrance of Greece cannot fail to occupy the mind on a first arrival at Naples, but the beautiful locality soon obliterates every other idea. The Neapolitans astonish people no less than their country; a race of Numidians seems to be transplanted here, betraying the same character, at once savage and ardent. The wind of Africa respired upon these shores, bears along with it a complexion which astonishes the Europeans. The mind retrogrades for an instant before this novel spectacle; it retraces the infant state of society, and represents man in his savage nature, expressing his wants in badly articulated sounds, with instinct for his sole guide. Their men are strong and handsome, but the women mean and ugly; fatigue and misery having apparently destroyed their charms, for though the expense of housekeeping is but trifling in Naples, the penury that reigns there is painful in the extreme. The people no longer wear the semblance of Tuscans, who, though niggardly, were always well clothed; neither of Romans, who, though suffering, bled nobly; but they exhibit half-clothed adults, whose naked children encumber the streets, lying under the horses' feet, and impeding their progress. Their shops are small and without windows, where there is no ventilation except by the doorway, and here the tradesmen *sleep*; their waking moments are passed in the streets; it is *there* they dine, they work, and even offer the disgusting spectacle of *making their toilette* in public. The populace of Naples, in fact, is always ready to ask alms where they think to receive it, and to submit to blows and ill-usage at other times, uttering their complaints in a language that is no longer Italian: they beat their children unmercifully, and nothing is to be heard around but blows and cries of pain.

During the summer season there is an abundance of fruit and iced drinks to be had here, and melons and oranges are sold at a thousand hands. The sailors sleep on the banks of the sea, and by that means keep the town quiet from noon till four o'clock. At night the carriages and company repair to the public promenades; the great street called the Toledo, where in the morning they sell fish and other merchandize in the midst of an insurmountable noise, serves at night as the rendezvous of Neapolitan society; this street leads to the Villa-real, a charming place on the borders of the sea and facing Vesuvius.

Naples is not a fine town, and only obtains respectability by being situated in Italy. The antiquities of Pompeii are to be obtained here with a facility not to be met with in

Rome, and the details of domestic life, of the shopkeepers and artisans, and even of the petty innkeeper, are here generally known. This city of solitude and ashes causes a most extraordinary and mournful impression; but these mementoes of the vulgar take off all the fascination from antiquarian research.

Boats silently cross the waters of the Bay, which is covered with the entertainments and the ships of Rome. It was near this place that Agrippina was killed; the scene of this murder has been painted by Tacitus in so perspicuous a light, that the imagination recalls it in all its colouring. The past days of the Romans at Naples were not glorious; they are become enervated and corrupted in Campania. The temples of Pestum were the works of Greece. Near Naples are also to be found places that were consecrated by the true believers; the lake of Avernus, the entrance to hell, and the Elysian fields. Cumæa was there; founded at the end of the Trojan war, and the most ancient of all the Italian cities, exhibits now but a few ruins amongst the shrubs and plants which have again assumed possession of the soil. In presence of relics of such high antiquity, Rome recurs to our recollection with an air of youthfulness, and we salute with respect those old traces of Greece and of Pythagoras. Neither let us forget Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso. The setting sun is an object of observation to all travellers: this glorious luminary disappearing amidst the embraces of the sea, reminds one of the Olympian territory—a territory which always appears more beautiful the oftener it is contemplated, and which when lost to view, rises with greater magnificence on the memory. The Italian, however, feels other sensations; he attaches himself to its beauties, he is accustomed to them, and if he quits his country he regrets it, recalling to his memory the charms he has left, as we recall the remembrance of beings whom we love, and he is carried back thither by virtue of those necessities his absence has produced.

After having seen all these wonders, shall we speak of the government? It seems as if the real king of Naples was the sun; nevertheless, no city possesses more of the influence of climate and political institutions than this does. The sky forms the happiness of its inhabitants, but the constituted authorities have for eight centuries undermined the land. No country in Europe has been more favoured by God, and more hardly treated by men, than Naples. After some years of trouble, the Neapolitans have passed in turn through four races of strangers without the intervention of one original Neapolitan reigning over them. It seems that in Nations, as in individuals, Fate takes a delight in abasing those whom Nature has most favoured. Spain imposed on them a terrible and protracted dominion, for she scourges whatever state she governs. A singular power is that of Spain, which, founded on the address of a few men and its physical strength, has ruined the liberty of the interior; imposed the yoke of tyranny on the consciences as well as the understandings; gained a world by chance; and governed by fanaticism to attain in fact a renown as barren and as bloody as superstition can make it.

The most meritorious men have left Naples; that is Filangieri, Galanti, and Vico, before all, and superior to all others. Knowledge has little spread here, and the kingdom of Naples is even less enlightened than the other states; it is remarkable, however, that in the course of forty years, two national revolutions have occurred there. At Rome, the students are successfully occupied with the oriental languages, as well as the Greek and Latin; but at Naples

they live in idleness, and the libraries of the students are not completed, neither do they possess the common publications of the day. There are some few men remarkable for their knowledge of sciences and letters. The abbé Janelli has printed some works that are not without merit, and the Duke de Ventignano has written several successful tragedies; amongst these is the *Medea*, of which the Italians condemn the style, but in which the character and passion of *Medea* are admirably traced.

The French government was very useful to Naples, and is better thought of there, than in any other part of Italy. The legislature, the taxes, the organization of parishes, are such as the French established. They have introduced a degree of delicacy into their manners, by which means they have partly qualified their African character.

It is not by seeing Naples and Campania that a judgment of the kingdom must be formed. Every province has a peculiar character, and differs in manners, culture, and aspect. The Calabrians are rude in their behaviour, but what is said of their piratical habits is greatly exaggerated. If the political and judicial organization of this province was known, and also its physical nature, it would be a subject of astonishment not only that crime was committed there, but that it was not carried to greater extent. The Calabrians exercise the patriarchal hospitality of ancient times; you may see there the father of a family surrounded by fifteen or sixteen children. At the present epoch a great many talented men are scattered about the country, whom the last political storms drove from their employments in the magistracy, or the army; and who are now living retired in the villages under the eyes of the police, and almost without the means of existence. The Calabrians are an unpolished people as well as the Sicilians, and it is a singular fact that this tardiness occurs in most of the provinces situated at the extremity of the Peninsula! Their insular capacity has separated them from Italy and made them a distinct country.

Mr. Didier of Geneva, who has minutely inspected the Italian states, and who has made the perilous voyage from Calabria to Sicily, ought to favour the world with a work descriptive of the Geology of Italy, their manners, and the simple and pastoral life of this too calumniated people. He would shew the Italian nation to be in a more healthy state than is generally believed.

In effect, in travelling through Italy, from Milan to Florence, Rome, and Naples, however discouraging the aspect of things may be in some respects, the people are laborious and the soil is well cultivated. The peasants of Sicily are neither so happy nor so intelligent as those of the north of Italy, but they have great energies. The Roman state, so badly cultivated in the centre, is composed, in the marsh of Anconia and in Romania, of a rich and industrious population; so that in Italy the class of peasants and the middle ranks are the real basis of society. By these means she ranks above Russia and Spain, while by her learning and her writings she equals the most enlightened nations of the world. If Fate should re-unite them in after-times, as every thing seems to announce, she will become once more the most enlightened and the most powerful nation in the world, as she is now the most beautiful.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

SIR—Some account of the Convents existing in the sixteenth century may not be uninteresting to a portion of your readers, for which reason I beg you to make use of

some historical records, which have fallen under my observation in searching amongst the old musty volumes in the dilapidated library of an aged relative, to whose hereditaments I have succeeded. In the course of my literary researches, should I meet with any thing else worthy of your pages, I shall be happy to contribute my quota of amusement to the readers of your magazines, and am, Sir,

Your's, &c. C. S.

ON FEMALE CONVENTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The reformation introduced by Saint Theresa did not give the Carmalites an enviable repose, although the Monks of the order enjoyed privileges from which these saintly females were excluded, and whose austerities, according to their judgment, were capable of vanquishing all the demons in the calendar. Some of the poor devoted monastics were condemned to sleep but for one hour; others to sleep in an upright position; some lay with their limbs extended on bundles of thorns; others took their rest on bars of iron; some made their beds of piles of briars and thistles, of pieces of wood, heaps of stones, and of ice or snow. The Carmalites could not long support such an excess of cruelty exercised against their bodies, of which when dying, they asked pardon for subjecting to such ill treatment, according to the example of the blessed Peter Alcantara (examiner), who wore an iron-plated shirt. The women were still more refined in their superstitious exercises than the men. These were not the only mortifications that the Carmalites imposed upon themselves for the salvation of their souls; some of them confined themselves to the strict regimen of eating only one ounce of bread per day, and to drink only of vinegar, in imitation of Jesus on the cross; and some of them made use of those iron-plated garments, having three rows of teeth made in fashion like spurs.

This was the discipline of all the cloisters and of all orders. Flagellation is known to have existed from the earliest times of the church. The following is the relation of a nocturnal scene voluntarily and constantly practised in the convent of Pontivraut.

An hour after midnight, when the clock struck, all the nuns left their cells, in spite of the most intense cold. As they always slept in their dresses, they were not long in getting ready, and in gliding like shadows along the corridors, pierced by the icy north wind. They then repaired to the chapel, the choir standing in silence and obscurity; the relics on the altar covered with a veil, and some few lamps burning in the gloom of the arched vaults. On the outside of the building was to be heard the cries of the various night-birds, the rustling of the cypresses in the burial ground, and the rain and the wind. The soul should have been in this scene wonderfully disposed to prayer; but all these spouses of the Deity came with slow steps, murmuring psalms and counting their beads; or tying knots in the cords, discoloured with their blood, which was looked upon as the sign of most sincere devotion.

The doctrine of the Evangelist "*watch and pray*," was recited in a low tone and in gloomy thoughtfulness. Then suddenly the Abbess, calling upon heaven to witness the discipline she exacted, cried out in a mournful voice, "Thus our penitences commence!" frequently giving directions for the garments of the poor sufferers to be removed, in order to their bodies receiving a greater portion of castigation. The lights were suddenly extinguished as if by

magic, and in the nave of the church arose a low and measured sound accompanying the voice of the superior, and the cries and wailings of the sufferers. "Chear up and be quiet! a few more stripes! break with thy blows the chain of the seven mortal sins, luxury not excepted! Paradise will owe, a hundred times over, its blessings, for the bodily pains you suffer now! every stroke redeems a soul or two from purgatory, for according as it is well given, it shall be well received."

This severe discipline did not fail to be exercised upon their torn and bleeding flesh until exhaustion put a finish to it; and often has a ray of the moon, coloured by the painted windows and its shaded cornices, fallen mysteriously on the victims, rendered palid by their own inflictions; stifling their sobs, and hiding their tears, until they returned to seek in their solitary cells a sleep without charms, without repose, without forgetfulness!

The *in-pace* is a frightful punishment, taken from those inflicted on the vestal virgins of the Romans, who were buried alive for suffering the fires of their goddess to go out. The *in-pace* was a small suffocating cavern, without any outlet than the opening formed at the top like the mouth of a well. There the guilty nun was condemned to die of hunger if she transgressed and broke her virgin vow. This barbarity was principally employed in Spain and Italy.

The preparations for this horrible ceremony were of a character well calculated to deaden human passions, however ardent they might be in despite of iron and hair cloth. By this mean the culpable were condemned to death without bloodshedding, of which the holy Catholics say they have a horror. The patient passed here through all the horrors of an anticipated hell; she was degraded from her sacred office in presence of the holy sacrament, and the fraternity at their orisons; this was followed by the burial service, during which the condemned, naked down to the waist and covered with a sheet, heard prayers put up for her soul, as if she had been already amongst the dead. The interment took place with great pomp, all the religious walking in double files, the hood drawn over their eyes, the tapers and censers extinct, and the cross reversed; the criminal being carried on a bier in the midst of the chaunt of the Litanies, and *de profundis* to her tomb. Having to descend there a living victim, the poor wretch was compelled to kiss the sacred chalice, and be anointed with holy water. It was in this way that she was sent to eternal peace, *in pace*! She arrived there by means of cords, which lowered the subject to the bottom of that darksome grave, the entrance to which was then closed up as securely as if it was the prison of Ugolino.

A TALE OF THE PERCY FAMILY; OR, THE WHITE COLONY IN THE NORTH OF AFRICA.

In some of the vallies of Mount Atlas, there has for centuries existed a colony of white people, which seems to afford strong reason for supposing that the colour of man does not depend so much on the climate in which he lives, as on the source whence he draws his origin. The following is an interesting account of the origin of the above colony.

About the year 1376, two noblemen, who lived in the county of Sussex, determined by intermarrying their two eldest children, to cement still more closely the friendship, that had for years subsisted between them.

Henry Percy, the son of one of these noblemen, had then attained his sixteenth year; and Emma Mortimer, the daughter of the other, was about the age of twelve.

In a few years after this period, the marriage actually took place, and was celebrated with all the splendour of true English hospitality. But, before the youthful couple had ascended the couch of state, on which, according to the usage of those times, they were to receive the congratulations of their guests and friends, a message arrived from King Richard, summoning Percy and his son to take up arms, and join the Royal army against Wat Tyler and his rebellious bands. This unseasonable message was attended by no less fatal than instantaneous consequences. Mortimer declared himself in favor of Wat Tyler, intrusted the lovely bride to the care of his sister, and took the field with a brave and numerous train, to assist in defending the cause to which he had devoted himself. This variance in their political opinions soon changed a long standing friendship into enmity and bitter hatred; and as old Mortimer had renounced his former faith, and become a convert to the doctrine of Wickliffe, the elder Percy sent him word that he would not allow his son to hold any communication with heretics. The bridegroom dreaded openly to display the grief which this unexpected separation from his beloved Emma caused him, lest his father should resort to violent measures, in order to have the marriage annulled. He, besides, built much on the circumstance, that both himself and his bride were in the very bloom of youth; and hence entertained great hopes, that futurity would ultimately crown their love with success and happiness.

Fighting by the side of his king, he was severely wounded; and which, joined to the sad state of his mind, so enfeebled his health and constitution, that the physicians became uneasy for his life, and recommended a sea voyage as the most likely means of promoting his recovery. Henry determined to follow their advice, and go to Spain, in which country his mother had a great many relations still living, to whom he had long wished to pay a visit. Already had he gained sight of the land, whither he was sailing, when a horrible storm arose, and drove him again far out to sea. The next day the ship was wrecked on one of the Madeira Islands, off the north-western coast of Africa. With a most terrible shock the vessel struck upon the rocks; a hollow cry of terror was heard from the ship's crew; and from that moment Henry Percy could not recollect a single circumstance, except that he once opened his eyes for an instant, and had a dim sight of his dog, named Royal, seizing him by the hair, and dragging him towards the shore.

He did not know how long he continued in this state of insensibility, but awoke at last by the exertions of his faithful animal to restore him to life. Faintly he raised his eyes, and saw a branch covered with oranges, which hung close over his head. Having with much difficulty drawn the branch to him, he sucked some of the fruit, and felt wonderfully refreshed and strengthened. He then rose, and with anxious looks tried to explore the surrounding country. The day had just begun to dawn; the storm was laid, and was now discernable only in its sad consequences; but all around there was no living being to be seen, except himself and his faithful dog. They seemed to be all that fate had saved from the wreck. Percy's first object was to secure several articles, which the sea had washed on shore, and in the performance of this perilous task, his saga-

cious dog, on whom his master had, for the purpose, fastened a yoke, proved a powerful assistance, by dragging them to a place of safety. Thus he saved a chest full of iron ware, a box filled with linen, a number of boards, and some fire-arms; even the box that contained his clothes, a cask of wine, and many useful pieces of furniture, which had escaped the fury of the waves, were recovered.

In these occupations several days were spent; and during this time he passed the nights without any other roof, or shelter, than what was afforded by a very thick grove, into which he cut an opening with his sword. But he now began to think seriously of constructing for himself some more substantial dwelling. For this purpose he chose a vast tree, with large branches, and surrounded by other smaller trees. The latter he joined by nailing boards to their trunks, and formed a roof by platting together the overhanging branches, and then covering them with the broad leaves of the tulip tree, over the whole of which he spread a large sheet of canvass, so as to render it impenetrable to the most violent and continued rain; the interior he decorated with printed linen hangings, and thus provided himself with a very tenable hut. By means of bolsters of dried leaves, he made himself a very comfortable couch, before which his trusty dog kept watch, and would have torn in pieces any person who had ventured to assail the life of his dear master.

At first Henry Percy had nearly fallen a prey to the deep melancholy into which the continual musing on his misfortunes had sunk him, had not the constant activity which his destitute situation imperiously demanded, served by degrees to cheer and encourage his drooping spirits.

He was obliged to plant and to sow, to reap and to store up provisions against the rainy season, and thus he had little time left for saddening reflections. The fidelity and attachment of his fourfooted companion helped also to shorten many a tedious hour.

Two entire years had he now completed in this dreary solitude, when a terrible tempest threw the sea into the wildest commotion, and causing even the roaring of the waves to be heard in his retired hut, kept him the whole night awake on his couch.

Heaven have mercy! said he to himself, on the unfortunate beings that have during the storm been exposed to the fury of the faithless elements. As soon as the morn, which was clear and serene, began to dawn, he rose and went towards the shore, when the incessant barking of his dog attracted his attention. He immediately hastened towards the place, whence the noise proceeded, and found his trusty animal lying on the ground stretched by the side of a human being.

Percy cordially pitied the unfortunate victim; but at the same time could not help considering him happy in having by death escaped years of protracted misery. As he approached and felt the body, he thought he perceived symptoms of returning animation. He therefore used his utmost endeavours to restore departing life to the young sailor; but what was his astonishment, his joy, when he made the discovery that the supposed young sailor was a female! Yet he little imagined the height of bliss that awaited him. Hitherto he had scarcely noticed the countenance of her whom he had saved; but when, after a deep and long extended sigh she opened her lovely eyes, and that he had removed from her fair brow the long floating hair, which had concealed her features from his sight, then he recognised his long lost Emma Mortimer; yes, he could

no longer doubt that it was his truly beloved wife. He concealed however, his transports, fearing lest the sudden joy might be productive of dangerous consequences to his dear Emma.

"Where am I?" asked Emma in a feeble voice, as soon as she recovered her consciousness, and had taken a hasty view of the surrounding objects.

"Safe, in the arms of a friend," replied Percy, clasping her affectionately in his arms.

"Who are you, stranger?" exclaimed she, with amazement, and surveying Henry from head to foot, without however being able to discover who he was,—indeed his long and thick grown beard, rendered it next to impossible to recognize him.

"Who are you, that call yourself my friend? I know you not."

"Can Emma Mortimer have really so soon forgotten her best friend?" asked Henry, greatly affected, "Does not your heart tell you who I am?" "O Heaven! Can it be possible?" was uttered with the most rapturous emotion by Emma? "Are you indeed my Henry?" "Yes I am," replied he, in the height of his joy, and pressed her with the most blissful sensations to his faithful heart. Long they continued speechless, and clasped in each others arms, till at length Percy asked her, by what extraordinary events she had been restored to his longing bosom. She then told him, that in one of the many battles that were fought during the civil commotions, her father lost his life. Her aunt having in vain exhausted every argument to persuade her to marry, determined at last to use force for this purpose. "In order to execute her design with greater certainty," I was," said Emma, "to accompany her to a castle in a distant part of the country, whither the young Audley, whom she had selected for my husband, was to follow us."

"Audley!" exclaimed Percy, who knew the former well. "And how could you refuse your hand to one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the country?" "Because I loved only you, my dear Percy, it was not merely my vow, it was my whole soul that bound me to you. Never, never could I bring myself to feel the least affection for any other man."

Here Percy interrupted her by the most endearing caresses, and by every token of heartfelt gratitude, upon which Emma continued, "Your nurse having learned from a confidential servant of Audley's, the cruel intention of my aunt, undertook a long journey to give me this information."

"She brought with her a suit of her son's clothes, in which disguise, I went by her direction on board a vessel, bound to a distant country, where a relation of hers was to receive me, but our vessel was stopped in its course, and all hands were pressed on board a King's ship. It is in vain for me to attempt a description of what I had then to suffer. Our ship having lately been commissioned to convoy some merchant vessels to Italy, we were overtaken by this dreadful tempest, and wrecked on the rocks that surround this groupe of islands, and it would seem that through some wonderful interposition of providence I alone, of the many exposed to this awful calamity, have been saved!"

On this island Henry and Emma lived many years happy and contented, though separated from the rest of the world. At last two canoes from Morocco touched at the Island; the crews landed, discovered Percy's habitation, plundered it, and carried away himself, his wife and his two children. But after landing in Africa, they had the good fortune to escape from their oppressors, and arrived

with both their children in those mountainous districts, in which there still exists a numerous white colony descended from them. As the Moors were too indolent to ascend those heights, Henry and Emma lived undisturbed in this fine and fertile country, which yielded an abundance of all the necessaries of life. The white people of this colony, betray even to the present day their European origin, not only in their form and countenance, but also in their valour, hospitality, and generous disposition; and amongst them are also to be found numerous vestiges of the most refined morals, customs, and sentiments.—GUSTAV SELLEN.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

[In his fourth very able and highly-interesting Lecture on vocal music, delivered at the Russell Institution, January 18, Mr. Phillips having entered into a clever disquisition upon the *Irish Melodies*, it is hoped that the following observations, originating in a re-perusal of the work, will not, like many better articles, be voted *out of date*.]

Perhaps no Poet of ancient or modern times ever attained so high a degree of popularity as the celebrated MOORE. The charm of every circle in which even a common feeling for the productions of the muse is cultivated, his *Melodies* are as familiar to the ear, as the currency of the realm is to the eye. Linked as they are with the wildly sweet and beautiful airs of the Sister Island, it is impossible to listen to them without being borne away by a tide of pensive emotions. Even the lighter productions create a luxuriant melancholy, for as the Poet accurately observes to Sir John Stevenson, in alluding to the music of his countrymen, "In their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third, or flat seventh, which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting." And again, in apostrophising the harp, he marks this prevailing trait,

"But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness
That ev'n in thy mirth, it will steal from thee still."

In his eloquent letter upon Music, addressed to the highly gifted MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL (prefixed to the 3d No.), he suggests a cause for this characteristic in the following passage:—"Perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly, to the body, *decantare loca dolentia*."

The Poet's remarks upon the features of his *national* music are so apparently just in this bearing, and, at the same time, form so perfect a paraphrase of the Irish spirit, that we cannot forbear transcribing them from the same source.

"It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our History. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the rest,—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperature, to shake off, or forget the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and

there are many airs which I think it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable."

Although teeming with the most exquisite melodies which, like the chords of its own sweet harp, breathed a spell of fascination upon every ear, the national music of Ireland lay buried beneath the mass of uncouth rhymes and *cannaille* subjects with which it was too frequently connected, and while its enchanting *sentiment* opened every avenue to the heart, and poured a flood of harmony upon the ear, it was to be regretted that the words were so little calculated to verify the impression. That there were beautiful and spirited exceptions, it is true, but, comparatively speaking, those were so scarce, as to resemble the few cultivated flowers blooming in a waste and deserted garden—emblems of its former sweetness and glory. It is not, however, intended to assert, that what may be termed the *native* poetry of Ireland, as contained in the simple ballads of the peasantry, was deficient in rich or touching imagery; the inborn eloquence of the people—their fervour and enthusiasm—their strong poetical perceptions and romantic character would deny the position, but the music was of too high a cast—too redolently sweet to be wedded, as in many instances it was, to the loose, illiterate, and unpolished effusions of a rambling and "unlettered muse." It demanded a more suitable alliance, and to collect the genuine airs of the country and unite them with lyrical stanzas worthy of their intrinsic excellence was the province of the *Poet* alone.

As a work of *national* interest, a rare bequest to posterity, and an imperishable memorial of the genius of a land which has produced some of the most brilliant lights of the age, it called for the exercise of the most splendid abilities, and, unquestionably, no more appropriate or gratifying task could have been presented to the *native* bard, than that of wreathing his laurels round the lyre of his country, and adding to her reputation, while he flung another beam of lustre upon his own. Feeling as an Irishman, he was better able than another to enter into the very soul of his undertaking; *English* musings would have fallen coldly from an *Irish* harp, but every proud and pensive strain that burst and died upon *his* ear must have awakened corresponding emotions in his bosom, and created that sense of enthusiasm without which even the works of talent—the breathings of the Poet, and the productions of the Painter, are artificial and inanimate. For the *amorpatriæ* which, like a vein of pure gold, is diffused through the whole of his compositions, there can be no one so cold, or so servile, as to sneer at or reprove him; on the contrary, it imparts a sterling value to his strains, and, to speak metaphorically, while we admire the superb tracery on the vessel, we cannot help estimating the rare metal of which it is composed. His sentiments may be fairly conceived from those highly expressive lines commencing,

"Dear harp of my country in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
When proudly my own Island harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

To qualify what might have otherwise been deemed a vain-glorious assertion, the Poet beautifully terminates:—

"If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own."

Nothing can be more exquisite than the sentiment of these lines; replete with the pure impulse of patriotism, they may be received as the index of that deep gratification with which he dwelt upon his task and pursued it to the end. The patriotic and martial effusions with which he has enriched the "*Melodies*," teem with the strongest emotion; alternately breathing the strains of despondency and grief, and the impetuous aspirations of triumph and anticipation; but throughout preserving the same deep and fervid enthusiasm—the same inviolable attachment to his native soil. Of these we may cite "*Erin the tear and the smile in thine eyes*"—" *Rich and rare were the gems she wore*"—" *Let Erin remember the days of old*"—" *Oh! blame not the bard*"—" *The Prince's day*"—" *Dear harp of my country*"—" *Remember thee! yea, while there's life in this heart*," &c. &c. as perfect specimens of national pride and tenderness. The propriety or impropriety of his political opinions it is not our intention to canvass, as our pages must be sealed against the intrusion of every thing relating to the feverish debates of kingdoms and the contentions of party spirit.

In his lighter pieces there is a felicitous intermixture of wit and fancy and allegorical colour; a revelry of idea pervades the whole, and however varied the sentiments may be, the diction and imagery are always correct and appropriate. That Genius, wasting its divine essence in the worst of causes, should ever enlist itself beneath the gorgeous banners of vice, and burn incense on the polluted shrine of infamy, is a stain and a perversion that cannot be too bitterly regretted; but that laxity of *morale* which is to be censured so severely in too many of MOORE's works, is not as discernible in the melodies; a purifying influence appears, in a great measure, to have preserved them from the veiled corruptions which, it is to be lamented, have not only cast a blight upon the majority of his productions, but a tarnish upon his muse. His more serious and pathetic pieces are fraught with a delicacy of sentiment, a tone of deep and chastened tenderness, a feeling of beautiful regret, which strikes at once upon the heart. This is particularly illustrated in "*Go where glory waits thee*"—" *'Tis the last rose of summer*"—" *On Music*"—" *The meeting of the waters*"—" *It is not the tear at this moment shed*"—" *I saw thy form in youthful prime*"—" *Whene'er I see those smiling eyes*"—and, perhaps the most exquisite of all, "*She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps*."* There is something in these which, like the mysterious murmur of an Æolian lyre or the shadowy splendour of a summer twilight, wraps us in a kind of dreamy reverie, and flings over us the spell of a sweet but overpowering melancholy. The wild and romantic traditions which, in some instances, supply the material of his pieces, are exquisitely translated. Freed from the dross of vulgarism, they acquire a standard value, and bearing the *mint-mark* of his splendid genius, the bullion passes forth into currency and estimation. Of these we may quote "*The song of Finnuala*"—" *By that lake whose gloomy shore*"—" *O'Donohue's mistress*," &c. &c. It is true that the bard has borrowed little from the legen-

dary stores of his country, but that little has been judiciously selected, and, like gems of price, shines with added brilliancy in the rich and fanciful mounting of his imagination.

As the two great poets of the day—MOORE and BYRON—have been continually associated and compared, but whatever may be advanced by the advocates of either with respect to the superiority of genius, it must be admitted, that while BYRON, with *sardonic scrutiny*, penetrates the hidden depths of the human heart, and, with a *Frankenstein* presumption, searches into the mysterious springs of the spirit, MOORE, reposing upon flowers, revels in the dreams of imagination, or seeks only for the lighter and more glowing susceptibilities of nature. The luxuriant pencil of *Claude Gelde* would have been as ill-fitted to the depicting the wild sublimities of *Alpine* or *Norwegian* scenery, attended with the terrific grandeur of a storm, as the pen of the modern *Anacreon* would be suited to describe the darker conflicts of human passion: the fearful workings of hate, of jealousy, of revenge, of pride, and of ambition, are not the subjects of his muse; but in this imposing machinery of the mind, BYRON found the material kindred to his taste, and with the mighty hand of a master-spirit, modelled it to his purpose. Felicitous in portraying the gentler passions, MOORE shrinks from the task of attempting to display the remorseless traits of character; and in undertaking them, he exhibits a failure of his wonderful powers. Delighting in flowers, and sunshine, and fragrance, his fancy, ever on the wing of inspiration, sports in all the luxuriant metaphor of the East, all the gorgeous labyrinths of thought, and the splendid blazonry of language, presenting us with every glittering and beautiful creation of idea. His poetry reminds us continually of one of his own sweet spirits, radiant with gems and loveliness, and enveloped in perfume and lustre; a mystic combination of light and shadow—of mirth and melancholy—of passion and frivolity—fitful and capricious—assuming every guise, but still returning to its original form.

The impassioned depth of his feeling, the captivating harmony of his versification, the brilliancy of his conceptions, and the beauty and redundancy of his images, pointed him out as the very bard to interweave the melodies of *Ireland* with the golden chains of poetry; and that he gloried in the task his Prefaces every where assure us. *Petrarque*, while immortalizing the memory of his beloved *Laure* beneath the sunny skies of Italy, or *Raffaello*—when sketching the portrait of *La Fornarina* and shadowing out a semblance of the features engraven upon his heart, could not have hung with fonder intensity upon the task than MOORE, as an *Irishman* and a *Poet*, must have hung upon that work, which affording a wide field for his invention, was destined not merely to add to his own fame, but to celebrate the land of his birth. That he has succeeded in his object, it is impossible to deny, and while the *English* have acquired a splendid accession to their lyrical compositions, the *Irish* have not only participated in the gift, but have obtained the pure spirit of their *national melodies embodied*, and, for the first time, intimately associated with the MUSE.

C***Y.

* It would be difficult to find, within the whole range of lyrical composition, any thing more simply beautiful and affecting than these lines; they paint the abandonment of a blighted spirit and a "broken heart," and cold indeed must be the individual who could listen to them uncharmed and unmoved.



LOUIS PHILLIP. I.

King of the French.

Born in Paris Oct^r 6 1773.

Published by J. B. Bell, 3, Cleveland Row, Opposite St. James's Palace



Peint par F. Gerard.

Engraved by Walleis.

CHARLES DIX,
Ex Roi de France et de Navarre.
28^e à Versailles le 9 Octobre 1757. Sacré à Reims le 29 Mai 1825.



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THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—A PORTRAIT OF PHILLIP I., KING OF THE FRENCH.

PLATE THE SECOND,—A PORTRAIT OF THE EX-KING, CHARLES X. OF FRANCE.

PLATE THE THIRD,—TWO MORNING DRESSES; A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS; AN EVENING DRESS, AND COSTUMES OF
ALL NATIONS, SPANISH.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—A MORNING DRESS; AN EVENING DRESS; A MORNING VISITING DRESS; AND FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH,—THREE EVENING DRESSES; A MORNING DRESS; AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH,—TWO EVENING DRESSES; A MORNING DRESS; AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

A WELCOME HOME; OR, THE RETURN OF THE
BELLES FROM THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

"—— where'er we may roam,
There's no place like home, there is no place like home."

MAID OF MILAN.

"Live's there the wretch with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land."

WALTER SCOTT.

'Tis done! the idle dream is past,
Which has its harrowing feelings cast
So long on *Bon Ton belles*;

The dawning of a brighter day,
Bursts out like Phœbus' blushing ray,
Presaging pleasant spells;

As *Emigration* hides its head,
Or quails its crest, now withered!

Yes, fairest of all fairy mould,
(*That is, when you refrain to scold,*)

Creation's pride and bloom;
Dear WOMAN—ye have now been taught,
That *foreign visits* may be fraught

With woe, and dangerous doom;
That whoso'er ye wildly roam,
No *spot's* so pleasant as sweet HOME.

I'm not malicious,—have a heart
That would not wish you serious smart,
Nor *your's* one rankling scar;

Yet I'll confess mine feels delight,
That you have felt a little fright,
'Midst revolution's war,

Been taught 'tis naughty to deride
Your *native land*, and *own fire side*!

Had we no splendid scenes,—no parks,
No *tonish* taste, no *titled sparks*,

No QUEEN, no KING, no COURT?
Were we without our splendid ease,

Those joys that warm, those pomps that please,
Had we no gay resort?—

You might have cause to conquer strife,
'Midst *vanities of Paris life*.

If ye were poor, and shunned to meet
Your *milliner* in square, or street,
(*Awkward, I needs must own,*)

Why perhaps it might, be wise to shun
The *curtseying petticoated dun*,

And flee as ye have flown:
Squand'ring the money, *her's by right*,
On a strange land, and stranger wight.

But ye who have, or love, or lord,
With pin-money as a reward,

And jewels rich and rare;
Yea troops of friends to aid your cause,
And sanction beauty with applause,

Eve's daughters! is it fair,
Tempted you dwell 'neath other skies,
And *quit your native Paradise*?

I must confess I've no delight
In fiercest feud, or civil fight,

Such as France lately saw;
Nor would I *Hectorise* away;
To mingle in a Belgian fray,

(Had I a sword to draw);
Yet I rejoice such deeds have sprung,
Since *they've cured you of foreign tongue*.

POOR BLANTYRE! He who led the cry,
'Gainst England's foes, of victory

On many a battle plain;
POOR BLANTYRE! hero of the fray,
When Gallia's veterans beaten lay

There stalks thy funeral train!
Hads't thou still been *old Scotia's friend*,
Thou ne'er hadst found ignoble end!

And yet not vainly hast thou died,
Not uselessly laid down thy pride,

And sunk into the tomb;
Self-exiled thousands, in thy fate
Behold the folly of their state,

And ponder on thy doom;
Nay taught so serious lesson, learn,
The *wisest course is to return*.*

* It must be matter of sincere regret with every truly
manly mind, that a gallant soldier and honourable man as
Y

Welcome then, ladies, welcome home,
 I'll warrant that your wish to roam,
 Is now completely cured ;
 That *France* no more in your bright eyes,
 Possesses gaudy witcheries,
 To which you were inur'd ;
 That Naples, Milan,—oh ! 'tis true !
 Are grown quite ugly in your view.

Yes, welcome all ; and pray, from hence,
 Sisters, maintain your consequence,
 By never gadding more ;
 Our Court will now be fashion's glass,
 And every other Court surpass,
 'Neath *QUEEN* we must adore ;
 Then *ENGLAND*'s character maintain,
 We ne'er shall see its like again.

October, 1830. A BLUE-BELLE.

LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

"Your MAJESTY is welcome to our love,
 For if good deeds, and wisest policy
 Do stamp a SOVEREIGN with all gracious rank,
 Your LIEGE will stand the brightest in the list
 Of royal potentates.—The PRINCES, too,
 Deserve sincere respect."—*Stuart*.

Notwithstanding the deputy-licenser of stage performances has given up his "broad grins" for the assumed gravity of conventicle, and exchanged the curled locks of youth for the lank and black hairs of Maw-worm,* we must still, not considering the creed or the dictum of *GEORGE COLMAN* omnipotent, think Englishmen, those who act and feel as such, cannot offend their Maker by an expression in the good old fashion of our country, of an unshaken esteem for their MONARCH, as expressed in the emphatic words "God save the KING." That they will continue to do so we have no doubt, since His MAJESTY perseveres in a course of conduct noble in itself and perfectly in unison with the well-doing of his people, and the well-being of his country.—But to the point.

Every body is aware that our MONARCH and his QUEEN, with other members of the ROYAL FAMILY have sojourned for the greater portion of the October month at the pavilion

Lord Blantyre, I verily believe to have been, should have met his death in so very a sudden and ignoble manner. Had he fallen in his country's cause, some consolation would have been felt by his sorrowing relatives, but to have been the victim of a foreign broil, leaves us nothing but regret that the unpatriotic rage for foreign manners and residence should have been the cause of this calamity ; from which, however, this good, this great good will result, namely,—that the self-exiled and fickle-minded will be taught that as no country is superior in arts and arms, so no realm is so safe and pleasant to dwell in as their own ; in short that there is no place like home. This will enrich us, employ our artizans and tradespeople, and prevent the DUKE from taxing the runaways.

* *Liston* formerly dressed the attic or upper-story of the canting character in a red wig ; he now uses a sable-one. The alteration is, in our opinion, highly judicious.

of Brighton, and by the course of condescending, and even affectionate conduct more and more endeared themselves to the inhabitants and visitors of that now favoured town. The officers of the military force there having got up races, the members of the ROYAL PARTY sanctioned them by going in open carriages, to the scene of national and animating sports. On the fifth of October the SOVEREIGN came to town ; held a cabinet council, and on the 6th received the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, City Officers, &c. &c., who went in procession, and civic pomp, to invite THEIR MAJESTIES to attend the banquet to be held as usual on the enrolment of a new chief-magistrate on the 9th of November ; and which the former, in the most gracious and condescending manner, promised to do ; kindly answering at the same time for the QUEEN also. They will go along with all of the ROYAL FAMILY, and the great officers of state in courtly splendour from the palace on the morning of that day of majestic promise ; for which great preparations have been already made. In fact, all classes will vie in doing honour to the occasion, and in showing a due degree of gratitude for the noble conduct of HIM who is so happily seated upon a throne which foreign feud normalice domestic (if any can exist) will ever shake from its firm foundations.

THEIR MAJESTIES have signified their intention,—in fact will have been at them, before this meets the eyes of our subscribers,—of patronizing both theatres by their presence. This is again as it should be, for great examples lead to important imitations, and when KINGS and QUEENS set such, nobility must follow, and down to the mechanic or artizan, all will feel the benignantly gratifying result. HER MAJESTY has also taught others a lesson it must be now fashionable to con—namely, the prudence and propriety (if the names be not synonymous) of ordering those articles of apparel or usefulness from the manufacturers and tradespeople of England ; from her neighbours in fact. Whether we refer to carriages from Long Acre, to liveries from St. James's Street, to silks from Spital-fields, or lace robes from Honiton, the effect is the same, and the same beneficial results will ensue. In fact, these things will cause

"Commerce again, exalt her crowned head,
 And trade return to home, from whence it fled ;
 Whilst freed from foreign luxuries which kill
 ENGLAND shall prove the happiest dwelling still."

Upon October 25th, their MAJESTIES, to the great regret of its inhabitants, left Brighton at half-past eleven in the morning, for London, to the sincere joy of every honest and loyal sojourner in the metropolis ; who, in the presence among them of their SOVEREIGN and his QUEEN feel, that they have not only a noble minded pair to watch over their liberties, but sincere friends to advance their welfare : need we give a better proof of this than the humanely considerate conduct of HER MAJESTY, in determining to appear in robes of London manufacture, curiously woven, and exquisitely fashioned by British skill ?

Shortly after the arrival of the Royal Party, they were visited by the DUKE, DUCHESS, and PRINCE GEORGE of CUMBERLAND, and numerous of the Nobility paid their respects at the Palace. Those members of the Royal Family, together with the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, which we have just mentioned, afterwards dined with their royal relatives, and harmony and good will became guests at a MONARCH's table.

We could dilate with real satisfaction, and at great length upon numerous other publicly beneficial acts of the several

members of the House of Brunswick; but time, which like the tides will not be restrained, warns us to hold. However, enough has been advanced to prove we have no fear of sorrow and tyranny springing from high places; and, therefore, who will not rejoice to have from the FIRST AUTHORITY a proof that all the royal family are living in unity one with another? "I, upon all occasions," said the KING, "wish to promote good feeling in the royal family, therefore the greater number of them I see around me, the more gratifying it will be to me, and the more happy it will make HER MAJESTY."

ON DITS OF FASHION.

The expectation we expressed in a late number, that our gracious and beloved queen would patronize the arts and manufactures of England, has since, we are happy to say, been perfectly fulfilled. We have seen the splendid trimmings for the new state carriages, *manufactured in Spital-fields*, by express command of her majesty, and our opinion is, that nothing of greater magnificence could by any possibility have been constructed. England has, certainly, the means of producing articles of every description, equal, in all respects, if not superior, to any country in the world, and we are happy, truly happy, to find, that the Queen of England, has set an example to her subject nobility, for patronizing not only the manufactures of the country that has become her's by adoption, but also *English work people*; we do not think, nay, it cannot be, that any English lady will refuse to follow the noble and patriotic example which her queen has set, but that all individuals of rank will bestow their patronage in accordance to the royal wishes. Every foreign artisan that settles upon our soil successfully, serves to lower the pristine splendour of the national character, and it is now certainly time, when foreign establishments have become so numerous, (and those devoted to *dress-making* and *millinery*, particularly so,) for our nobility to awaken to a just sense of the degradation of their country, and spurn from them the serpent they are harbouring but to sting them. *The insolent vanity, the wanton impudence and audacity of foreigners*, will be destroyed, and our humble and patient country-folks behold their star rise in glory over the degradation of insulting rivals. Our QUEEN has set the noble lesson of patronage, and who will be so disloyal as to refuse to follow it?

The new state carriages alluded to in the preceding paragraph, are of the most splendid description, and every thing used in their manufacture, is the produce of this country. The Queen's carriage is crimson coloured, with the royal arms richly blazoned upon the pannels; the hammer cloth is of corresponding elegance, and is also enriched with the royal arms; it will be used, for the first time, upon the occasion of their majesties dining with the city authorities, on the ninth of November. We have also seen the new state liveries, they are of excessive splendour, being nearly covered with gold lace; the Queen's servants have a badge composed of the finest blue velvet, enriched with her majesty's initials, surrounded with leaves of embossed gold, and surmounted with the imperial diadem.

In this period of festivity and rejoicing, when the heart is open and free, and every individual seems fraught with the spirit of generosity, the *ladies of Bedford*, a very moral, quiet, and inoffensive spot of earth, have put forth their claims, to the admiration of the enlightened world. Lord

JOHN RUSSEL has been selected by these good dames for the exercise of their generous qualities, and the fruit of their benevolence, ("respect and admiration," we believe, however, are the words,) presents itself in the shape of a goodly and well proportioned inkstand! and with this tribute of the regard of the *ladies of Bedford*, Lord JOHN has lately been honoured. We should like to be favoured with a list of the lady subscribers to this splendid present, we do not mean to be prophane, for verily the article is said to have cost eighty pounds, and that, in times like these, is a consideration,) but not doubting the gallantry of Lord JOHN, we suppose his fertile muse will readily produce a score or two well turned bits of poesy, in gratitude to the Bedford dames; or a tragedy, (the inkstand, *par excellence*, used in its concoction,) dedicated to his lovely benefactresses, will be a suitable return. We certainly cannot say how Lord JOHN feels, but if it had been *our* fortune to have received a tribute from the Bedford ladies, (though it were an *inkstand*,) we should write sonnets in their praise, till the very inkstand itself, yielded to the repeated attacks of the pen. At any rate, Lord JOHN ought to produce a "complimentary ode" upon the occasion; if he does not, he must be a very ungrateful nobleman indeed, and unworthy of the favours of the good ladies of Bedford, or of any other place under the sun.

The Duke of BRUNSWICK is apparently *endeavouring* to create a sensation in the fashionable circles of the metropolis, but his efforts have been unattended with success. People are too well acquainted with the disposition of His S. H., to allow him an intimate footing in their circles, and his career, in consequence, is confined to his own immediate party, with whom he is nightly to be seen at some one or other of the theatres, lounging in the saloons, and otherwise enjoying himself after his own peculiar manner. His Aide-de-Camp seems as jovial a fellow as himself.

Some people about town have been endeavouring to make us believe that his majesty intends *playing at sailors*, in other words, that a miniature frigate is to be constructed for naval excursions upon Virginia Water! Our King has too much of the *real* hero about him, to allow us for a single moment to entertain the probability of the report; it is not to be supposed, that a sailor who has dared death, as it were, at the cannon's mouth, upon the wide seas, would tarnish his laurels by *cruising* on Virginia Water!

PRINCE TALLEYRAND has created great sensation in the fashionable world; certainly the veteran politician appears highly gratified by his reception in the circles of the *beau monde*. It is not generally known, that the volatile Duke de Dino, who frequented the clubs, and was introduced to a great deal of good society last year, is related to the Prince, he having married his niece, from whom, however, he is separated. The duchess resided with the prince in Paris, and superintended his establishment; he is greatly attached to her.

The Marquis de MONTMORENCY, one of the peers of France who refuse to swear allegiance to LOUIS PHILIPPE, has taken *Merley House*, near Wimborne, intending to reside in England.

LAPORTE is at present in Paris, forming engagements for the ensuing opera season, which he means to render a particularly effective one, it being the last which he will conduct.

LORD BURGHESHS's new opera, in rehearsal by the pupils of the *Royal Academy of Music*, will be performed by them in the Concert Room of the King's Theatre. The title is

Katherine, or the Austrian Captive. It will be produced on the 6th inst., and her majesty will honor the representation with her presence.

The Annuals for 1831, are again in preparation;—*Ackerman's Forget me Not*, and *Friendship's Offering*, the latter published by Smith and Elder, are before us; they maintain their high character for embellishments and literary excellence. The former has fifteen plates of unquestionable merit. We select the following from the *Forget me not*, as somewhat applicable to our work; nevertheless, there are several subjects of no less merit—

The False One, by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

"I knew him not, I sought him not,—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest;—
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice,
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,
Again I was his choice,
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice;
I sought him not,—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And, when he left me, how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm,
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause;
For what could make me shun
My parent's cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deign'd to praise?—
What *could* it be, but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant,
Each word of praise sincere.
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listen'd and believed,
And little dreamt how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own.
Oh! why is she so beautiful?—
I cannot blame his choice,
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

Friendship's Offering has thirteen plates of extraordinary interest. The frontispiece, "*Adelaide*," has a commanding and enchanting effect. "*The last look*," is good, but rather sombre. "*The Rejected*," is excellent. "*Mary Queen of Scots, going forth to execution*," is a beautiful engraving; in fact every print might be particularised as works deserving of every commendation. The literature consists, principally, of poetry and tales, by some of the first authors, and richly do they deserve the thanks of the publishers. The subjoined may please some of our readers.

The Rejected.

"Not have me! Not love me! Oh! what have I said?
Sure never was lover so strangely misled;
Rejected! and *just* when I hoped to be blest!
You *can't* be in earnest! It *must* be a jest.

Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt;
And talked about poison in accents so wild,
So *very* like torture—you started—and smiled.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh what have I done?
All natural nourishment did I not shun?
My figure is wasted—my spirits are lost,
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost!

Remember—remember—ay, madam, you *must*—
I *once* was exceedingly stout and robust;
I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me! Not love me! Rejected! Refused!
Sure never was lover so strangely ill-used!
Consider my presents—(I don't mean to boast)
But, madam, *consider* the *money* they cost!

Remember you've worn them, and just can it be
To take all my *trinkets*, and not to take *me*?
Nay, don't throw them at me!—You'll break,—do not start—
I don't mean my gifts,—but you *will* break my heart!

Not love me! Not love me! Not go to the church!
Sure never was lover so left in the lurch?
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt;
Oh, madam, *don't* tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters, my passion they told,
Yes, all sorts of letters—save letters of gold!
The amount of my *notes*, too—the notes that I penned,
Not bank-notes—no, truly, I had none to send!

Not have me! Not love me! And is it then true
That opulent Age is the lover for you!
'Gainst Rivalry's *bloom*, I would strive—'tis too much
To yield to the terrors of Rivalry's *crutch*.

Remember—remember I *might* call him out,
But madam, *you* are not worth fighting about;
My *sword* shall be stainless in blade and in hilt,
I thought you a *jewel*! I find you a *jilt*!"

The Juvenile Forget me Not, or Christmas New Year's and Birth-Day Present for Youth of both sexes, has eleven plates. "*The Infant Samuel*," is a delightful gem, and beautifully engraved;—the other plates are suitable to a juvenile publication, and must please the youthful reader, to whom the work is specially dedicated. We cannot too highly recommend this work to parents.

Novelty is constantly issuing from Mr. Ackermann's; he

has added another work to the number of Annuals; it is entitled, *The Humourist, a Companion for the Christmas Fire Side*. It has fifty engravings, exclusive of numerous vignettes, from designs by the late T. Rowlandson. As the title indicates, the subjects treated are of the humorous description; and may be read in a dull moment with the certainty of being enlivened and amused.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

E'en in the neighbourhood of *death*, the flowers of joy will rise.—SOUTHEY.

The great, destroying monster, whose breath annihilates the fair, the young, the beautiful, the good, all that are endeared to the world, and to society, coming upon us like a thief in the night, and carrying away our hopes and our happinesses like a dream; the ruthless tyrant,—Death, has been busy in his fatal work, since our last eventful record, and many are the houses, then fondly enjoying their happiness in fancied security, that now wear the sombre trappings of woe, for the loss of relatives or friends, passed from the world into the valley of the shadow of death. And first, let us record the lamented death of the amiable Countess of THURLOW, widow of the second Baron THURLOW, by whom she was married from the stage, her ladyship being previously, Miss BOLTON, an actress of very considerable talent and popularity. At a very early age she first appeared in the public concerts in Hanover Square, and when only seventeen made her *début*, as *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera*, with great success. She became Lady THURLOW, in Nov. 1813, and enjoyed, with her noble partner, the highest connubial felicity, and by whom she had three sons, the eldest of which, is the present Baron THURLOW.

To the list of those whose spirits are now mingled with those who have once been upon the theatre of life, we must add the names of JOHN MURRAY Duke of ATHOL, and of the beautiful ELIZA HARRIETT ELLIS, only daughter of Lord and Lady HOWARD DE WALDEN, and with those names we close the mournful chronicle of death, passing from the reflections of the tomb, to others of a gayer nature, which the alliances of wedlock are calculated to excite.

Leamington has lately been a scene of joy, and animating festivity, for there the honoured and respected M. P., Sir CODRINGTON EDMUND CARRINGTON, has led the lovely and accomplished MARY ANN, only daughter of J. CAPEL, Esq., M. P., of *Russell Square*, to the sacred altar, which sanctifies the mutual vows of truth and purity.

Another marriage "registered in heaven," is that of Lady FRANCES J. ERSKINE, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of MAR, to M. J. GOODEVE, Esq., of *Clifton*, an union, which we trust, and firmly believe, will be productive of unalloyed happiness.

The "projected" marriage of the truly amiable Miss CAROLINE MANNERS SUTTON, youngest daughter of the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY, which we "glanced" at in our last number, has since been celebrated. Charles CHICHESTER, Esq., of *Lincoln Inn*, having become the husband of a lady, whose virtues are acknowledged by all who have the happiness to be admitted within her circle, and whose unaffected kindness, benevolence, and charity, are testified by many delighted hearts. Nor are these all for whom the merry bells are ringing, and the songs of joy are carolled,

in the delight which Hymen's festivals inspire,—for Gordon Castle rings with the shouts of good wishes for the beautiful GEORGIANA HUNTLY GORDON, and her happy husband. A. M. MAC CRAE, Esq.; and the songs of delight are also raised upon the occasion of the nuptials of Lieut-Col. C. H. BAYNES, of the *Bengal Artillery*, with the accomplished and fascinating MARY ELIZABETH RABAN, of *Bath*. Long may the sacred fires which the festive deity has thus lighted, blaze with their purest radiance, continuing steady through all the pains and perils of the world, and expiring but with life itself!

No event could possibly afford us more gratification, than the union of the gay and witty beau, Lord CHESTERFIELD, who has at length ventured into the silken chain of Hymen, the capturing beauty being that fair star of fashion, the lovely Miss A. FORESTER.

The principal alliance upon the *tapis* is that Mr. ORIEL, who, we understand, will marry the eldest daughter of the charming Lady CAROLINE BARHAM. We have reason to believe also, that Colonel ANSON will become the husband Miss FORESTER, upon whom Lord Chesterfield has settled her sister's marriage portion (£4000.)

THE DRAMA.

"Unwarped by fondness, and unswayed by spite,
We'll judge with freedom and with boldness write."

The WINTER THEATRES, after dreadful note of preparation, have commenced their respective performances for the season. DRURY LANE superbly decorated, and with a company, both in regard to number and talent, exceedingly great. COVENT GARDEN splendidly furnished up, as well, but with a very inferior company indeed; we thought no national theatre could possibly keep open its doors with less strength than that, which this theatre possessed last season, but we find the reverse; some of the principal members having fled, and their places either not supplied at all, or else supplied by individuals whose minor capabilities excite the most unfavourable comparisons with their predecessors. Who will make up for old JOHN FAWCETT? Where is the "old woman," that will delight us like the ever-to-be-lamented DAVENPORT? Wood's situation is filled by an individual of the name of HUNT, a great tall man, whose principal merit is that he sings louder than any other man in the theatre; (we presume he has been raised from the chorus-troop, in fear of his drowning the voices of that delicate little lot;)—and the situation of Miss PATON has not been supplied at all, unless we consider Miss ROMER as her substitute, which we are not willing to do, the latter young lady possessing abilities too agreeable in a particular style, to have her ruin desired by a competition with the British Catalani. DRURY LANE may be said to possess all the *talent*, COVENT GARDEN to have been contented with the refuse; the host of stars that have been congregated both for the tragic and comic drama, as well as for operatic performances, is indeed surprising, and the expense must be such as only the most effective patronage will recompense. When we have time, we may probably draw up comparative lists of the two companies, placing the respective strength of both theatres against each other, but the variety of novelties that have been produced during the month, prevent us in the present number.

The Hypocrite, *Deaf as a Post*, and *Massaniello*, the piece

with which the theatre opened, are too well known to require any additional observations from us; we will therefore pass on to the performance of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which introduced BENSON HILL to these boards, Miss PEARSON, and Miss BYFIELD. We do not think the transplantation of the former lady from the Minors can be justified, she is too weak and tame for a theatre royal; Miss BYFIELD, on the contrary, is a vocalist of considerable talent: did she not strain her voice so frequently for the purpose of producing effect, she would be more admired; at times her notes resemble the screams of a peacock. BENSON HILL put forth his utmost endeavours upon *Dr. Caius*, but all his efforts were ineffectual to dispossess us of our recollections of poor old GATTIE; he fretted, and fumed about in a very pains-taking hardworking manner, certainly, and drove down his broken English with a groan like a street-pavior. *Sir Hugh Evans*, (that fine sketch of character) was inexplicable; in mercy we forbear mentioning the unfortunate player's name. W. BENNET rose into a star, and played the *Justice* with first-rate talent. HARLEY's *Master Slender* is an imitable performance, sketched with the nicest discrimination, and finished by the hand of a master. "Wilt thou have any more sweets, gentle auditor?"—"No, we thank thee, sweet *Anne Page*," thy smirks and smiles will last us for a year; thou art a gentle creature, and should be used as tenderly, so fare-thee-well." But who approaches with a swaggering jovial gait, in all the sociability of old acquaintance, chuckling, and rolling his merry royster-like eye, and breathing sack and jollity in every word? 'Tis *Falstaff*, the wag, the wicked, wanton, wag, and DOWTON is his resuscitator! Right gladly, we welcome this established favorite to the metropolitan boards, he has been too-long wandering in the provinces, and we are happy to find his return hailed with the welcome it deserves. *Falstaff* was supported by Mr. DOWTON with all his rich and racy qualities, and the performance elicited shouts of approbation. The rest of the characters were as last season. SINCLAIR again! Must we always live on milk and water?

Mrs. CENTLIVRE's comedy of *The Wonder*, has been revived, for the purpose of introducing Miss CHESTER to this theatre. Her performance of *Violante* possesses, certainly, merit, but not of that high description which the public has been led to expect; we are inclined to ascribe Miss CHESTER's present popularity rather to some insinuations in the newspapers, (lately circulated, but which we never believed,) than to her merits as an actress. Miss CHESTER seems entirely absorbed in the ideas of her own loveliness, the business of the scene is of minor importance to her, and thus the effect of the play is entirely lost, unless we consider the sight of a fine woman equivalent to scenic effect. WALLACK plays *Don Felix*, with all that grace and elegance peculiar to himself; the rest of the performers were respectable in their respective characters.

Miss S. PHILLIPS, of whom report had spoken in the highest terms of commendation, has appeared as *Rosina*, in the *Barber of Seville*. We have been rather disappointed in this young lady, for although she unquestionably possesses considerable merit, it is not of that exalted nature we had been led to expect; the upper tones of her voice are fine, bold, and expressive, but the lower ones are harsh and disagreeable. Miss PHILLIPS has also caught the faults of MALIBRAN, and without the powers of that great vocalist endeavours to attain celebrity by imitating her defects. We allude to the unbounded introduction of ornament, disagreeable even in Madame MALIBRAN, and which, although

it may astonish the hearer, never can delight. *Rosina's* very pretty air; "An old man would be wooing," was absolutely lost in the profusion of ornament which Miss PHILLIPS introduced; indeed we could scarcely recognize our old acquaintance; her introductions (especially in the *encore*), were entirely out of the character of the air. Mr. LATHAM, from Dublin, played the *Barber*, in a very lively and spirited manner; he introduced the original music, and executed it remarkably well; his voice is a tenor, and very agreeable. In the English adaptation, the music of *Almaviva*, has been given to *Fiorello*; Mr. LEE has restored it to the original character, and poor TOM COOKE, who has no more ideas of *Almaviva*, than his nautical namesake, is thrust into the part. Mr. LEE, in reforming the English Opera, may perhaps overstep the mark; we think he has, in this instance, for we cannot reconcile to our ideas of propriety the circumstance of an individual, who has not the least ideas of acting, being put into a character which demands the whole powers of JONES himself, merely because the music may be restored to its original position. TOM COOKE sung well, (his mock Italian song was out of place,) but acted wretchedly. ANDREWS, from the *Haymarket*, appeared as *Bartolo*; he makes a very good singing old man.

Miss S. PHILLIPS has since played *Linda* (*Der Freischütz*), with much success; she executed the difficult music of the part in a creditable and effective manner. PAUL BEDFORD's *Caspar*, was a mighty tremendous affair, he endeavoured to outroar the combined thunders of the wolf's glen, but it was only a puddle in a storm. We have heard that *Fanny* (we beg pardon, Mr.) SINCLAIR has expressed his desire to play this part; we should like to hear him *squeak* through it, merely for the fun of the thing.

But now the mighty chieftain of the host claims our especial notice, Mr. MACREADY has returned to the London theatre, appearing in his popular character of *Virginus*, a character which he may proudly consider his own, from the decided failure of his rivals. Mr. MACREADY has lost none of the energy and force which has heretofore been characteristic of his dramatic assumptions, but "like a giant refreshed by his slumbers," he returns to the stage in all the might and majesty of his proudest triumphs. We particularly admired the manifest improvement in Mr. COOPER's *Siccius Dentatus*, it was in every respect worthy of association with MACREADY's beautiful delineation of *Virginus*. WALLACK's *Idilius*, was tender, forcible and effective; he displayed the patriot lover of *Virginia* to the life. We regret that the great talents of Miss PHILLIPS have not sufficient opportunities for development; she is a fine and original actress, but her powers cannot be estimated from her performance of such characters as *Virginia*. Nothing, however, could be more beautiful than her delineation of it.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Romeo and Juliet*, *The Grecian Daughter*, *Venice Preserved*, and *The Gamester*, were the performances at this theatre during the first week or two of the season. We are happy to find the attraction of Miss KEMBLE, in the metropolis, undiminished, notwithstanding her ill success in the provinces, and among the "gallant lads of Erin's isle." The *Juliet* of this delightful young actress has lost none of its power and beauty; it is still rich in all that can render it exalted in the list of dramatic achievements, and is like a star shining above the mass of mediocrity by which it is surrounded. ABBOT's *Romeo* would disgrace the vilest minor theatre in the metropolis. What can induce Mr. DURSET to thrust himself so often before the public in dramatic characters? He must be aware that

he has not a single qualification for the drama. We hear that the music of *Old Capulet*, as sung by Mr. EGERTON, is about to be published by subscription. Mrs. GIBBS has descended to the old women; her *Nurse* was very respectable. We wish we could say the same of Mr. DIDDEAR's "fiery *Tybalt*," he looked as desperate as if he had just emerged from the Fives' Court, and was about to commence fistic encounters with every individual upon the stage.

Are we never to be relieved from the villainous *Black-eyed Susan*, and the nautical slang of T. P. COOKE? Are respectable audiences to be insulted by such vulgar foolery? Another melange of the same grade has been produced, under the very elegant and refined title of *The Blue Anchor*. The audience, however, had upon this occasion some regard for decency, and hissed the trashy affair vehemently; but the blowing up of a smuggler's vessel at the close, took the galleries by storm, and the curtain dropped amidst thunders of applause from those enlightened portions of the theatre!

One Mr. KEPPLE has been making a fool of himself in *Romeo*. From the secrecy with which the engagement of this gentleman was kept, and the quiet manner in which his name was insinuated into the play-bills, the manager appears to have been desirous of smuggling him into popularity, but critical eyes are keen, and behold, on the important night, "big with the fate of KEPPLE," the people of the pen were at their posts, ourselves quietly ensconced in our box, wondering who or what the new performer could be: some folks denominated him an amateur, paying a stipulated sum for a night's play; others, that he was a Methodist preacher, turning to the fascinations of the stage with as little noise as possible, but the prevailing opinion was, that the management were about to astonish the world with a new actor of unparalleled powers, bursting suddenly into popularity. Well, the curtain rose, and the expectations of the audience rose as the piece progressed, until Mr. KEPPLE stalked upon the stage, and made his bow to the applauding audience. Never was there such a *Romeo*, and we sincerely wish there never may be such another; he got through the part by some means or other, but how, we really cannot tell; we awoke from our astonishment to behold Mr. KEPPLE tottering beneath the weight of FANNY KEMBLE, in bearing her from the tomb, his immense knees bending, and giving signs of sad weakness. We advise Mr. KEPPLE to anoint his knees with oil, before he again ventures to carry a lady in his arms. We do not expect to hear of him again.

MR. WADE'S TRAGEDY.*—It is with feelings of admiration and regret, that we allude to Mr. WADE's powerfully written, but unsuccessful tragedy, *The Jew of Arragon*, or *the Hebrew Queen*; admiration of the talents displayed in the composition, and regret that so good a drama should have become unpopular, merely from its want of judicious curtailment. There has not been produced of late years, a tragedy so meritorious as the present, and it is much to be lamented, that no skilful and experienced person in the theatre, suggested the necessity of arrangements which nothing but actual experience can make dramatists aware of. A fine dramatic poem, affording intense delight in the closet, may fail in representation: tact, combined with talent, is necessary towards the success of a play upon the stage, and thus many inferior writers are successful, by the

mere dint of their knowledge of stage effect. *The Jew of Arragon* is written in a splendid and masterly style, and in some instances approximates to the writings of the old dramatists, but many of the speeches and scenes are too long for stage representation, and should have been judiciously curtailed. When Thomson's tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda* was first produced, GARRICK, upon finding the opinion of the audience against the long, though beautifully written speeches, curtailed them in the delivery, and ensured the success of the piece. Had Mr. KEMBLE, when he found the sense of the house against the certainly fine, but lengthened, dialogues and soliloquies, shortened, or omitted them, *The Jew of Arragon* would have gone off well, and subsequent alterations have made it one of the most interesting and effective of our acting tragedies. We must, however, in justice observe, that Mr. KEMBLE used no ordinary exertions towards ensuring the success of the piece, indeed we never saw him play a character more finely; it was one of the proudest triumphs of his dramatic career, and had the play succeeded, would have been associated with his fame. His opening soliloquy was delivered in a style of splendid eloquence, chaste, and forcible, and characterized with every requisite towards the perfection of histrionic skill. We may also particularize his subsequent scene with *Alphonso*, and his beautiful exclamation,

"Ay!—King!"

We regret not having space sufficient to dwell upon this performance as it deserves, and pass hastily to the *Rachael* of Miss FANNY KEMBLE, whose representation was by no means equal in power and effect, to that of her father; some portions, however, were given with all the force and energy which have characterised her representations, and her attitudes were beautiful and correct; we may instance where she stands against the walls of Saragossa, while the nuptial procession of *Alphonso* and *Isabella* are passing, as particularly striking and effective. The scenery of *The Jew of Arragon* was very magnificent, the last one in particular would have determined the success of the tragedy, had the representation been curtailed. It represented the interior of a synagogue, illuminated for a festival; in the centre of the stage stood an altar, with *Rachael* splendidly attired, standing alone by its side. The effect of this scene was such as to turn the current of opinion, and unanimous approbation ensued. The denouement, however, was painfully lengthened,—the audience relapsed, and the result was condemnation. WARDE played the weak and vacillating *King* in his usual frigid style, there was nothing of the romantic lover about him; ABBOT murdered his part in a very inhuman manner. Cock-a-hoop BENNET thundered his threats like a rebel as he was, though some of his points were delivered with fine effect. ELLEN TREE looked very lovely, and did nothing else; her escape from the Jew's house was wretchedly managed. The band of Jews were the vilest looking ruffians that we ever beheld, and the whole assemblage of *Lords* looked as if they only knew the taste of animal food once a week. The dresses and decorations were like the scenery, of great splendour; much expense must have been incurred in the production of the tragedy, the condemnation of which we cannot but regard as unfortunate.

* The play has been printed, and is now publishing; we are sure it will read well.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOV., 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress composed of *vert des Indes gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is half high, the back is plain, but the fronts have a little fullness on the shoulder. Gold buttons, of the lozenge form, richly wrought, adorn the centre of the bust. The upper part of the sleeve is of the usual fullness, but from a little above the elbow to the wrist it sits quite close to the arm. The ceinture is fastened in front in ends without bows, by a massive gold buckle; the skirt is finished as high as the knee, by a trimming of the same material, arranged in a very novel manner with lozenge buttons. *Canezou en cœur* of cambric, trimmed round with a triple *rûche* of the same material. Cravat of *poneau taffetas*. The hair is dressed in full curls on the forehead, and arranged in a plaited *nœud* on the crown of the head; it is decorated with knots of ribbon.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.—HALF LENGTH.

A dress of French grey *gros de Lyons*, the *corsage à la Vierge*, is entirely covered by a *canezou à manches*, composed of *jaconot muslin*; the collar, the cuffs, which turn upwards, and the *lappels* are trimmed with narrow *Mechlin* lace, as is also the double frill, which trims the bosom. Half-dress cap of the *demi béret* form, composed of embroidered *tulle*, and ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon, striped in different shades of grey, and fancy flowers to correspond.

THIRD FIGURE.—HALF LENGTH.

A back view of the second morning dress.

CHILD'S DRESS.

White cambric pantaloons, made of moderate width, and decorated with bias tucks. Tunic, of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*. Ceinture of watered ribbon, striped in different shades of lavender. The hair is decorated with knots of ribbon, corresponding in colour with the ceinture.

EVENING DRESS.

A crape dress, over satin to correspond. The colour is a new shade of rose *noisette*. The *corsage* is cut low, particularly on the shoulders, and *drapé* in front. *Béret* sleeve, partially covered with a *demi Mameluke* sleeve of white *gaze de Paris*, looped at the points of the shoulders with knots of gauze ribbon. The skirt is decorated with *points à revers*; they are edged with white silk trimming, and are each ornamented with a knot of ribbon. The head-dress is a white crape *béret*, of a very novel shape, adorned with a profusion of white ostrich feathers. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, gold and rubies.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SPANISH.

A white satin dress, finished round the border, near the edge, with a rich flat silver trimming, a row of which also adorns the centre of the skirt. A robe of rose-coloured

velvet, open before to display the satin dress, is worn over it. The *corsage* of the robe is cut very low, pointed before, and laced across the satin one with silver trimming, in the *stomacher* style. The sleeve consists of a double *bouffant*, the upper one of rose-coloured velvet, the lower one white satin, partially covered by bands placed longitudinally; it comes a little below the elbow. A single row of blond lace, set on quite plain, falls over the bust, and a velvet *nœud en papillon*, with a gold pin in the middle of it, is placed in the centre. The robe is finished up the fronts, and round the border, with a flat silver trimming, similar to that on the under dress. The hair is much parted on the forehead, disposed in full curls on each side, and arranged in a low knot at the back of the head. A *bandeau* of silver, beautifully wrought, is brought low on the forehead, and a bouquet of three white ostrich feathers is placed on the left side, so as to drop to the right. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets silver. The gloves of white leather, are trimmed at the top with ribbon figured with silver, which terminates in full bows. White satin shoes.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, *corsage croisée*; the sleeve is very wide from the shoulder to about half the fore part of the arm, from whence it is tight to the wrist. The fullness of the upper part is divided into two *bouffants*, the one on the shoulder is much the largest. The ceinture is composed of rich figured green ribbon, fastened at the side in short bows and long ends. The skirt is finished with a single very deep flounce, set on at the knee; it is embroidered round the border in a wreath of foliage in tea-green silk, and surmounted by a second wreath embroidered close to the head of the flounce. The *chemisette* is of white lace, with a double frill, which stands up round the throat behind. *Chapeau Capote* of dark green satin, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a yellow fancy flower with a profusion of foliage.

EVENING DRESS.

A white crape dress; the *corsage* is cut square, and a very delicate height; a *canezou à la Caroline*, composed of ribbons of two colours, rose and citron, is worn over it; the ribbons are arranged longitudinally; it is cut *en cœur* at top, and finished at bottom by a trimming that descends a little below the waist. Very small top sleeve. Those of the dress are long, and of equal width from the shoulder to the waist, but the fullness is confined in the middle of each part of the arm by a band and bow of rose and citron-coloured ribbon. The skirt is trimmed in a very novel style, with white satin ribbon. Head dress a *rose noisette crape béret*, trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers, placed in different directions.





*Newest Fashions for November, 1830.
Evening & Morning Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for November 1830.
Morning & Evening Dresses.*



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Morning & Evening Dresses.*

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of pale drab-coloured satin, *corsage uni*, and sleeves à l'*imbécile*. The skirt is trimmed round the border with an embroidery en *losange*, of bright green silk. The *corsage* is nearly covered by a *canezou en pelerine* of very rich white blond lace. The bracelets and *ceinture* are of green ribbon, the latter terminates in a knot without ends in front. Hat of rose-coloured satin, trimmed under the brim with foliage of cut ribbon. A full-blown rose, blond lace, and knots of figured green ribbon, gracefully intermingled, forms the remainder of the trimming.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1st.—A black velvet *capote*, the trimming consists of two ornaments in the shape of *ailes de Moulin*; they are ranged in open work round the edge, and intermingled with rose-coloured satin ribbon. The inside of the brim is ornamented with a band and *nauds* of rose-colour; a *naud* is also placed at the bottom of the crown behind; the *mentonnières* are of white blond net.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the morning visiting hat.

FIG. 3.—A front view of Figure 1.

PLATE THE THIRD.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.—(Costume for social parties.)

A dress of *gris perle gros des Indes*; the *corsage* is cut very low and square, it sits close to the shape behind, and is finished round the bust with lappels, open on the shoulders, and of the leaf kind; it crosses in folds before the chemisette, which rises a little above the *corsage*, is of tulle, tastefully finished with embroidery, and white satin rouleaux. The form of the sleeve is between the *gigot* and the *imbécille*. A flounce of the same material is set on in waves at the knee; it is lightly embroidered in silk a shade darker, and is surmounted by a flat silk trimming, arranged à la *Grecque*. The head-dress is a crape hat to correspond with the robe. The crown is trimmed with crape draperies, tastefully intermixed with light sprigs of flowers. A bouquet is also placed under the brim on the right side, and at its base a knot of rose-coloured ribbon, shaded in stripes. The shawl is Cachemire.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—(Full dress.)

A dress of lavender coloured *gaze de soie*, over satin to correspond. Low *corsage*, quite square, and disposed in front of the bust in folds, à l'*eventail*; it is edged with blond lace. *Béret* sleeve, composed of crape and blond lace, intermingled in the most novel manner. The skirt is finished round the border with a trimming that corresponds with the upper part of the sleeve. Head-dress, a blond lace cap, ornamented with white roses, and white gauze ribbon.

THIRD EVENING DRESS.—(Centre figure.)

A back view of the first evening dress.

MORNING DRESS.

A *redingote* of *gros de Naples*, the colour is a bright ruby. *Corsage* à l'*Amazone*, sleeves en *gigot*. A rich silk trimming, disposed horizontally, ornaments the front of the dress en *tablier*, and a twisted rouleau goes round the bottom near the edge of the border; the chemisette is of cambric, with a triple frill round the throat. The hair is combed back from the forehead in the Chinese style, and disposed on the summit of the head in a profusion of bows. A plaited braid is brought from the back of the head across the forehead on one side.

FIRST FIGURE.—A back view of the above *coiffure*.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

First Béret.—It is composed of ruby coloured velvet, intermingled with *vapeur* crape, embroidered in gold. The ornaments consist of five long curled ostrich feathers, blue and lilac, and a gold chain.

Second Béret.—It is also of ruby velvet, intermixed with white and rose coloured *gaze de Paris*, and trimmed with the plumage of birds of Paradise.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A blue crape dress, over a satin slip of a corresponding colour. The *corsage*, cut low and square, is ornamented à la *Louise*, with a fall of crape, edged in light festoons, with a satin rouleau. *Béret* sleeve of the usual width. The trimming of the skirt consists of gauze ribbon, a shade darker than the dress; it is disposed in light festoons, the point of each finished with a *naud*. The hair is arranged à la *Louise*, in full curls on each side, and much parted on the forehead; it is adorned with blue fancy flowers, inserted among the bows, and a bandeau of pearls brought low upon the forehead. Ear-rings massive gold, of the girandole form. The necklace is of pearl, with a gold lozenge in the centre.

MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress, the *corsage* is disposed in drapery folds, and crossed before; the sleeves are of the *gigot* form, with epaulettes disposed in *dents de loup* and pointed cuffs. *Tablier à la bonne*, of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, finished with a light but rich embroidery round the border, in black silk; the pockets are embroidered to correspond. The hair is combed entirely back from the forehead, and disposed in two large bows, one on the summit, the other on one side of the head. A white lace *fichu* is arranged in the style of a *demi cornette*, in such a manner that the bows of hair protrude. This is at once a most elegant, simple, and becoming style of morning head-dress.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A back view half-length of the evening dress already described.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1. A *chapeau-capote*, composed of white *gros de Naples*; the inside of the brim is ornamented in a most novel style with blond lace, and bows of white gauze ribbon. Blond lace, a knot of ribbon of the artichoke form, and two ostrich feathers, decorate the crown.

FIG. 2. A side view of Figure 1.

FIG. 3. A black velvet hat, adorned on the inside of the brim with *nauds*, composed of notched ends of green ribbon; they are attached on either side of a twisted band. The crown is trimmed in a very novel style, with an ornament resembling foliage; it is composed of cut ribbon, and falls over the side of the brim. A twisted band goes round the crown, ornamented with a knot composed of ends before, and a smaller one behind.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1830.

The season approaches when our resplendent goddess will exact from her worshippers a more than usual display of taste and splendour. Can it be otherwise this winter? the first for many years that England has been blessed with a queen—and a queen, too, who “buys golden opinions from all sorts of people,” by the simplest of all possible

means—that of doing all the good to England that her high station enables her to do. One means, and a most powerful one of benefitting the country, is to hold a splendid court, and that we are assured their Majesties mean to do. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that our noble English, now wandering in foreign lands, engaged in pleasures often dangerous, and always heartless, will speedily hasten to pay their homage to a patriot king and queen, and to follow the royal example of making their wealth a blessing to the land from which they derive it.

HATS AND BONNETS.

As our limits will not permit us to enter into a detailed account of the elegant winter *chapeaux* and *capotes* now preparing under the tasteful inspection of Mrs. Bell, we shall briefly notice some of the most remarkable of them, first observing, that the brims are of moderate size, the crowns are low, some are placed rather on one side, and lower behind than before; the tops of the crowns are round. Many of the *brides* are trimmed with blond, and the insides of the brims are always ornamented. A most elegant hat is of black satin, lined with rose colour, the inside of the brim ornamented with blond lace, in the form of a fan, surmounted by folded ribbons, arranged in a similar style; the crown is adorned with a blond lace drapery, looped on one side by a double knot of ribbons, which also serves to attach two long, curled, rose coloured feathers.

A *chapeau capote*, of ruby velvet, is bordered with blue *rouleaux*, and trimmed round the lower part of the crown with a wreath of a most novel description, composed of fancy flowers.

Several hats are composed of satin, and velvet of two colours; the trimmings of these hats consist either of rosettes, triangles or *losanges*, which are also half satin and half velvet; the effect is whimsical, but striking, particularly when feathers form a part of the trimming. Some of these hats are ornamented on the inside of the brim with blond lace, others are adorned with a wreath of cut ribbons.

Capotes are of plain satin, or of watered silk; those of black satin, lined with blue or rose colour, and having a mixture of blond lace in the trimming, are remarkably elegant. Those of lavender, or French grey, trimmed only with very rich figured ribbons, are very appropriate for *negligé*.

MATERIALS FOR OUT-DOOR DRESS.

We have been favoured by Mrs. Bell, with a sight of several mantles now in preparation, some are intended for open carriages, they are composed of a new kind of cloth, of uncommon softness and beauty. The most elegant are richly embroidered round the border, in a colour strongly contrasted with the mantle. They have large collars cut in points, which fall very low before, and are terminated by a large acorn; these collars are attached to a small round pelerine, which reaches to the shoulders, and is much more advantageous to the shape than having the fulness of the mantle round the upper part of the bust. A *collet evasé*, cut in points, falls over this pelerine. Sometimes these points are bordered by a narrow gold *torsade*.

DRESS PELISSES

this season will be principally made of velvet: very little trimming is suited to this style. Fringes will be used for trimming pelisses, but they will be in large balls, or twisted; and of such richness of execution as will not permit of imitation in common materials.

Several mantles for close carriages are composed of a new silk, the richness and beauty of which recalls the good times of our grandmothers. Some of these are of a brown ground with a large stripe. They are generally made with an excessively large pelerine, trimmed with a very broad fringe.

Furs, with the exception of boa tippets, are as yet but little worn. It is, however, expected that by the end of the month, they will be generally in favour. Sable and ermine will, it is supposed, be most in request.

MAKE OF DRESSES IN OUT-DOOR COSTUME.

Many carriage dresses are made with a *corsage* half-high, and a square pelerine, open in the centre of the back, and reaching nearly, but not quite, round the bust; the *corsage* sits close to the shape, and the lappels are very small. The sleeves are generally *à la Medicis*; very few of these dresses are trimmed; there are, however, some of *gros de Naples*, ornamented down the front with satin leaves, arranged to form a V. These dresses are always finished as high as the knee with a satin rouleau.

Satin, plain and watered *gros de Naples*, and cachemire are the materials of out-door dress.

MATERIALS FOR EVENING, BALL, AND FANCY DRESSES.

A new material striped alternately in *gros de Naples* and satin, which produces the effect of ribbons, is likely to be in great favour for evening parties, as are also various kinds of fancy velvets, one in particular, called *Immortelle*, is of singular beauty. Embroidered crapes remarkable for the diversity of their patterns and colours. Gauzes embroidered in silk, in detached *bouquets* of delicate flowers, and gauzes pointed in a manner that produces the effect of enamel, have just appeared for ball dresses. Rose coloured and blue gauzes, thickly embroidered in small stars with white silk, and a new kind of satin, as light and supple as gauze itself, have come out within these last few days, and are particularly appropriate for fancy dresses.

MAKE OF EVENING AND BALL DRESSES.

The newest *corsage* in evening dress, is called *corsage Chinois*, it is made *à revers* with two falls which are cut in *dents*, each of which is embroidered in coloured silk.

Dresses of light materials have the *corsage* always lined with a plain *corsage* of taffetas. Dresses *en gerbe*, are made in a similar manner; it forms the dress advantageously to the shape. Some *corsages* have the *gerbes* arranged in small *tuyaux*, which are trimmed at the top with narrow blond lace. Bodies made in drapery, which crosses before and behind, have lost nothing of their attraction; they are still more numerous than those of any other form.

Long sleeves ornamented in various ways, are almost as numerous in full dress as short ones; those *à l'Ursuline de Parme*, have the lower part nearly tight to the arm, the upper part which is of the usual width, is ornamented by four or five leaves cut like those of an artichoke, which come from the arm-hole, and fasten at the points on the *bouffant*; these leaves are always edged with satin pipings to correspond with the dress.

Several sleeves have the lower part arranged in folds which resemble an S, placed horizontally. Others have the fulness of the lower part of the sleeve arranged in bias compartments by bands.

Dresses are not much trimmed, nor are they likely to be this winter; ball dresses excepted. Some composed of silk, are ornamented in festoons, and edged with an *effilé*. *Points à revers* and *rouleaux* are also employed to ornament the borders of dresses, but, as we have before said, partially.

HEAD-DRESSES.

Taste, elegance, and splendour all unite in the winter head-dresses which we have just inspected in Cleveland-row. Satin, velvet, crape, and gauze, of unequalled beauty and richness, are the materials employed for them.

Dress hats are composed of the three first. One made of white satin, has the brim arranged in open spaces; the part that joins the crown, is cut in *dents*, and the edge shaped like a crescent; the spaces are filled with very rich blond lace.

Another composed of ruby coloured velvet with a small brim turning partially up, is ornamented with a white feather, placed under the brim on the right side, and turning back over it, goes round the crown. A *nœud* composed of white satin, and ruby coloured velvet is placed on one side.

Bérets are of velvet and satin, the crowns arranged in net work. Some are ornamented with gold flowers and ears of corn, others are trimmed with feathers.

Toques are also of velvet and satin; they are adorned with feathers only.

Dress caps are of blond lace, some are trimmed with diadems composed of ends of gauze ribbons; behind this ornament is a drapery of blond lace inserted, in which are flowers of the sweet smelling pea, which mingle with the ends of ribbon.

The following flowers are those employed in the new *coiffure*, called *bouquet of the Pyrénées*; they are arranged sometimes in a wreath, sometimes in sprigs, placed in the style of an arch, but the whole six must be always used. *Oreille d'ours*, yellow *coquelicot*, ranunculus, *ponceau vif*, marlagon of Canada, and rhododendron.

Fashionable colours are different shades of green, ruby, rose colour, French grey, and lavender. Milk chocolate, crimson, and dark blue, are also in favour.

MORE NEW MATERIALS.

The principal novelties consist in Chatelaines, a light article, in imitation of jewellery.

Indian gauzes, painted in various colours, and with the effect of gold.

Robes à *palmes*, feathers forming wreaths worked in gold or silver of different colours.

Robes embroidered on crape and Saint-Volier gauze in gold and silver and velvet, delightful by their lightness and novelty of effect.

A great variety of gauzes, blond and ribbons.

Satins and marabouts are used in half-dress.

Satins d'Algers lain and figured, is a new and splendid novelty for dinner dresses, play-houses, &c.

Velours des Indes, plain and cut velvets of beautiful colour and the finest quality, are greatly prized.

* We have been informed that the Tuscan grass Bonnet, noticed in our last Number, was presented to her Majesty, by the Patentee, Mr. Waller.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Hats have not varied in size since last month, but the materials are now totally different, silk, satin, and velvet having replaced the light materials adopted during the summer months.

The favourite colours for velvet hats, are green and violet. The most elegant are trimmed with white feathers, which are

placed either two or five together. The crowns of hats are made very low; the brims preserve a medium, between the very wide hats and the capotes.

Coloured satin hats begin to be in favour; they are also generally trimmed with white feathers: some are lined with white, but blue and rose coloured linings are more in request.

We see several hats still trimmed with flowers; they are no longer placed on the right side, but on the top of it in front, and on the right side, is a large *plumet* composed of cut ribbons.

A favourite trimming for black velvet hats, consists of rose-coloured feathers and rose-coloured ribbons, cut in ends; the latter are not pointed, but cut in round *dents*. These hats though elegant, are not so appropriate as those of black velvet trimmed with black feathers and ribbon, above the brim, and the inside of it ornamented with rose-coloured ribbon arranged *en eventail*, or else an arched band terminating in rosettes.

Capotes are still worn, particularly in *negligé*; the principal alteration in their form is, that the brims are cut longer, and are square at the ears. Several of the most novel are of *gros de Naples* of a dingy salmon colour, they are trimmed with black ribbons, figured with yellow, and the *liserés* of the brim, and crown are also black.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—The expensive Cachemire once more resumes its short reign; many of our *élégantes* wear them; they are gathered in plaits upon the shoulders, in order that they may not crush the sleeves of the dress. Square shawls are most in favour; when they are worn in carriages they are arranged *en écharpe*.

The new *relingotes* composed of *gros de Naples*, are buttoned from the top to the bottom, or at least the *corsage* is buttoned; there are no plaits either on the bosom or the back, the standing collar is trimmed with a *ruche*; it is precisely a bust of the time of Catherine of Medicis. The sleeves are as large as usual from the shoulder to the elbow, the fulness of the remaining part is confined by two *poignets*.

Although it is yet early in the season, merinos begin to be a great deal worn both in *robes* and *relingotes*: we have seen several of each of a new and peculiarly bright shade of chesnut colour; several of the latter are made with a collar turning over, and small lappels resembling those of a riding habit.

Black velvet pelerines are much in favour with coloured dresses; they are worn with and without fringe.

Several new materials for mantles have lately appeared. A good many are of merinos stouter than that worn for dresses, but exquisitely fine. Some have a pattern in colours round the mantle, others are *en colonnes*. On grounds *solitaire* or *Lord Byron*, two shades of brown, the patterns are in green or blue; if the ground is blue or green, the patterns are brown. Plaids of different kinds are also likely to be in favour; some of various colours, others black and red: a black line traverses these last, and crosses in the diamond.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Nothing is more in favour than a robe of *gros des Indes* of light chesnut colour. A *capote* of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with *nœuds* of satin gauze ribbon. A square shawl of yellow Cachemire, the ground flowered in bouquets; and *bradequins* of black prunella.

EVENING VISITING DRESS.—The newest style of costume is a *relingote* of white crape, embroidered in different shades of violet silk, lined with lilac satin, and buttoned down the front. A hat composed of green watered *gros de Naples*, the brim lined with lilac *gros des Indes*, and trimmed with a bouquet of white

feathers. Enamelled bracelets; black satin slippers and white gloves.

GRAND COSTUME.—Nothing so superb has appeared for a considerable time, in full dress, as the six robes, and a court train which have just been forwarded from one of the first dress-makers in Paris to the Duchess de Dino, niece to Prince de Talleyrand.

The court train is of *velours épinglé* of that rich colour called *violette des bois*; the border is embroidered in gold and silver in a Gothic pattern.

The dress to be worn with it, is of tulle decorated with a *semé d'or*, and other ornaments in gold and silver; it is trimmed round the bust *en mantille*, with two rows of blond lace. The sleeves are adorned with blond *sabots*, not disposed as usual in *à l'oreille d'éléphant*, but open behind, and looped by an *agrafe*; the *corsage* is *à la Sevigné*.

A Ball-dress of white crape had the *corsage à schall* before, and forming a small collar behind. The collar was bordered, with a wreath of the sweet smelling pea; the stalks and foliage of which were in gold, and the flowers in silk of the three national colours, the sleeves were of tulle, *à quatre bouffons*, the *bouffons* formed by satin *rouleaux*, the border of the skirt was ornamented by two rows of palms, embroidered in gold and in silk. Another ball dress of white satin, has long sleeves of blond finished at the wrist with *rouleaux* of satin, and narrow blond lace; the trimming placed as high as the knee, consists of a row of ostrich feathers intermingled with *marabouts*.

A third ball dress composed of blue crape, is only remarkable for the sleeves, which are *à la Donna Maria*, in blond lace; and which in the lower part has the fullness arranged transversally, and the plaits turned back.

An evening dress composed of granite *velours épinglé*, has short sleeves, arranged in regular plaits, partially covered with pagodas of English point lace, turned up before, on the shoulder by a knot of ribbon; the trimming of the skirt consists of a satin *rouleau*, which goes nearly but not quite round the dress, the ends of it turn up on the left side, and meet the *ceinture*, the *rouleau* is edged with English point lace of uncommon breadth and beauty.

There is but one of these dresses intended for the promenade; it is remarkable only for a kind of *canezou*, which partially covers the *corsage*; it is open and buttoned before; the dress is of satin, *couleur de bois*.

HEAD-DRESSES.—We observe, that head-dresses of hair have lately become very frequent at the theatre Italien; many are composed of hair only, without any ornament; the hind hair is always arranged in bows, but they are not near so high as they have been lately worn, and are at a greater distance from one another.

Some *coiffures* are ornamented with knots of gauze ribbon, two are placed at the left side, they issue from the bow of hair behind, which is very small, three others rise on the right side, and partly conceal the bow of hair which supports them.

A singularly graceful *coiffure*, *à l'Espagnole*, is formed by a silk net arranged in the hair, in the style of ribbons; the two sides are sustained by a gold *connettable*, which produces that effect; the ends are fringed, and fall gracefully on one side of the neck.

Blond lace caps are in favour in full dress; nothing can be more graceful and simple than their form; it is merely a light trimming of blond lace arranged upon a wreath.

Plain velvet toques trimmed with two feathers, each of a

different colour, are in favour; they are also ornamented with velvet *rouleaux*.

A very elegant dress that is composed of velvet of the brightest shade of ruby, the brim forms two large *tuyaux* on the left side, and is a little turned up on the right, partially displaying a white feather attached on the inside by a *torsade* of velvet; four superb ostrich feathers placed in different directions, go round the crown.

JEWELLERY.—Coloured gems mingled with enamel continue in favour both for bracelets and neck chains; we see also a great many of the latter of plain gold, and as massive as ever, and several of burnished gold *carrés*, which are united by *rosaces* finely chased in dead gold.

Table Service.—There is nothing talked of at present but the splendid *Dejeuner*, lately given by Madame R.; every delicacy of the season was served in plate and china of the most novel and superb description. The desert was served entirely in crystal, the dishes were in the shape of *coupes*, baskets and pyramids. Each guest had a *couvert de vermeil*, the handles of which were wrought in open work; this *couvert* was placed on a small napkin of white taffetas, in the middle of which, the cypher of the mistress of the house was embroidered in gold and coloured silks. Certainly Eastern luxury itself could produce nothing superior to this entertainment.

Furniture.—The chairs and couches of a stylish saloon, are at present always of satin embroidered in short stitch, or else in painted velvet. Cloth, horse-hair, and other economical tissues are only to be found in the apartments of people of middle rank. The newest window curtains are in *quinze-seize** of light colours, with a rich border of a full colour. The border for salmon coloured curtains is green, for *gris de lin ponceau*, for straw-colour blue. Curtains for saloons are lined, those for bed chambers are generally of muslin; the prettiest of that description are of plain muslin, with a rich broad border of embroidery all round.

Ornaments.—On the *consoles* of most of our elegant drawing-rooms, are placed *plans en relief* of the City of Algiers, or other towns on the coast of Africa, or else our navy, an attack by our troops, a tribe of Bedouins, Arabian costumes, an interior of a scraglio, &c. &c. These objects represented in miniature on a table of the saloon, answers the double purpose of amusing the eye and helping out the conversation.

Fancy Objects.—Our *merveilleuses* have at present the globes of the lamps which they burn in their bed-chambers, or occasionally in their boudoirs, of sky-blue, which gives the effect of moon-light. Another new invention of this kind, is that of covering the outside of the windows with red or yellow taffetas, which produces an effect resembling the rays of the setting sun.

The most novel visiting card is glazed, and of a shining white, which resembles china; the name is written in the middle of an escutcheon, formed of *filets d'or*.

In the country, where the humidity is greater than in town, the ceilings, instead of being painted white, represent a clouded sky, or an arbour adorned with flowers and foliage.

Ladies who make long visits to their friends in the country, have got into the habit of repaying the hospitality of the mistress of the house, by embroidering for her a piece of furniture, or else painting her a tea-table, or a screen.

* This term has reference only to the width of the stuffs, which is made purposely for furniture.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE DUKE D'ORLEANS,
KING OF THE FRENCH.

Louis Philip, Duke d'Orleans, was born at Paris, on the 6th October, 1773, that is to say two years after his father's courageous resistance of the dissolution of parliament, under the ministry of the Chancellor Meaupon; and his refusal to take his seat in the new election, which was ironically called *Meaupon's Parliament*. At that time he bore the title of Duke de Valois; and subsequently assumed that of Duke de Chartres, when his father became Duke d'Orleans.

This prince, Louis Philip, was educated by Madame de Genlis, in the principles of Rousseau's *Emilius*, as were his two brothers, the Dukes of Monpensier and Beaujelaïs, who were his juniors. The Duke de Chartres soon shewed himself worthy of such instructions, for at the age of 15, when he visited Mont St. Michael, in Normandy, he broke and destroyed the famous iron cage, in which a Dutch journalist had been incarcerated seventeen years, for having written a libel on Louis XIV.

The love of liberty began to ascend in the scales of justice, from amidst the dark horrors of slavery, and the prince was amongst the first to salute its rising; he was seen assiduously to pursue the discussions of the National Assembly, and to feel with enthusiastic pleasure, the influence of the French orators, whose speeches rivalled those of ancient Greece and Rome. A decree of the constituent assembly, having enjoined those military officers, who were landed proprietors, either to resign their commissions, or to take immediate command of their regiments, the Duke de Chartres, devoted to his country, did not hesitate a moment to place himself at the head of the 14th regiment of dragoons, then in garrison at Vendôme, and which bore his name. It was there, that by his courage and prompt decision, he had the opportunity to save a priest, whom the populace would have massacred, for having, as they said, regarded with derision a procession that was conducted by a constitutional priest; it was there also that he snatched from the flood, an engineer who was nearly drowned. For these acts the citizens of Vendôme presented him with a civic crown.

When scarcely nineteen years old, he fulfilled the office of commandant at Valenciennes; he then fought under General Biron, with whom he served at Boussu and Quarragon. The prince successively passed under the banners of Luckner and Kellerman, and shared with the latter in the triumphant capture of Valmy.

The grade of Lieutenant-General and the command of Strasburg, was offered to the Duke de Chartres on the 11th October, 1792. "I am too young," he replied, "to shut myself up in a garrison town; I demand employment in some active service." Kellerman then confided to his generalship, the second division of his army, which was composed of twelve battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of horse; and with these forces he appeared at Valmy, on the 30th of November. He defended the mill, which had to sustain the rough assault of the enemy, and the

heavy fire of his artillery. The Duke maintained this perilous and important post until night; and during the whole of that great day, which caused the projects of the confederacy to be upset, he has a right to demand his share of praise.

He next went into Dumourier's army, and on the 5th of November following, they were in face of the Austrian camp, which was intrenched on the heights of Jemappe; and there, this well tried army bivouacked in a state of (almost) destitution, and wanting above every other munition, both shoes and bread. The division commanded by the Duke de Chartres, consisting of twenty-four battalions of infantry, took their night-watch before the village of Pâturage. On the 6th the battle of Jemappe took place. In that action, the prince endeavoured with the centre of his army to gain possession of the wood of *Prince*, which served as a protection to the Austrian centre. Their strongest position was defended by a mortar redoubt, whose fire carried confusion and death into the ranks of the French. The youthful warrior succeeded in putting an end to this disorder, after great efforts, and rallied the fugitives; but despairing of establishing anew, any order amongst such irregular troops, he formed out of them a column of chosen men, which he called the *battalion of Mons*; in the centre he placed the five flags which he had taken from them, and giving the order "*to charge*," he precipitately fell upon the Austrians in their entrenchment, and put them to the rout, making himself master of some cannon, which the Austrian cavalry thought to carry away with them to Mons. After that astonishing battle, the prince joined the grand army, with which he served till the end of the campaign. The Duke de Chartres having learnt that the Convention had decreed the banishment of every member of the Bourbon family, who was then in France, conjured his father by letter to follow him to America; but a desperate fatality, attached the unhappy Philip Egalité to Paris, where he, in an inscrutable manner, erected his own scaffold!

The check which was received at the battle of Nerwiende, on the 18th of March, 1793, by the united armies of Miranda and Dumourier, is fresh in all our memories; and no one is ignorant, that in that unhappy affair, the Duke de Chartres commanded the centre division, and distinguished himself by his exploits at the head of the infantry, and by means of the most skilful retreat, he arrested the progress of the victorious enemy.

After this defeat, the prince, pained by a decree of arrestation, for having manifested with too much freedom, his horror of revolutionary excesses, abandoned his country. On his arrival at Mons, after having encountered many dangers, he found the Archduke Charles, at the headquarters of the Prince of Cobourg. That prince gave him a most flattering reception, and offered him the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Austrian army. The warrior of Jemappe replied, by asking for a passport to Switzerland, he obtained it, and instantly took his departure. On his journey through that country, under the name of an English traveller, he learnt the news of the arrestation of all his

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family. He soon however rejoined his sister Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who was recently arrived at Schaufhausen, with Madame de Genlis. In vain he besought an asylum in several of the towns, every where it was denied him; but he resolved to sacrifice himself rather than not secure a place of refuge for his sister. After the most intense trouble, he succeeded in prevailing on the superior of the convent of Saint Claire, at Beaumgarten, to receive Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis. The brother and sister separated there, to meet no more, till at the expiration of fifteen years of trouble. The Duke de Chartres was now in want of arms, companions and money, and he commenced on foot, his adventurous career in Switzerland. He traced the borders of the lakes of Geneva and Neuchâtel; he then passed on to Vevey and Clarens,* and traversed the cantons of Schweitz and Uri.

On receiving a letter from M. de Montesquion the prince returned to Beaumgarten. This generous friend, had never ceased to watch over his interests, and proposed to him the post of professor (or master,) in a college at Richenau, conducted by M. Aloyne Fost, who was the confidant of Montesquion. Certain of concealment, the prince accepted the offer, and changed his name to Corby, borrowed from a merchant of the Palais royal. He submitted to the most severe examination by the heads of the college, in common with the lowest of the preceptors. His success was commensurate with his ability, and he was unanimously installed *Professor*, &c.; taught for eight months, geography, history, mathematics, and the French, and English languages; no one discovered his secret, and in this singular situation, he differed in nothing from his companions, except in the universal attachment of his pupils. The remembrance of his country sustained him in the midst of the most cruel deprivations. He forgot the ingratitude of men, and thought with delight only of the beauties of France. Suddenly he learnt the news of his father's decapitation, and, to complete his misfortunes, the name of Corby was no longer a protection; his true name was known; his assassins might reach him here; where should he fly? His heart sympathized only with those countries that were free—he cast his eyes towards America, intending thither to bend his course; but his finances were reduced so considerably, that he was obliged to give up the attempt and remain in Europe; where, as he was an enemy to idleness, and delighted in great and splendid objects, he determined upon turning his steps to the northern regions.

In the month of April, 1795, Copenhagen received the Duke within her walls, and the sovereign of Denmark, himself, presented his passports, to the illustrious traveller. After having traversed the Sound and several towns in Sweden, he made a pilgrimage to Fiederickstadt, rendered immortal by the fault of Charles XII., and penetrated almost to the country of the stupid Laplanders. Finland with its brassy sky aroused his curiosity; he was desirous to explore that country, where formerly Gustavus III., had by a complete victory, revenged the Swedes for the disorders of Pultawa. It was not youthful enthusiasm alone, which drew him on to this dangerous journey, but the noble desire of improvement; therefore he studied like a veteran soldier, in the centre of the memorable theatre of

that glorious warfare. On his arrival at Stockholm, he was recognized through his modest disguise; and the court celebrated his presence by the most brilliant feasts: after Stockholm he visited Delcarlia.

In 1797, the Duke d'Orleans (which name he had taken since the death of his father,) ended his northern journey; and reposing at Hamburg after its attendant fatigues, the usual intrigues of courts beset him. In order to gain him over to the side of the allies, treasures and honours were promised to him; the prince found himself in a state of positive want, the sword of the revolution was still suspended over his head; but his heart had never ceased to beat faithfully for France, and the emissaries from Coblenz were treated with contempt.

In the meantime his two brothers groaned in the prisons of Marseilles, where the Duke de Mompensier had been confined forty-three months. The Duchess d'Orleans, a tender and affectionate mother was expiring under the vain effort to obtain the release of her sons. The government at length relented, but required in exchange for *their* liberation, that the eldest of the family should abandon Europe. Immediately on this august princess acquainting her high minded son with the conditions of the directory, which he received in August, 1796, in the Duchy of Holstein, he answered, as follows:—

"When my dear and tender mother receives this letter, her orders will be obeyed, and I shall have sailed for America in the first ship that is bound to the United States. What could I not have done, after the letter that I have just received! I will no more believe that happiness is lost to me for ever, since I am yet permitted to be the medium of softening the evils of my dear parent; whose situation and sufferings, have long preyed upon my heart. Henceforth, I complain not of my fate; for I feelingly know how much more terrible it might be. I shall not believe it even unfortunate, if after having found my brothers again, I learn that our darling mother is as well as she can be; and if I can once more serve my country by contributing to its tranquillity, and consequently to its happiness, what I have suffered is no sacrifice."

The prince reached Philadelphia in October, 1796, and as soon as the two young dukes quitted their prisons at Marseilles, they embarked to join him, but their meeting was retarded until February following. The duke proposed to his brothers to travel through the interior of the United States; they joyfully accepted it, and set out on horseback attended by one servant. Thirty years afterwards, behold us contemplating the three illustrious exiles, seated at the frugal table of Washington, at Mount Vernon,—silently attentive to the discourse of that great man, and before they separated from him for ever, receiving his paternal benediction!

On their return to Boston the Princes received the melancholy news of their mother's banishment. Their sole thought was to be re-united to her; they therefore embarked to re-join her in Spain, whither she had been sent; but on their voyage they were informed that the Spanish King shut his ports against them, and that if they presumed to land, they would be arrested and transported to New Orleans. The Princes perceived no other means of preserving their liberty but by taking refuge in England; and in February, 1800, they arrived in London, after having surmounted innumerable difficulties.

The Duke d'Orleans, who had until now travelled under an assumed name even amongst peaceable people, resumed

* Places rendered sacred to an enthusiast, by the refined descriptions of his preceptor, Rousseau.

his own when he went thither ; his name was no longer a mystery, and avowed by himself, he was again beset by factions. That enthusiastic love of liberty and the courage that we have admired in him, was no longer of any avail ; on the edge of a precipice, he could not answer for himself without a consummate share of prudence. That period of his life, that we are now about to review, will prove, that he was in early possession, and in a supreme degree, of that kingly virtue. He arrived in London with his two brothers, who were united with him in heart and soul, and a thirst for liberty. At London, under the hand of the Bourbons, that famous coalition against the power of France was formed ; he consented to see his noble relatives, and wrote to Louis 18th then at Mittau, but he strictly interdicted all discussion on politics, in their correspondence. The three Princes were strenuously solicited to range themselves under the emigrant flag, but they firmly refused it. The Duke d'Orleans dreamt only of rejoining his mother, and consecrated all his efforts to attain this filial object, which had already cost him so much anxiety ; and not being able to succeed, he settled with his brothers in a charming villa at Twickenham and devoted himself to study. The commerce of England, its political economy, its laws, and all the secrets of the civilization of the country, became the objects of his laborious investigation, and of his conversations with the several distinguished persons who visited them in their retreat. But misfortune came again to upset his peaceful enjoyments. The Duke de Montpensier died in 1807 of an inflammation of the chest ; and the Duke de Beaujolais was threatened with a similar complaint. In fine, he expired in the arms of his brother, in the succeeding year, at Malta, where he took him by the advice of the English physicians. Devoured by chagrin, the unhappy Prince flew to Messina, from thence to Palermo, where Ferdinand IV., king of Sicily, and Maria-Caroline of Austria his wife, had invited him to repose himself, from whom he met with the most honourable reception. Ferdinand was much taken up with making preparations to defend his rights to the crown of Spain, against the usurpation of Napoleon ; his second son Leopold was put in command of the expedition, and the Duke d'Orleans invited to accompany the Prince. Convinced of the legitimacy of his host's cause, the Prince accepted the proposal, and England had through her Ambassador avowed her approbation of this armament ; yet on their arrival at Gibraltar, it was notified to the Princes by the governor, that they must not think of penetrating into Spain. Leopold was shut up in the town for two months, and the Duke of Orleans removed to London, where he expressed his indignation against the governor, without obtaining any redress. The Prince, after again unavailingly trying to join his mother at Figueres, returned to the court of Palermo. There the Princess Amelia, daughter to the King, attracted by his brilliant qualities, granted him her hand, which was a favour joyfully accorded to, even by the imperious Queen herself, who was proud of being thus allied to a worthy descendant of Henry IV. In the midst of the nuptial festivities, which were celebrated at Palermo on the 25th November, 1809, Made-moiselle d'Orleans and her venerable parent were restored to his embraces.

It was not long ere the Prince received a message from the regency at Cadiz, whence the immortal defenders of the Isle of St. Leon called for the support of the hero of Jemappe. A supreme command was offered to him with all the honours due to the infants of Spain. The enthusi-

asm of liberty was relit in his soul, and he flew to the succour of the heroic Cortes.

But England had stipulated that the Prince's name should not be associated with the Spanish revolution ; she doubted his talents and his courage. She succeeded in causing the regency to retract their offers, and compel the Duke to return to Palermo. A revolution awaited him there. The imprudent Maria-Caroline of Austria, who held her husband in subjection to her will, had (added to the loss of the crown of Naples, which had fallen to the lot of Murat,) miserably oppressed her subjects. The Duke d'Orleans besought her earnestly to grant them a renewal of those privileges and immunities which the Sicilian people had enjoyed for eight centuries, but the Queen was inflexible,—she even dared to arrest the members of the Sicilian council, who had courageously risen to oppose her tyranny. The Prince was indignant at such conduct, and retired to his country seat. In the mean time, his predictions were realized ; the monarch was compelled to relinquish the exercise of the royal authority, in favor of the Prince royal, and a new constitution avenged the people for the indignities they had suffered.

At length the Duke d'Orleans learnt that the gates of France, which had been shut against him twenty years, were at last opened by the fall of Napoleon. He instantly set off for Paris, and soon saluted that country which he had always loved. In the month of July, 1814, he embarked again to bring his family from Palermo, but suddenly Napoleon re-appeared, and changed the face of things.

The Duke was despatched by Louis XVIII. to Lyons, to assist at a council at which *Monsieur* presided, and where it was acknowledged, that the city must be given up to Buonaparte. He returned again to Paris, and in order to place his family in perfect security he carried them to England ; only retaining his sister near him. Then he proceeded to the northern department, the command of which had been confided to him ; in all the towns he passed through, he was received with a general enthusiasm, and on the 20th March, he sent the following circular order to the several commanders, "to yield to the pressing calls of their country ; to avoid the horrors of civil war ; to rally round the king and the constitutional charter ; and above all, not to allow, under any pretexts, foreign forces to take place of the King's." But the Duke not being able to follow up these conditions beyond 24th March, 1815, (and not having received any communication from the king previous to his departure,) left Lisle to rejoin his beloved family in England.

The Prince once more settled (with his wife and children,) in that delightful asylum on the banks of the Thames, where he had resided with his brothers, and again gave himself up to study. On the restoration of the Bourbons, they returned to France, and the Duke consented to the arrangements entered into by that unsettled dynasty ; in consequence of which he refrained from interfering with, or taking any part, in the concerns of a government from whose councils he was excluded ; but he did not on that account cease to watch over, and to follow perseveringly the principles of true liberty. As a lover of the fine arts, the Duke D'Orleans has ever encouraged the efforts of our professors, whose deserving talents he honours by his friendship and protection. His children have been educated at public seminaries, in order to associate them with that new generation, of whose sentiments they already

partake, and of which they will become the ornament and glory.

The family of the Duke D'Orleans consists of eight children, five of which are sons; namely the Duke de Chartres, Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke de Penthièvre, and the Duke D'Aumale. C. S.

The Duke de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and uncle to the Duke D'Orleans, died August 27, in this year; and left all his fortune to the Duke D'Aumale, on condition that he took the title of Prince of Condé,

CHARLES X, THE EX-MONARCH OF FRANCE.

" 'Tis a strange world; for oft *vicissitude*
Will reach the mightiest: power, nor pride, nor birth,
Ne'er yet have boasted that they bore a shield
Invulnerable to the sudden shafts
Which fickle fortune from its quiver speeds
Their points envenom'd all. Nay, at the hour
The peasant falls, a king may tremble too."

TEMPLETON.

To exult over fallen greatness, is the province of evil minds; and to lacerate the feelings of the wounded, the practice only of inhuman constitutions; consequently, it cannot for one moment be supposed that it is our intention to "speak daggers" respecting the political conduct of the HIGH PERSONAGE whose portrait forms a portion of our present embellishments, any more than it is our wish to "use any" against those who, in the enthusiasm of their cause, have expelled him from the throne of his ancestors. Steering clear, as we have all along done, from the trammels of party, and the dilemma of opposing principles, this is assuredly not the hour when we should barter our prudence for the fast-fitting-away merchandize of evanescent popularity.

CHARLES the TENTH of France, though denuded of his sceptre, and deprived of sovereignty, is yet an object of interest (even if his influence be inadequate to his rank) to Englishmen and to Europe; and therefore we have deemed an accurate pictorial representation of him must be interesting to our subscribers, especially as we have it in our power to *please all parties* by at the same time exhibiting to them a faithful likeness of his successor, in the person of another member of the house of Bourbon (also a *Caput*), namely, PHILIPPE the FIRST, the present popular king of the French nation.

It is, we feel quite convinced, neither expected nor required that we should detail the particulars of CHARLES's eventful career, especially those which more immediately led to the necessity of seeking a shelter here, and flying to us, like Themistocles of old to the Romans, for that protection which had ceased to be awarded him in his own country. Those events are so connected with the history of Europe, that they are become as familiar as "household words" and frail indeed must be our memories, dull our intellects, if we required a prompter to a theme so prescient with interest, and so charged with warning.

It will suffice, then, to observe, that this once powerful potentate is, for the second time, indebted to England for hearth and home; and that generous pity and dignified protection which the *unfortunate of every nation* so invariably receive from her king and her people. Unfeeling enthusiasts have sneered at the forbearance and generous encouragement which those in the vicinity of his abode evince

towards the Ex-King and his sorrowing family, but it were to have belied our national character and blackened our unsullied reputation, had a contrary line of behaviour been adopted. Whatever may be his present situation—however "troops of friends" may have left him, and pride and pomp and circumstance have decayed, we yet must remember, he "had the crown;" and if not, on that account, reverence, at all events, respect him. In fact, to "bruise the broken reed," is, in more emphatic words, to "bring the grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire (in the neighbourhood of the somewhat extensive port of Pool, famous for its trade with Newfoundland), the property of a wealthy Catholic gentleman, Mr. Weld, and once tenanted by the present Sir Robert Peel, is the principal residence, or asylum, of the emigrated royal family of France. But other and more splendid mansions have been spoken of, as better befitting the dignity, though fallen, of their state. Among the rest, Wardour Castle, Wilts, the property of Lord Arundel, and which we should imagine to be a dwelling peculiarly adapted to the feelings and habits of CHARLES the TENTH; since it was not only there that the most distinguished of the emigrant clergy who fled from France in the stormy period of its most sanguinary revolution (*of course we speak not of its recent change of dynasties*) found food and shelter and raiment, faring even sumptuously every day, to the absolute impoverishment of their compassionate benefactor, the late Lord Arundel, but also because the country abounds with the means of affording those field amusements—shooting and hunting in particular—which so mainly contributes to the gratification of the aged subject of these observations.* It is, however, now understood that CHARLES has, through Cardinal Latil, declined accepting the generous offer of the present possessor of this extensive and interesting domain.

We have only to add, that since their sojourn amongst us, the ex-royal family have borne their faculties meekly about them, and adjusted themselves to their situation with becoming resignation. The *Duchesses* D'ANGOULEME and DE BERRI have visited several places, and have rather made friends than enemies in their progress; whilst the son of the latter, the Duke de BOURDEAUX, in whose favor it was the wish of CHARLES to abdicate, is represented not only as a good-natured, but a lively and intelligent young prince. At all events, their conduct merits no degree of harshness from us, and we conclude by reminding those who bear malice and hatred in their hearts, that (as one of our most eloquent essayists writes) "we cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishments and

* *Wardour Castle* may well be termed a palace, being one of the most beautiful and finely situated mansions of our nobility. Its collection of pictures is exquisite, and its chapel (Roman Catholic) superb. When high mass is performed it is crowded by visitors, who come for miles round to witness its gorgeous celebration as they would to a holiday procession or stage pageant. The park is extensive and highly romantic; it is rendered still more interesting by the picturesque and ivy-laced remains of old Wardour Castle, which Lady Blanche, of Wardour, with a very few soldiers, held out, for a very considerable while, against a large body of Cromwell's soldiers, and at last was defeated more by the fangs of hunger than the fire of the foe. Had all the subjects of Charles done their duty, like this noble lady, the protector would never have triumphed.

judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour, of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good will towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them."

ANECDOTES OF M. LE PRINCE TALLEYRAND,
UNDER HIS VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF ABBÉ DE PERIGORD,
BISHOP OF AUTUN, OF M. DE TALLYRAND, CITIZEN TALLEY-
RAND, PRINCE OF BENEVENTO, PRINCE-DUKE DE TALLEY-
RAND-PERIGORD.—FORMING ALTOGETHER AN ABBRIDGED
HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

Of the hero of these interesting and amusing pages there is so much to be considered, and so much to be admired, that one can scarcely forbear regretting, that in the course of nature, but little more may be known of M. de Talleyrand, the close of whose diplomatic career will probably be signed in England, to which kingdom he has arrived on a special mission to our most Gracious King, from Louis Philippe I. King of the French.

M. de Talleyrand from his first taking orders seems to have been predestined the director of the revolution,—in that sense of the word, which devout people attach to it. It was, in fact, he, who baptized the revolution on the altar of his country, the first day of the *fédération*; afterwards he united it with the empire; and in 1814, bestowed on it *extreme unction*, after having received some proofs of its liberality, and being well assured of a further succession. He also baptized the legitimacy. May he contribute to render indissoluble this union, with the engagements of Louis XVIII. and neither the former Bishop of Autun, nor any other person, will ever have occasion to administer to the legal sovereign any other oath!

Whoever has read much, has necessarily a favourite author; and it must be so, especially among men of superior intellect. If in fact common minds seek in books for new ideas which are useful to them as lessons of instruction, those who are endowed by nature with her pre-eminent gifts, will find in their readings, their own thoughts differently expressed; and there is insensibly formed between the author and his reader, a connexion, passive on one part, but active on the other, created by the great analogy of mind and character; therefore it is not a matter of indifference, to those who would acquire a knowledge of mankind, to determine to what author to give the preference. Two memorable examples may be adduced, in proof of the before named identity—viz. Voltaire, and Rousseau. The former of whom made *Rabelais* his favourite study, because his genius instinctively led him like the Curate of Meudon into witty and mirthful scenes. Rousseau, on the contrary, led by his misanthropic temper to see the world in its most gloomy colours, gave the preference, to the *Essays of Montaigne*.

As for M. de Talleyrand, his golden books are the odes of Horace, and the *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz*. In M. de T. there is a savouring of a Latin Poet, and in the previous Bishop of Autun a very great coadjutor. The *fronde* had been to the one, what the *Revolution* was to the other, a scene and a theatre, where both were to shew themselves skilful actors; each equally delighting in the society of females, who also played their parts in these two Dramas.

The *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz* formed in a measure the breviary of M. de T.; he read them unceasingly, and after the manner of his favourite author he also has written some *Memoirs*.

However interesting we anticipate these must be, it is not probable we shall see them *very soon*, as we have been assured M. de Talleyrand, has ordered, that they shall not be published until ten years *after his death*! There are two copies said to be in existence; one in Paris, the other at Valancey; and the author employs himself in continually reviewing and adding to them.* He has read several fragments to a small portion of friends, but none since the 18th *brumaire*. Those who have been so fortunate as to be present at these privileged readings, will remember the chapter intitled *my amours at the seminary*; the commencement is as follows.

"What a pitiful species we are! The greatest warrior has his terrors, and the coldest diplomatist his involuntary emotions! The weakness I am about to acknowledge here will not make me blush; for even Alexander shuddered at the touch of a peach, and our Turenne was overcome at the sight of a spider. There is an eating-house in the street *Vieux Colombier*, and a linden tree still alive in the garden of St. Sulpice, that I can never behold without feeling a mixed emotion of pain and pleasure. This morning only (19th May 1826) in my way to the Chamber of Peers, to vote against one of their laws (I don't know which,) I forgot that law, my gout, my eighty years of life, when on turning the corner of the street *Gindre* I raised my head, and remembered that green painted house, which enclosed every thing that was beautiful, and lovely in my estimation, in 1760. That was my *Gît-le-cœur*. Such as in 1580 was that close street where Gabriel d'Extus lived, and which leads from the quays of the Augustines to the street of St. André-des-arcs.

"Juliana Picot was scarcely more than fourteen years of age, and I had but just attained my sixteenth, when for the first time I observed her on the third story of a house in the *Pot-de-fer*, looking over a square of oiled paper, the half of which had been torn out by the wind. She had round plump cheeks, light flaxen hair, and a pretty little India dimity jacket with large flowers. At that time I was very devout, and I took her for a cherub; but I was soon undeceived when I saw her eating a *galette*. One of my comrades had an apartment which looked into the *Pot-de-fer*, and I made use of more lies, and stratagems, than would have served to change the destiny of Europe *twice told*, in order to prevail on him to change lodgings with me.

I committed a thousand follies every day to excuse my remaining in my room, where stretched on tip-toe to my utmost height, in order the better to see my divinity, I explained my sentiments upon large thick paper, which I left on the parapet, in order to give her full time to spell the words, and not to alarm her modesty. Afterwards I collected my epistles and held them pressed in both hands, something like pantaloons in the pantomime, so that I might read her answer in her eyes; and more frequently my most tender protestations were made in chalk upon my black cloak. At the close of some weeks' anxiety, Juliana replied by the emblematical figure of a heart on fire.

She was an apprentice to a lace mender; but I knew very well that she was the daughter of the wealthiest cook in that quarter; and that, with the cognizance of a woman employed

* Perhaps these M. S. are neither at Paris nor Valancey, for when M. de T. heard that the papers of Cambaceres were seized. "Ah! ah!" said he, "that is a notice from the Tuilleries, to the Rue St. Florentia."

in washing the work, she went sometimes into an apartment on the base-floor of a house contiguous to ours, but to which there was no access. When she happened to be there, we took advantage of a hole that had been opened for the cat's egress in a door that separated the rooms, to speak a little more at our ease. Seated thus, on each side the door on the cold flag-stones, and not being able even to see each other, we swore to marry, and be faithful and true, with all the ardour and sincerity worthy of our years. I held her little hand in mine for hours together; and was more happy in that favour, than I ever was at croziers, golden keys, ribbons, or principalities.

As Juliana sometimes slept at her mistress's house, and sometimes at her father's, she could absent herself from each, without creating any suspicion. We soon began to take advantage of this freedom; I had some cleverness, money, and perseverance; and to descend at night from the height of the garden wall did not appear difficult to me, because I was in love. To get back again was the difficulty; but a good friend of Juliana's (for we were never alone,) assisted me in that perilous expedition. And it was for the sake of walking round the deserted boulevards, and enjoying together the charms of love and freedom, that we braved such perils! Truly, to enjoy life, we ought never to be more than sixteen years old!

In order to re-enter my prison, I was compelled to bring up a coach close to the sacred wall, then to mount on the top of the roof, and thence on the wall, in order to attain the branches of a linden tree, by which I descended to the ground. What childish mirth, and what tender fears did these adventures create in my Juliana! How uneasy was she poor girl when the operation of my return commenced, and what frolic laughs met my ear from the street on the other side, when to announce the success of my attempt to the two friends, I threw over the wall the flowers of the yellow gilly-flower, and the leaves of the linden, which had in turn assisted in my evasion.

I hurt, myself in one of my latter achievements, and that accident which for another would have been merely a sprain, became a serious evil for me. One night that I was sighing and bewailing the tortures of absence, and perhaps on the impossibility of my being ever fully satisfied even by the presence of Juliana, since I had decidedly refused to admit another adjunct to our promenades, it came into my head to try the diversion of eating, and I went to her father's, for some partridges and a *frangipane*. This was a means that I believed to be very ingenious, to assure her of the state of my health, and it appeared to me also, that a little good fare would console me for the disappointments of love; and the father's ability make up for the rigorous absence of the daughter.

It was not the first time that this honest man had supplied us with *petty toes* secretly. But at this time the feast of Pentecost allowed us openly to administer a dainty to the convalescent. It was near seven o'clock, and I was hungry; and I was anxiously waiting for the grave step of the boy who was accustomed to bring me those nourishing things which were permitted in my case, when I heard a gentle knock at the adjoining door. I arose instinctively, and instead of the tall baker's boy, pale and wan, I beheld the most charming child I ever saw, and also the most diffident. I then took him for the brother of Juliana, for I knew that she had one; but on taking his hand to assist him through the dark corridor I felt it was Juliana herself. She entered into my cell; the cotton cap which covered her flaxen hair, fell at her feet; and the

sweetest smile, and the most beautiful flaxen hair in the world at once covered her face.—“M. l'abbé,” said she, “do you think that M. Rigoirer” (that was the name of the porter,) will observe if I do not return immediately? Alas! good heaven! what will become of me? I told my brother when I borrowed his clothes, that I was going to a bridal-ball; and I told my mistress that I was going home to my father's . . .”

I leaped with joy, in spite of my wound; I stopped her mouth from proceeding; I comprehended all the suspicions to which her good name would be subject; but not being able to hide her in my arms, I hid her in a closet.”

While he was still L'Abbé Talleyrand, he made one of a dinner-party, at the Duke de Choiseuls; and, on the name of the Duchess de N. being announced, whose adventures then made some noise in the world, and for whose arrival the company had been waiting some time, he exclaimed, oh! oh! loud enough to be heard by every one in the room. The duchess made no observation, until they were seated at table, when she asked the abbé, “why, when she was announced, he had said, oh! oh!”—“Not so madam,” he answered, “I said, ah! ah!”

The manner in which M. de Talleyrand made acquaintance with Madame G. a native of Tranquebar in India, is little known. He owed this acquaintance almost to chance, and it was under the directory, and a few days after the nomination of M. de T. to the secretaryship of Foreign affairs. Madame G. was recently arrived from London, almost without resources, and charged by the emigrants with some trifling commissions; she was set down at a very humble furnished lodging, at that part of the street St. Nicaise, where afterwards the explosion of the infernal machine took place. The arrival of Madame G. was sufficient to alarm the police, and she was followed every where; when having one day paid a visit to the Marchioness of St. Croix, (sister of the advocate-general Talon, and consequently aunt to Madame de Cayla,) she advised her to go instantly to M. de Talleyrand, and to tell the citizen minister all that she knew about England. Madame G. got into a carriage and was conducted tremblingly, to the *rue de Bac*, to the hotel Galifé, where the minister then was. It was ten o'clock at night when she got there, and it was not without great entreaty that *Joris*, the swiss porter, consented to allow her to visit the minister. She arrived at last to that honour, and was announced as an emigrant lady having some very important communications to make to him. Madame G. on being received in his private closet, told him how she was situated, and followed by the emissaries of Government, and begged him to grant her an asylum. The minister fearful of compromising himself, refused her request. Nevertheless, the sight of a weeping female, and one too that had the most beautiful flaxen hair, that was perhaps ever seen, altogether softened the diplomatist's heart. A man is not less human for being a minister! He therefore gave immediate orders for an upper-chamber to be prepared for the beautiful refugee, and the citizen minister, after having conducted her to her apartment, returned to the saloon with a smile on his lips. Such gaiety did not escape the observation of M. de Saint Foix and the Duke de Laval. The minister did not conceal from them what kind of hospitality he had been practising: they say that the conversation of the three friends would have recalled the remembrance of the old men in the Apocrapha, if the beautiful emigrant had been a better likeness of Susanna.

The next day politeness exacted that the master of the

place should inform himself how his guest had passed the night; she appeared more lovely after this salutary rest, and was very naturally invited to breakfast, then to dinner, and at last Madame G. was established at the hotel.

The directorial government has never been accused of an excess of moral rigour, and the Theophilanthropists did not denounce a censure from the pulpit of St. Sulpice, against those who entered into irregular marriages; and the first consul scarcely yet in full possession of magisterial power, was seized with a matrimonial access, which he desired to extend even to Cambaceres. In the zeal of his conjugal orthodoxy, Buonaparte signified to his minister of foreign affairs, that he must think more seriously of entering into the marriage state: the ex-bishopric of Autun, was, however, a curb upon the desires of M. de T., when a brief from the Court of Rome arrived, and smoothed all difficulties; the Bishop was released from his vows, and if some religious people of the fauxbourg St. Germain persisted still to look upon M. de Talleyrand as a married priest, we beg them in charity to observe, that the powers of the Pope are extensive, and his decrees infallible.

M. de T. having then resolved upon marrying Mad. G. wished the ceremony to have as little publicity as possible. The recollection of his having belonged to the ecclesiastical order, was a principal motive for concealment. The law exacted that all marriages should be celebrated on the tenth day, in the chief place of the department immediately after the publication of the acts of government. M. de T. had then a country house at Epinay, and Pierrefite was the principal town of the canton. The minister for foreign affairs never doubted but that a village mayor would shew great readiness to conform to his wishes. He therefore desired the mayor would be at a certain day and hour, at Epinay, with the registers, in order that he might formally pronounce the marriage legal, and inscribe it in the usual forms. The mayor was a wealthy landed proprietor, very independent, and had even been a member of the principal administration of Paris, with M. de la Rochefacauld, Pastoret and de Lacépède. He was perfectly acquainted with all the duties that the law imposed on him, and wrote to M. de T. to signify his regrets at being obliged to decline his request. The marriage was therefore solemnized at Paris, where M. de T. found a more accommodating mayor; but he never shewed the least resentment towards the mayor of Pierrefite.

This clandestine act was soon the talk of Paris, and caused a great deal of surprise. The worthy and respectable mother of M. de Talleyrand, who was then alive, was deeply afflicted, and refused to see her son again; and although she had no other revenue than the annuity she received from him, she obstinately refused it; and M. de T. was compelled to suffer it to pass into her hands as the gift of one of his brothers, recently returned from emigration.

A short time after the return of the army of Egypt, and of those learned persons who had been witnesses of that glorious expedition, M. de T. invited M. Denon to dinner. "He is," said M. de T. to his wife, "a very amiable man, and an author, and authors like to have people talk to them of their works; I will send you a copy of his travels that you may read it, in order to be able to converse with him." In fact, M. de T. sent Madame the promised volume, and when she had read it felt herself perfectly qualified to speak to the author, who was placed at the table beside her. "Ah! sir," said she, "I cannot express to you all the pleasure I experienced in reading your adventures." "Madame you are by much too indul-

gent." "Not at all, I assure you; my God! how you must have been wearied being all alone in that desert island, I was very much interested in that part." "But it appears to me, madam that ——" "You must have cut a droll figure in your high peaked cap." "Indeed Madame, I don't understand you." "Ah! I comprehend very well all the troubles you must have experienced; Did you suffer much after your shipwreck?"—"But really Madame, I do not know ——" "You ought to have been very well pleased however, when you found Friday!" M. de T. had given his wife, (who was not a *reading woman*, as Mad. de L. said,) the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, in mistake.

Poor Madame La Marechale! many of her sayings have been repeated characteristic of herself, but in quite a different style from M. de T.; however he knows how to adapt his to every body's understanding. For example, while yet wife to a simple general, she was at dinner with a large company at the ministers. "My God! you have given us a sumptuous feast! it must have cost you a great price." "Ah! Madame," he answered, "you are very considerate; but it has not cost the wealth of Peru."

The waters of Bourbon, l'Archambault situated at six leagues from Moulins, are very beneficial to the health of M. de T. and he goes to drink the waters every other year. The minister held a little court there in 1803, composed of some persons whom he took with him from Paris; the principal authorities of the neighbouring departments, and other principal people of the province; Mad. de T. who was still very handsome at that period, wept with a facility which, would have created the envy of Artemisia, above all, when M. de T. scolded the delightful little Charlotte (now the Baroness Alexander de T.) who was then taking lessons in reading, that her tears flowed in the greatest profusion. Those tears it must be owned did not appear very much to move the person who caused them to flow; and the black brows of M. d'Hautrive neither frowned more nor less than before. M. d'Hautrive made this journey with two other secretaries belonging to the office for foreign affairs, and Mad. de T. had invited Mad. de Bonneuil to keep her company; (she was the mother of Mad. St. Jean d'Angeli.) Mad. de Bonneuil, then near sixty years of age, was the most extraordinary woman perhaps of her age; her wit, and her amiability were not more ancient than her face, which was still charming, and she had the most indulgent kindness towards young people. The Baron St. Etienne also was there, formerly a knight of Louis XVI., one of those men whom M. de T. most loved and esteemed, and who used no other hotel than the minister's when he went to Paris, and who remained, under all circumstances, faithful to his old friends, and old affections.

These suppers at Bourbon l'Archambault, possessed inexpressible charms, for here M. De Talleyrand found pleasant society, and here he shewed all his bright and amiable qualities. A trifle, sometimes, sufficed to amuse him, and served as a text to a delightful discourse, in which, for the time, he was like a great child, enjoying his hours of recreation. He spoke at those times more than he did any where else, giving himself up to the complete abandonment of his mind, as a waterman resting on his oars, lets his bark glide gently down the stream. The recollection of grave and serious matters, frequently intruded upon his familiar moments, but his narrations were not the less agreeable for being deficient in piquancy and vivacity. It was in one of those moments of hilarity that, after having

expressed how much he had been amused at the breakage of the Chevalier d'Azara's beautiful plates, because the Spanish Ambassador was so very avaricious, he stopped suddenly, and assuming a more serious air, turned towards M. d'Hautrive, saying, "No, d'Hautrive, be sure there is no stability to be hoped for in a new government without alliances; the first Consul of France must form a high connection—a connection of family." M. d'Hautrive, like all the other guests, listened in silence, and the Minister not having yet finished with his Chevalier d'Azara, assured them that sometimes at the Ambassador's dinners, the servants were desired to break something, in order that they might witness the contortions of this noble Spaniard. "He is so avaricious," added he, "that one day, when my Physician had recommended me to take some Spanish chocolate for a certain time, I spoke to M. d'Azara to get me some; and he sent me three pounds. Some time after, at the close of a diplomatic visit, I perceived that the Spanish Ambassador did not retire, and went to him and asked him if he had any particular communication to make?" "No, said he, 'tis a trifle, but those little things slip the memory." "What do you mean?" "It is almost less than nothing, but we have a noble account together. The three pounds of chocolate that I——" Every one interrupted him by a burst of laughter; when he, returning to his preceding thought, again addressed M. d'Hautrive. "There is not a doubt but a family connection is indispensable; but *where* seek it, is a difficulty! Two great families only exist in Europe:—the houses of Bourbon and Austria; he must marry into one or the other of them."

In the memoirs of a female contemporary, that which has most pleased the fine ladies, is the story of the *curl papers*, made with notes of a *thousand francs*. This passage has been read, meditated on, and loudly commented, both by women of the first fashion, and grisettes in their green aprons, and perhaps, equally noticed under the garret-roof, and amidst the draperies of the boudoir. The author relates the scene with too much feeling, to admit of our omitting a recital worthy the Sultana of the thousand and one nights. "It is impossible to find in him any vestage of his first state in life, except the style of his head dress; and he has preserved no mementoes of former times, save in hair powder, and *good manners*. And when we know that he is a prelate, we feel perfectly incredulous, touching his religious qualities. It is certainly, not on those points that I seek to appreciate him; his exterior advantages, scarcely appear at the first view, more prominent, but to what he possesses, he gives a value, by such an anxious and unaffected desire to please, that those things in which he knows himself in fault, are perhaps thrown into that agreeable relief which happily covers all imperfections. Expression embellishes even ugliness: judge then of its effects upon a countenance which is both ingenious and agreeable. A downcast lid, spread over his eyes a veil, whose penetration was almost proverbial, and gave him peculiar charms. When he was standing, they formed only a part of his perfections; but when seated, and looking at him while conversing, unreserved admiration was his due. M. de Talleyrand is one that must be judged in his familiar associations.

"I believe, that one of the great secrets of his superiority over his contemporaries, is, that apparent indifference, and careless abandonment, which he shews on the most important occasions, and the almost intense attention with which he heard and related the most frivolous concerns. Others may shew as much wit in public, but it is impossible to shew it to greater advan-

tage in their private hours: there constantly escapes him at those times, some piquant epigram, which, at the moment, you conceive to be produced by confidence and freedom, he keeps the mastery of; making his hearers believe, that they owe him much thanks for this preference, while he mysteriously preserves his secret.

"Every time that I beheld this potent minister, and moreover so amiable; this abbé of the old Court, and secret dictator of republican diplomacy, I called my small stock of erudition into play, in order to compare him with some great name recorded in history. I never went to the office without stopping there more than two hours. My flaxen hair attracted the especial attention of M. de T. and once in particular, became the object of most singular labour. He had been for some time employed in disarranging my hair, so that it almost seemed impossible to repair the damage. The hand, however, which signed treaties of peace for France, would itself, put an end to the rebellious indignation which this disorder had caused in me, and he treated me like a power whose peace it was necessary to purchase. Behold! then, the Minister taking my flowing curls one by one, in his fingers, and rolling them in fine thin paper, all of which he arranged underneath my hat; exacting that the structure should remain in that state, until I returned to my own house, which I should reach, he said, with a head-dress a little less beautiful than when he began its destruction.

"I carried my *patience* to as great extent as he carried his gallantry; and perceiving that he had made use of notes of a *thousand francs*, in guise of *papillotes*, I took and retook each mesh severally, saying, "My Lord! there is still one more."

Mad. Hamelin having one day reproached M. de Montrou for being too partial to M. de Talleyrand, "Ah! my dear Madam," said he ingeniously, "who is it that would not love him, he is so wicked?"

The social and political influence of M. de T. outlived his interest. There was not one stranger of any distinction who visited France, but sought for the honour of being received at his parties, and he never failed to pay to the Emperor and his wives successively the most assiduous attention. At the same time, the master could not see him without inquietude and constraint, which he who was the object of it had alone the means of perceiving. When the Prince of Benevento was informed that M. de Montesquieu was to supersede him as Great Chamberlain, he tranquilly answered, "Of what consequence is it? only that in future the coachmen will more frequently take the road of the Faubourg St. Germain than that of the Faubourg St. Honoré." It was nearly with the same placidity that he received, some years before, the news of his elevation to the rank of Prince. A crowd of courtiers flocked around him to compliment him on the occasion. "Oh, gentlemen, you deceive yourselves," said he, "it is not here—'tis to Madame de T. you must pay these compliments. Go to my wife; women are always very well pleased to be Princesses."

This contempt of the honours of the empire were, as may be very well believed, faithfully reported to the Emperor; and, as he was a man that could not at all times command his passions, he broke out in violent invectives. It was after the campaign of Dresden that Napoleon, observing the Prince at his levee, told him, to stop behind the rest, as he had something to say to him, when he apostrophised him thus:—"What do you come here for? to shew me your ingratitude? You affect to be of the opposite party, and think, perhaps, that if I should absent myself you would be at the head of the regency? If I

were to be dangerously ill, I declare to you, most positively, that you should die before me." Upon which, with all the softness and grace of a courtier who receives an accession of honours, the Prince replied to his irritated master,—"I had no need, Sire, of such a notice to make me address my most ardent prayers to heaven for the preservation of your Majesty's life."
(To be continued in our next.)

THOU DEEM'ST ME FALSE!

Thou deem'st me false!—Well, be it so,
 'Twere vain and useless to repine :—
 Thou deem'st me false,—and heaven forbid,
 That I should blame one thought of thine !—
 Thou deem'st me false,—that now is still'd,
 The passion raging in my breast ;—
 Well be it so,—if in thine own,
 My Memory hath sunk to rest.—

I would not wake again the thought,
 That once, perhaps, 'twas bliss to cherish ;—
 'Tis gone !—my hopes go with them too,
 But they are left to perish !
 Thou deem'st me false !—No words of mine,
 The thought shall ever undeceive ;
 I will not cause thee to repine,
 I will not make thee grieve !
 Live on, live on, and still believe
 Me false, inconstant, as you will,
 You deem me fated to deceive,—
 Live on, live on, and think so still !
 The memory of my love will pass,
 Like a bird in the air ;
 Or fleet as the sands in the glass,
 And not a trace be there.

Thus on thy heart,
 The thought of me may live but with a breath,—
 Soon, soon to fade in the eternal death,
 And thus depart.—

And thou again wilt join the throng,
 That float round pleasure's shrine ;
 And raise the laugh, and festive song,
 And not a care be thine.

Thy cup shall be fill'd with the nectar of love,
 Which shall sparkingly flow to the brim,
 And its spirit be like the light wings of a dove,
 And purity dwell therein.

But if, in after years,
 Memory should awaken
 Tears for him thou hast forsaken,
 Let this reflection cheer thy heart,
 And consolation lend,
 That 'till life's springs depart,
 He is thy friend !

And memory shall hallow the thoughts of that hour,
 And scenes of the past, again bring ;
 Whilst rapture shall cull for thee many a flower,
 And round thee their incense-breath fling,
 For joy shall be call'd e'en from that retrospection,
 A pleasure may spring e'en from pain,
 Though the heart that will rise in thy fond recollection,
 May never throb for thee again !

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

MISS PATON.

SIR.—Although fully anticipating the favourable reception given to a distinguished female vocalist on her re-appearance upon the London boards after the recent scandalous and, to all parties, humiliating *exposé*, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret that vice should, thus, meet with approval and encouragement in the capital of a country, universally celebrated for its culture of the *domestic virtues*. Had an injured and ill-treated *but virtuous* wife ventured before a British Public in a praiseworthy endeavour to support herself by the exertion of her talents, the enthusiasm of the House, its participation in her wrongs, and its chivalrous interposition in her behalf would have been *justly* excited ; but when, on the contrary, one who has unblushingly flown in the face of purity, flung off the restrictions of honour, and trampled upon its dictates, dares to present herself as a candidate for favour, pity and consideration, before an English audience composed of the best and dearest ties of kindred and society, the brand of disgrace and censure should have been passed upon her conduct.

Although, for the wisest of purposes, the law of the land has laid it down as a rule that the guilt of the husband palliates the criminality of the wife, few will be found hardy enough to assert that a pure and noble-minded woman could avail herself of the privilege ; and no one, surely will admit that a wife degrading herself by following the example of an infamous husband is, still, entitled to her value in moral estimation. A position so debasing to propriety would meet with deserved execration ; yet by some infatuation of feeling, some mis-directed commiseration called forth by the presumed misconduct of the husband, a wife forgetful of a wife's first duty, and a woman dead to the voice of honour, and lost to a sense of modesty, carries off the plaudits of a *London audience*, and teaches infamy to rear her scarlet crest above the snow-white standard of female purity. A false sentiment of pity created by the circumstances of alleged ill-usage on the part of the husband, has, in this case, operated, powerfully, in favour of a worthless woman, and has thrown into shade her total abandonment of principle ; but this erroneous feeling is too dangerous in its consequences to be viewed without alarm.

Some degree of pique at the very different reception of the songstress in *Ireland* may have contributed to the public manifestations in her favour here, for *John Bull* seldom adopts the ideas of his Milesian brother. A man who has given his opinion, if he think proper may retract it upon fair and reasonable grounds, without suffering the slightest impeachment of his consistency, but when a congregated multitude, such as an audience at a great Metropolitan Theatre, has taken its bent and assumed one side of the question *however rashly, or prematurely*, it is no easy matter to recant. The *Rubicon* is passed and they who clapped their hands and waved their hats and handkerchiefs for the guilty and degraded, prior to her visit to the Emerald Isle, cannot brook being taught the *lesson of propriety* by their *Irish brethren*, but must wilfully abide by their original manifesto, however privately convinced they may be of its injudicious tendency. A national jealousy has, no doubt, some preponderance, and fortunate it is for the lady that it so happens. In consideration of the alleged cruelty of the husband, some relaxation of severity might have been shown toward the offender, but that an apostate to all that is most

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exquisite in woman, should meet with thunders of applause, is a circumstance which cannot be too deeply lamented. Had it occurred on the French boards it would have been merely characteristic of the state of public morals. While in memory of her sufferings we forbore to condemn, surely a veneration for the moral ties, a regard for the purity of feminine virtue, a sense of the impression to be made upon the delicate minds of our sisters, wives and daughters, ought to have imperiously restrained an approving voice. A permission to appear on the stage, and, if possible, retrieve a portion of the favour she had forfeited, was all that this misguided woman, could reasonably have hoped for; but that a crown of triumph should be prepared for her in the acclamations of the audience, must have exceeded her boldest anticipations. By what hands the "handkerchiefs" were waved in greeting of this actress, on her confronting the public, I cannot determine, but much I fear, that as the ruder sex prefer the more boisterous demonstrations of their opinion, too many of the better, because the purer, part of the creation, thoughtlessly joined in applauding a woman, from whose example they would recoil with horror. To suppose that my countrywomen would, deliberately, lend themselves to an encouragement of female impurity, would be a heinous libel upon their nature and principles; and while I regret that an inadvertent warmth of impulse has led a portion of them into the espousal of an unworthy cause, I cherish an ardent hope, that sober reflection will point out to them the dangerous effect of their example upon the rising generation. The influence of woman is too widely felt, not to be deemed an object of the highest national consideration, and woe to that country where the morals of the public are shaken by the licentiousness of its females. Women are the natural protectors of the domestic virtues, our household gods are in their keeping the morals of posterity in their hands; but if that noble institution which renders every hearth sacred, be profaned, the source of all that is beautiful in the order of society becomes corrupt and polluted. Italy, once the ruler of the world, Babylon, whose sceptre swayed the Imperial East, fell beneath the unhallowed march of profligacy, and enervating luxury; and while the former has become the sink of all that is infamous in Europe, the latter have passed like a vapour from the earth. Wherever woman is degraded in her high moral character, slavery and imbecility, or, at best, savage and ruthless independence are the features of the people;—witness Turkey, Persia, Tartary, India, China, Arabia, Algiers, &c. &c., not to name many of our northerly European latitudes, which, as yet, have felt but little of her chastening power. Why were the Romans in the days of their glory,—why were the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Lacedemonians, according to their notions, so strict on the point of female chastity? Was it not because even, half-barbarians as they were, they knew the vast importance of female influence, and, also, knew how destructive its improper application would be? When did an evil tree bear good fruit? Or who ever heard of a child brought up in innocence by an abandoned and profligate mother? The poison will become neutralized when these phenomena take place, but as the fruit is according to the tree, and human nature is, ever, too prone to follow example, and walk in the steps of the one that goeth before, I am inclined to think that the oak of the forest will take root in the waters of the deep, before such shall come to pass.

As guardian of the public mind, let English women

maintain a dignified, but an eloquent silence, towards the defaulter: too generous to crush her, if penitent, still let them beware of any testimonial which may be construed into an approbation of her private conduct, or an espousal of her cause. Let their husbands, their fathers, and their brothers, act the part of public censurers, or vindicators if they deem fitting; the coarseness of man's nature exempts him from the tarnish which casts a blight upon the delicate purity of woman's character; but never let it be whispered that English women gave their sanction to vice.

The unfortunate victim of seduction, deserted by her betrayer, heart-broken and penitent, is driven to perish in despair, or to plunge deeper into the abyss of shame; Cain-like her crime, is written on her brow, every finger is raised against her in scorn and reproach, and every door is closed upon her steps,—and why? because she has relied, and has been deceived, her fame is sullied, and her example is destructive; yet the married woman, once the mother of a family, who tears asunder the ties of wedlock by an open outrage of modesty, is received with honour and applause, because "she had a bad husband, and he drove her to bad conduct!" O shame! shame! At this rate infamy with a black eye, or a broken nose, may be elevated on the pedestal of virtue, and the frail fair one, who can bring a certificate of her husband's brutality, may receive a passport to the society of the honourable matrons, and stainless daughters of our land! Is there one among the virtuous women who, indiscreetly, hailed the vocalist on her re-appearance, —is there one, I would ask, who would invite her to her table, be seen with her in public, or permit her to associate with her daughter? I think,—I feel that there is not,—nor is there a father, a brother, or a husband, of principle, who would countenance such communion. Would our gracious and truly exemplary QUEEN condescend to notice her with applause? Would any of our female nobility? No. Was not her appearance at a distinguished musical festival forbidden by the Bishop, under penalty of a permission to make use of the Cathedral being withdrawn? And is it to be supposed that an upright minister of the Gospel would act a cruel, and an unchristian part, against an oppressed individual? Again I reply, no. Why then should such a woman be applauded and commiserated as if she were a virtuous and suffering wife? Ill-treated by her husband, she had within her reach that virtuous and dignified separation which a woman, conscious of her injuries, is justified in seeking. To the philanthropist it is painful to dwell upon the records of human infamy and error; but in referring to cases of domestic disunion, how numerous are the instances of delicate females compelled, after years of endurance, to release themselves from the cruelty and neglect of depraved and unfeeling husbands, and retire to the hallowed shelter of their families for peace and protection. No stain attached to their characters, they have lived and died more exalted and valued in their misfortunes than they might have been if surrounded by domestic happiness. In the present instance mark the difference, instead of availing herself of this honourable shelter, the perverted woman suffers the ill-usage in silence, until a pretty face induces her to resent the offence by flinging off the chains which she had legally worn, and flying to the arms of a lawless protector! The late LORD ELLENBOROUGH strongly admonished upon the danger, threatening every circle of domestic life, if invasions of its purity and honor be not

marked by the deepest reprobation, and visited with the severest penalties; and one of our Chancellors, (LORD THURLOW,) a man whose opinion must, deservedly, be of weight, maintained that a female *once* convicted of *infidelity*, ought to be turned destitute and naked out of society. While I fully concur in the wholesome views of the former, I am far from coalescing with the severity of the latter, and I simply quote his authority to place in a more powerful light the necessity of crushing every appearance of *public immorality*. What delicacy—what modesty can that woman be said to possess, who deems herself *at liberty to be profligate*, because she is, unfortunately, married to a dissolute man? She who wants only the pretext to do wrong can have no *innate abhorrence of vice*, and without that *innate abhorrence there can exist no real virtue*. The stage considered in its true light, is not a place of amusement in which reflection and principle are to be forgotten in the idle and gaudy entertainments of the hour. Like the press, it is now properly estimated as a *public engine of morality*, by which the noblest feelings of patriotism, the purest sentiments of honour, and the firmest principles of virtue may be cherished and inculcated. No longer what it was in the licentious reign of the second Charles, it professes to be the purifier of the age, and in spite of the zealous anathemas, and the pious quakings of the godly followers of Wesley, the public looks with a favourable eye upon these denounced “pit-falls in the ways of the righteous.” That the stage, has since the time of Garrick, risen into the highest degree of *moral* respectability, is an unquestionable fact; and how has this value been attained? not merely by the morality of its *performances*, because, with a due allowance for the difference of manners, a chastened tendency has run through the majority since the days of the immortal Shakspeare; but by the *private good conduct* of the *performers* both male and female, more particularly of the latter; for as man, taken in the aggregate, in spite of his pretensions, is whatever woman chooses to make him, the reform of the *actresses* preceded and influenced the reform of the *actors*. The untarnished names of FARREN, (the beautiful *Countess of Derby*), of SIDDONS, O’NEIL, KEMBLE, &c. &c. &c., with a long list of their contemporaries threw a lustre and dignity upon the profession, and opened to its previously despised* members, the sacred paths of social intercourse in the most unexceptionable circles. The brand-mark of opprobrium, hitherto attached to the stage was worn away, and while the utility of histrionic exhibitions was universally admitted by all right reasoners, the drama became a sort of moral acting fable to the public. But while bad and infamous characters rise in succession to contradict by their actions, the noble sentiments of their author, little else but disgrace and ridicule can mark the profession. How an impure female can utter the sentiments of *distressed virtue*, without creating a strong sense of disgust and mockery in the audience, and inflicting a conscious pang upon her own bosom, must, in my opinion, puzzle a philosopher of greater profundity than myself to determine. * * *

These remarks might be duly extended to a much greater length, but the limits of a periodical publication compel me to abridge them. I cannot, however, consistently, dismiss the subject, without again entreating my

* It cannot be forgotten, that at no very distant date from the present, all performers were signaled by *Act of Parliament*, as *strolling vagabonds*.

countrywomen to pause before they, ever appear as the champions, either covert or direct, of a degraded woman. Let them remember, that as wives they are bound, in justice to their own purity of feeling, to show their horror at an innovation of the marriage vow; while as MOTHERS it is their *solemn duty* to implant in the taintless minds of their daughters a *just abhorrence* of every thing subversive of female modesty.

Feeling that I have not with unchristian acrimony, viewed *the frailty* (as it is fashionably termed,) of the defaulter with a *microscopic eye*; and having no partiality, interest, or prejudice to sway me, I lay down my pen with the honest conviction, that I have endeavoured to discharge a duty, which I can only regret has not been executed by an abler hand.

I am, Mr. Editor, Yours, &c. &c.

TRUTH.

SONG.

I'll wreath, I'll wreath a lovely bower,
With blossoms of the spring;
And every bright and beauteous flower,
To gem the spot, I'll bring;
I'll bring, I'll bring the light guitar,
To strike upon the spot;
My melody shall sound afar,
Its lay—Forget me not!
My lady-love shall hear the notes,
That float upon the air;
And ere my lips may end the song,
She will, she will be there.
And oh, her hallowed form divine,
Will sanctify the spot;
And as the floral wreath we twine,
We'll sing—Forget me not!—LAURA PERCY.

SERENADE.

“Star-light was meant for lovers.”—L. E. L.

Wake, love, wake,
The stars are bright;
And on the lake,
Is silver bright;
Wake, love, wake,—’tis just the hour,
When cares are hush’d to rest;
Leave sorrow’s withering power,
On the couch that thou hast prest;
Come with me,
To our lovely bower;
Come with me,
’Tis Love’s own hour!
Wake, love, wake,
No envious eye,
Our meeting bliss,
Shall now decry:
Wake, love, wake;—’tis bliss to roam,
Beneath the starry skies,
And leave behind, affliction’s home,
Where only sorrow lies;
Come with me
To the bower we twined,
When heart with heart,
Were first combined.

Wake, love, wake,
 Affection's chain,
 Is round our hearts,
 And will remain :
 Wake, love ;—no anguish shall sever the union,
 For such fond esteem never dies ;
 With life our true spirits shall still hold communion,
 And then fly to rest in the skies !
 Then come with me
 To our lovely bower,
 Come, now with me,
 'Tis Love's own hour !

ENRICO.

WHIMSICAL LAWSUITS.

In a work published in 1531, Chassenaux, the President of the Parliament of Provence, discussed the question of bringing those sceptical animals to justice who transgressed the laws,—and he obtained a verdict in the affirmative. According to his decree, the Judge of the Assize was to name an advocate for the defendant who should point out the motives for his not compromising his client, and state his grounds of defence. This same civilian relates the particulars of several actions at the beginning and the end of the 15th century against the *Rats* and *Snails* of Autun, Beaum, Macon, and Lyons. From the President of Thau, we learn that the *Rats* enjoyed the benefit of Chassenaux's advocacy. On the complaint of the procurator-general of the ecclesiastical courts, the judge commanded the *Rats* to be cited before him; and Chassenaux being well acquainted with the bad reputation of his clients, proposed divers dilatory measures to gain time, hoping, by that means, to weaken the unfavourable impressions which existed against them. He pretended that the *Rats* being dispersed through the neighbouring villages, *one citation* was not sufficient for the whole; consequently, a second was issued, and read publicly at the conclusion of mass in each parish. When this cause of delay had ceased to be available, the counsel for the *Rats* sought to excuse their non-appearance on the plea of the tediousness and difficulties of their journey; the dangers to which they would be exposed from their mortal enemies the *Cats*, who, being fully informed of the awkward situation of his clients, were upon the alert to capture them on their passage: and at last, after having exhausted all these arguments in their favour, Chassenaux summed up their defence on motives of policy, humanity, &c.

F. Mallerius, a theologian of the 16th century, in his Treatise on Exorcisms, relates a trial which took place in the preceding age, against the *Cantharides*, which abounded in certain districts of the Electorate of Mayence. The judge, before whom the farmers of those districts, cited the *Cantharides*, considering how *very small* they were, and not having yet attained the age of discretion, placed them under the guardianship of one who was capable of upholding their interests. Their cause was accordingly pleaded with great effect; the talented advocate obtained a sentence definitive of their merit, and it was resolved, that if they were driven by force out of the states of Mayence—another district should be assigned to their use.

In 1266, a *pig* was burnt alive at Fontesia-aut-roses, near Paris, by order of the judiciary officers, and the Monastery of St. Germaine, for having devoured a *child*. (*Hist. de Paris*, t. 9, p. 4.)

In 1836, by the sentence of a judge of Falaine, a sow was condemned to have her feet and head cut off, and then to be hung, for having lacerated the arm and face of a child, and thereby occasioning its death. The sow was executed according to this judgment, at the door of the Hotel-deville, habited in male attire. The expense incurred on the occasion was ten *sous* (pence) and six *deniers* (farthings), and a new glove for the executioner.—*Statistical Account of Falaine*.)

In 1389, a horse was condemned to death at Dijon for having killed a man.

In a manuscript deposited in the King's library, there is mention of a judgment given against a *sow* at Sevigny, in Burgundy, in 1457. It states, that "on the Tuesday before Christmas a sow and her six sucklings were imprisoned for being caught in the fact of murder and homicide on the person of John Martin, aged five years, &c." The advocate appointed to defend the accused, having declared that he could not advance one thing in their justification, sentence was pronounced as follows: "That after having taken cognizance of the facts, and having consulted upon this occasion, the laws and customs of Burgundy, with the fear of God before their eyes, they, the judges in this cause, pronounced this definitive sentence, that by the law, and their said judgment, John Baillie's *Sow* should be confiscated, and given up to the executioner, in order that she might suffer capital punishment and be hung up by the hind legs until she was *dead*.—And in respect of the suckling-pigs, as it had not been clearly proved that they had taken any part in the murder of John Martin, although blood was found upon their bodies, the judgment, upon the said sucking pigs, was set aside, and they were given up to the said John Baillie, and he was charged to represent to them the imminent danger they had been in of being proved accomplices in the murder of John Martin, &c." Then followed the decree for the execution of the *Sow* by the functionary of Chalons-sur-Saône. Those who desire to know the fate of the six sucking pigs, may read in the same MS. that by a subsequent judgment they were acquitted, but at the expence of a fine to the Exchequer.

The parliament of Paris has not shown itself more wise than the tribunal just mentioned; for we find in their annals, an account of expenses incurred at the execution of a man, and also of a sow, which were burnt at Corbeil, in 1466, by a decree of this same parliament. Ayrans relates word by word, another act of the parliament of Paris, condemning an ass to be knocked in the head and burnt.

In 1474, at Basle, in Switzerland, a poor *Cock*, accused of having laid an egg, was condemned by the Magistrate to be burnt alive with the said egg.—(*A Walk in the Bishoprick of Basle*).

Rats, leeches, dogs, and goats were subject to penalties in France, Spain, and Switzerland, during the 17th century, and a great number of civil processes may be collected, that were obtained against them." According to the accounts of Lahontan (in his Travels), so late as the conclusion of that period, tortoises frequently suffered the ban of excommunication, by the Bishops of Canada.



*The Duchess and Duke of Angoulême
The Royal Exiles from France.*

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

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VOL. VII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FIVE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—TWO CORRECT PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

PLATE THE SECOND,—A MORNING DRESS; COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, CHINESE; AN OPERA DRESS, AND TWO
BACK VIEWS.

PLATE THE THIRD,—WALKING, EVENING, MORNING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND A PORTRAIT OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

PLATE THE FIFTH,—EVENING, MORNING, AND WALKING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

THE LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY, DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

“As HE began His all propitious sway,
So still is honour with HIM every day,
Whilst all his actions honestly portend
None more than HE is England's faithful friend.”

S.

“And these same PRINCES, tell me, good Sir Knight,
How pass they through the world?”—CHAPMAN.

If it be true, and sophistry cannot controvert the position, that there is and ever will be justice enough in the world to afford support and honour to those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction, WILLIAM THE FOURTH OF ENGLAND, even if we only ground our assertion upon very recent political events and changes, must deserve that loyalty and support to which the essayist so eloquently refers. Whatever difference of opinion might have existed between certain parties of influence in the state, and however jealousies may have found a cradle in aristocratic bosoms, HE turned not to the right hand or the left to flatter or favour either, but in the single-hearted desire to benefit the community, the whole mass of his people, kept straight forward in a patriot course, endeavouring, like a *skilful sailor*, and a *sagacious MONARCH*, to be in deed and in truth the *pilot to weather the storm*.

Fond, however, of ancient customs, so long as they degenerate not into positive abuses, we shall imitate former practices, and give the leading events of the Life of HIS MAJESTY and ROYAL FAMILY as they occurred in the month of November.

On the evening of the *first*, Covent Garden Theatre was honoured by the presence and patronage of the KING, his QUEEN, the Dukes of CUMMERLAND and CAMBRIDGE, the *young Princes*, and a splendid suite. The applauses of a crowded theatre was considered by the ancients as an honour of great and flattering encouragement, but neither Rome nor Greece, in their palmy state, when their warriors were strong to battle, and their poets, philosophers, orators, rich in mind and language, ever supplied any thing more gratifying than was the reception given to the Regal and Royal Visitors, in our English playhouse; a reception which must have convinced WILLIAM and ADELAIDE that it is not difficult for those who

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govern wisely, and act generously, to live in the hearts of their people. It is but justice, with regard to the managers, to say, that they made every preparation in their power, excepting as to the execution of the national anthem, to contribute to the comfort and befitting splendour of their dignified patrons.

The *next day*, an event which had been looked forward to with much anxiety, took place; namely, the opening of Parliament by the KING in person; an office which, whether we consider the progress to the House, or his demeanour in it, was performed by HIS MAJESTY with an energy and good taste which called forth the acclamations of those who witnessed his cavalcade, as of those who heard his speech to the Senate. We must not omit to mention, that the appearance of the House of Lords upon this very memorable occasion, was splendid in the extreme, there being a great number of the female, as well as the male nobility of the land, besides the several foreign ministers, in the costumes of their country, present, and all richly arrayed.

“It was a sight so rightly fraught
As nigh to shame the poet's thought;
A scene of pomp and noble pride,
Such as is meet where kings preside;
And almost tells the startled glance
That truth is mingled with romance.”

Saturday, the 6th, their MAJESTIES attended the first representation (in this country) of Lord BURGHESHER's version of the *Siege of Belgrade*, under the title of *Catherine*; or, *The Austrian Captive*; the music being entirely his, though, for the life of us, we cannot comprehend why STORACE's should have gone out of fashion. The performers were the pupils of the Royal Academy, but, with due deference to an admirable institution, since its objects are to encourage and foster native talent, to the exclusion of exorbitant foreign artists, we really think some of the young singers have been pushed before the public too early. Be this as it may, there was enough of method and melody still, apparently, to gratify very highly their MAJESTIES, who, at the conclusion of the performance, drove away from the theatre amidst the cheers of every individual who witnessed their departure.

There have been a Court and two Levees, at which many presentations took place, and congratulations were offered to the KING from foreign potentates, upon the occasion of his taking upon him the sovereignty, sway, and masterdom

2 A

of these realms; and on the 11th, a very numerous dinner party was given at the Palace, the banquet being of the most princely and costly description. The display of plate, the elegance of the arrangements, not less than the condescending and unaffected hospitality of the MONARCHS to their guests, were the theme of general and grateful commendation. In the evening a great addition of company increased the galaxy of this truly courtly entertainment.

But now what shall we say of that day of bountiful promise, and petty performance, which is celebrated in the city-annals as devoted to shew and feasting; a day which will make little boys forget the "fifth of November," to substitute the *mini* in its stead, and whose events are almost monstrously ridiculous enough to have caused Sir WILLIAM CURTIS, of loyal and laughter-loving memory, to burst the ceremonies of the tomb, and cry shame upon the *Keys* and *Hunters*, whose puerile fears dimmed the lustre of loyalty, and caused turkeys, turtles, and turbot, to be slaughtered in vain? To be sure the chief actors in this farce of farces, though it proved literally a tragedy to many, and a stain to our character, have been exposed and laughed down till the force of folly can no further go, consequently it is not worth while to waste words upon those who "in each bush do fear an officer," nor to distort our countenances into frowns of dolour, when by the conduct of the KING the hopes of the nation are reviving; and we are assured he will yet ride in state through his good city of London (Heaven forefend us from aldermen on cream-coloured chargers!) *soldierless* and *policeless*, his *guards* being his *people*, his *defenders* his *subjects*. Secure in this hope, then, we will continue to exalt our feelings, and sing

Once more the scepter'd dode
Emblem of peace and love
Wielded is seen;
Long may her gentle wing,
Blessings to England bring,
Shout then long live the KING,
God save the QUEEN!

On Monday, the 23d, another Court was held at St. James's, the leading characteristics of which were the *last appearance of one administration*, and the *first of another*—the Duke of WELLINGTON being the *principal performer* of those *retiring*—EARL GREY the *star of their successors*. His MAJESTY's demeanour to all was dignified yet considerate; being of that character which was best calculated to soothe the sorrows of recent disappointment, if any such was felt in the *defeated*, and to encourage the apprehensions (it was natural some should arise in the breasts of those called to exercise the functions of government in difficult extremities) of the *victorious*.

Having paid this tribute to the kindness and discrimination of our Sovereign, we close the subject, determined (however warm our feelings may be in an earnest desire for the welfare of our country, and that *changes* may prove *amendments*), not to launch here, at least, into the stormy sea of political elements, as long as more pleasant themes and flower-edged scenes can be made to contribute to the constitution of our *World of Fashion*.

So happily situated as to a sincere and goodly understanding with each other are the various members of the Royal Family of our common country, that with respect to those of them who have made London their residence during the November month, the "Life of the King" may almost be said to be a *history of them*. Thus we find the

Dukes of CUMBERLAND, SUSSEX and GLOUCESTER (his Royal Highness of CAMBRIDGE having returned to his own duties of Continental Government), the *young GEORGES* ("youths of budding promise," the Duchesses of KENT and GLOUCESTER often at St. James's, the guests as they are the relations of our King and Queen. Brighton is still honoured, and of course bettered by the presence of the Princess AUGUSTA, &c. &c.; and the of *late* very loyal, and very much honoured good folks of that town inform us that the Pavilion is shortly again to be inhabited by their Majesties. Let us not be accused, however, as being of the envious kind, or actuated by selfish considerations, if we add that, in our opinion, (we hope it is worth as much as some councillors), there will be many causes to retain WILLIAM the FOURTH, and the equally respected, equally deserving ADELAIDE as our *metropolitan advocates*. At least, and upon that hold is our reliance, at least we hope so, for then will arise high in joy those who have been bowed and humbled in disappointment; then will cease the history of anticipations blackened, and then shall dark dreams be dissolved—sickenng visions vanished; then shall vanity be chastised—no labour lost; and none shall have cause to dread

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despaired love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

ON DITS OF FASHION.

We have the pleasure to announce the intention of his most gracious MAJESTY to purchase an extensive estate for his eldest son, the gallant Colonel FITZCLARENCE. We are confident that this information will be received, not only by our own distinguished readers, but by the English nation in general, with the same gratification as that with which it is communicated; it may be inferred, that this royal gift is but the forerunner of titles and distinction, and that ere long, an individual who at the present moment is honoured and respected, not only for his gentlemanly demeanour in the circles of society, but also for an inherent heroism and intrepidity, characteristic alike of the son as of the ROYAL SIRE, will be associated with the *English Peerage*. It is extremely pleasurable to dwell upon a circumstance like the present, for when merit, real and honest merit, associates with distinction, it is doubly estimable. England may exult at this expected addition to her nobility, for the individual proposed to be honoured, possesses all the characteristics of the country of his birth, and at a period when patrician taste seems so fond of luxuriating upon foreign soils, and of a wanton adoption of foreign manners, the *nobleman* cannot be too highly honoured, whose manners and conduct are truly and essentially ENGLISH.

From such a source of pleasure we turn to one of surprise, and we were about to say regret. We have always deprecated the premature appearance of individuals in society, after circumstances that may have rendered them any way obnoxious to popular opinion, considering that prudence ought to dictate a comparative seclusion, till the recollection of the association had become absorbed in the progress of time; with those feelings we cannot but consider the intention (which has just been intimated to us), of the Marchioness of C—— to appear at the *Queen's First Drawing-room*, for the purpose of presenting her

daughter, Lady M. C—— to her Majesty, as ill-advised. It is to be hoped, that reflection will induce the noble Marchioness to forego her present intention, and to defer her personal respects to her Majesty, until a period when her appearance at Court may not excite such remarks as it would not fall to do at this early period. The Queen's First Drawing-room will be held in February, but we consider a much longer time necessary to elapse before the noble lady may with propriety join the Court of St. James's. Independent of *any other* consideration, we must repeat our opinion of the intention of the noble Marchioness being *premature*.

The Queen has fixed the 24th day of February for holding her first drawing-room, when all the ladies who attend are expected to appear in dresses of British manufacture, and which *should also be made up by English dress-makers*; the foolish mania of employing French dress makers has subsided—their arrogance and impudence have discarded them from the presence of English ladies; the talents of the English dress-maker and milliner cannot be surpassed by any foreigner—consequently they should have and will have the preference.

The Queen's Drawing Room is expected to be one of the most splendid and imposing that has been witnessed for many years, and it must be truly pleasurable to every English reader to learn, that the splendour and magnificence will be effected by the *sole produce of this country*. We have before had occasion to speak of the patriotic partiality of our beloved sovereign, and his royal consort, for the arts and manufactures of the nations over which they preside, and we are enabled to increase our plaudits upon the present occasion, when we find that *English people* have also been employed, to the exclusion of the arrogant and conceited foreigner. We, last month, expressed our belief, that the fair portion of the *British Nobility* would follow the royal example of *THEIR QUEEN*;—we can now add, that our hopes have been realized, that the most honoured and honourable portion of the *beau monde*, have awakened to a just sense of the impropriety of employing the *vain and wanton* people of foreign lands, and, in confining their patronage to the natives of their own country, have thrown the former into the shade and obscurity which they have long merited, and which for the prosperity and welfare of Great Britain, ought to have been done long ago. Dresses of English manufacture are not only expressly desired to be, (and will be) worn, but the *English dress-maker* will also usher them in the *drawing room* of *ENGLAND'S QUEEN*. We have heard of many fair fashionables, that are making costly preparations, and feel warranted in anticipating the most gorgeous display that any age or country has ever produced. The magnificent collection of diamonds possessed by the Marchioness of LONDONDERRY, which in point of number, we believe, is the richest in this country, will be exhibited to great advantage upon her ladyship's beautiful person. The Duchess of ST. ALBANS' diamonds are larger than Lady LONDONDERRY's, but not so numerous. The Marchioness of STAFFORD has a splendid assortment; the Hon. Mrs. HOPE's are also particularly magnificent. The largest diamonds in this country are in the possession of the Marquis of WELLESLEY; they were taken in the tent of Tippoo Saib, and presented to his lordship by the East India Company. The Duke of WELLINGTON's diamonds have excited much admiration, and our readers will perhaps recollect the brilliancy and importance of those worn by Prince ESTERHAZY at the coronation of his late majesty.

It may not be generally known, that the diamonds which SONTAG, *Semiramide*, (the season before last) wore, are the property of Miss ELPHINSTONE, having been lent by her for the occasion.

Do any of our "*lords of the creation*" consider, that because their Majesties have *simplified* the arrangements of the Court, and the nature of royal society, that gentility of appearance is to be sacrificed with the formalities and etiquette of the old system? We should hope not. And yet certain noblemen appeared at their Majesty's grand dinner party, on the 11th ult. in a style of costume which must either evince careless indifference, or a parsimonious peculiarity (not to include *disrespect* to royalty.) *White trousers, and boots* (!) were a portion of the costume of certain distinguished individuals, whom we should name, did we not consider that this remonstrance would have the effect of producing a reformation so greatly to be desired.

We have received various enquiries respecting private audiences, which some distinguished ladies are desirous of being favoured with by the QUEEN. It is not in our power to give any explicit answer upon a subject of such delicacy; but having reason to believe that her Majesty has expressed her sentiments in no very ambiguous terms, we may infer that only a limited portion of noble ladies will be favoured with audiences of a private nature. Several distinguished individuals, we know, have made applications to the Queen, but her Majesty's reply has invariably been, that she will be happy to receive them at her Drawing-room, in February.

The new St. James's Palace, we understand, from what may be considered authority, will not be proceeded with for three years; this has been determined upon to save the large expenditure that would be created, were the works and the furnishing of the Palace continued. We do not quite see the propriety of this decision, when it is considered the number of work-people that are thrown out of employment by it.

THE KING appears to be particularly proud of the perfection of his cooks, and seems ever anxious to remind his distinguished guests, that the delicious dishes which grace his table, have been produced entirely by English artists. There is not a single foreign cook in any of the royal palaces; with one exception (a French confectioner, retained at the particular desire of a royal duke) the king's kitchen is occupied entirely by English servants.

The London Fashionable Season has already commenced with a considerable degree of splendour and spirit; the metropolis presents a very animated appearance, and we expect in an early number (if not absolutely in our next) to commence our record of "*Parties and Balls*." The frequent entertainments of their majesties, undoubtedly has occasioned these fashionable movements, and the return of Lady ABERDEEN to the enjoyment of the festivities of the *beau monde*, has irradiated the commencement of the season with particular lustre. *Argyle House* has been opened in a very brilliant style, and we anticipate a succession of entertainments equal to those already given, for the purpose of introducing the son of the noble hostess, (the Marquis of ABERCORN, whom the celebrated *poissonnier* of St. James's Street spread his nets for *unsuccessfully*) to the fashionable world. Lady ANNE BECKET has also received company in Stratford Place, and much fashionable company has been assembled at *Lansdown House*. We rejoice to hear of other festivities in preparation, which as they occur shall be daily chronicled in this magazine,

Some wicked wag has been reporting about town, that in consequence of the resignation of the King's ministers, HER MAJESTY'S *Maids of Honour* have deemed it necessary to withdraw *their* services!!!

We cannot speak in too much praise of the *Literary Souvenir*, edited by Alaric A. Watts. The plates are beautiful. The frontispiece, "*Lady Gtorgiana Ellis*," from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated picture is a close copy of the original, and does infinite credit to the engraver. "*The Narrative*" is a delightful specimen of the art, and a most pleasing subject. There are twelve plates, and all deserve to be particularised, had we space. The literature consists of fifty-eight pieces of poetry, tales, &c., of the chastest description. The following being short, suits our purposes to quote, although the others are of equal, if not superior merit.

The Secret—A Dialogue.

"I have a counsel for thy gentle ear,
A secret deep, I fain would whisper in it!"
"Of love, I guess. Come closer, then, my dear,
And if 'tis worth a farthing, pray begin it."
"Well, then; he, (you know who!) was here this minute;

And—no, I can't go on—indeed I can't;
I thought him all devotion to my aunt;
And now—such love—and, oh! that I should win it!
Nay, do not smile, his is no soul of iron;
He sits for ever with an upturned eye,
Doing, the Poet, most enchantingly;
And cuts his hair, too, by the prints of Byron:
With collar spread, the vulgar neckcloth scorning,
He looks,—what now!"—"I married him this morning."

"*The Gem*," another literary annual, is a clever work; it has twelve plates; and the whole may be looked at over and over again with the utmost pleasure; he must be fastidious, indeed, and have a shallow knowledge of engraving, that would find fault with either of the plates. The literature is judiciously selected, and extremely interesting. We are compelled to select a short piece of poetry; it is of a length convenient to our wish.

"Hope and Love."

One day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go;
Each was the others banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on, o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower:
But what did those fond playmates care,
For climate or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers;

"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath,
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters, honey;
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated;
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him,

A grey-beard joined them, Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket,
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow:
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thicket all around,
Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave;
And whispered, "Dearest brother,
We've parted on this side the grave,—
We'll meet upon the other."

"*The Iris; a Literary and Religious Offering*," is an annual that must please that part of the world to whom it is particularly submitted. There are twelve plates, five of them from paintings by celebrated masters. The literature is well chosen; and the lines we subjoin, although good, are not the best we could select from the volume; there are many others of equal merit; they are suitable to us in point of length.

"Fear Not."

"Fear not—I have the keys of the grave and of Death."
Rev. i. 17, 18.

I.

O cling not, trembler, to life's fragile bark;
It fills—it soon must sink!
Look not below, where all is chill and dark:
'Tis agony to think
Of that wild waste. But look, O look above,
And see the outstretched arm of Love!

II.

Cling not to this poor life. Unlock thy clasp
Of fleeting, vapouring air ;
The world, receding, soon will reach thy grasp :
But let the wings of prayer
Take Heaven's own blessed breeze, and upward flee,
And life from God shall enter thee.

III.

O fear not Him who walks the stormy wave :
'Tis not a Spectre, but the Lord !
Trust thou in Him who overcame the Grave,
Who holds in captive-ward
The powers of Death. Heed not the monster grim,
Nor fear to go through death to Him.

IV.

Look not so fondly back on this false earth ;
Let hope not linger here.
Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
Or the transition fear,
That gives its wings to try a world unknown,
Although it wakes and mounts alone ?

V.

But thou art not alone ; on either side
The portal, friends stand guard ;
And the kind spirits wait, thy course to guide.
Why, why should it be hard
To trust our Maker with the soul he gave,
Or Him who died that soul to save ?

VI.

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave His life for thine.
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit ;
To Him thy heart resign.
Oh ! give him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into His hands who is thy All.

Marshall's "*Christmas Box*," a juvenile annual, deserves praise. As its title conveys, the volume is intended for the perusal of youth. It has eight very pretty plates ; and the literature is of a miscellaneous and entertaining description.

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

Madame la Comtesse de F—— is passionately fond of mice, no matter of what colour. She has several pet mice which she has tamed. These animals always appear at her *soirées* ; they are let loose on a large round table, finished with a bronzed gallery, where they gambol about to the real or pretended amusement of the guests.

The following puff, lately made by a *marchand* on the *boulevards*, is certainly unique in its way. "These are razors such as you never saw, and will never meet with again. They have been manufactured in an Andalusian cavern, by the light of a diamond. They shave as quick as thought, and sparkle like the morning star. In short, you have only to place them under your pillow when you go to bed, and the next morning you will awake clean shaved."

The *Barskies* pretend to possess black books, the text of which they say has been composed in hell. They tell you that the interpreters of those books know the past, present, and future, and have the most intimate connexion with demons, whom they can oblige to execute the most

astounding miracles ; such as obscuring the light of the sun or the moon ; causing the stars to fall from the heavens, raising and calming at their will tempests and hurricanes. In a word, thanks to the black book, its interpreter is all powerful over the demons. Does he want money ? the fiend instantly supplies it. Is he in love ? the object of his passion, even if she were the daughter of the Great Mogul, or the most beautiful slave of the Grand Turk, is directly placed by Belzebub in his arms. When one of these magicians sees his death approaching, he chooses a successor, to whom he confides his black books, and who inherits all his power, for no demon dares to oppose his orders.

One of the articles which we have recently seen in the *trousseau* of a very rich young bride, is a counterpane of black blond lace, lined with rose-coloured satin ; the cypher of the bride is embroidered in the centre.

An opera singer in the duchy of Brunswick, of the name of Rosny, had a very pretty wife, who, it was said, gained for him the good graces of the ex-duke. Rosny was a very bad singer, and the public not having the same reasons as the duke for tolerating him, hissed him unmercifully whenever he appeared. Weary of being so treated, he resolved to retire, and asked the duke's permission to do so, giving as a reason that the public did not like him. "What !" cried the duke, "is it for such a trifle as that that you would retire ; follow my example, there is no one living that the people like so little as they do me, and, however, that won't prevent my staying with them."

All the world knows the mercantile genius of the brothers Rothschild, bankers. We shall soon see a specimen of their literary genius ; Cottu, of Stutgard, one of the most eminent German booksellers, is going to publish Poems by the brothers Rothschild ; it appears that all the works of these gentlemen are performed *en famille*.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE ;

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"There are bright sunny spots in human life,
And these are them."—MATURIN.
"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?"

One of the most delightful subjects which can possibly occupy our attention, and which is calculated to excite the admiration of the philosopher, as well as of the man of the world, is that of Hymen's festivals, those "sunny spots of human life," which the shadow of no cloud darkens, and with which every association is pure, refined, and happy. There is a particular pleasure in beholding the rapture of individuals, whose every care is absorbed in the one dearly prized object attained, and who seem to consider the voice of sorrow for ever stilled, and the canker of affliction withered and eternally destroyed. When congenial, and truly virtuous and honourable hearts are united, our gratification at the sight of so much happiness is doubly great, and such are our feelings in describing the union (previously notified by us) of the talented author of Granby, &c. T. Lyster, Esq. of Armitage Park, Staffordshire, with the beautiful star of fashion, Miss VILLIERS, who has so frequently imparted light and life to the refined circles of *ton*, and for whose happiness in her new and distinguished situation of *wife*, our aspirations are breathed.—

May bright-winged mirth, with laugh, and joy, and song,
 Strew fairest flowers life's radiant paths along;
 And, oh, when bending with the weight of years,
 Ye journey onward through the vale of tears,
 May life's delights, life's numerous cares assuage,
 And filial hands support the steps of age!

With equal pleasure, advert we to the matrimonial compact that has been entered into by the amiable and interesting daughter of RICHARD HURT, Esq. of Wirksworth (CAROLINE ANNE), and the respected E. D. DAVENPORT, Esq. of Calveley; and also to the union of the fair daughter of the late gallant Capt. WYATT, M. P., with R. MARTIN, Esq. celebrations which we firmly trust, and sincerely believe, will be productive of that pure and steady happiness, the radiance of which should ever illuminate the marriage state.

But now a sadder consideration claims the attention of the chronicler of fashion, and the sounds of rejoicing must be silenced, and the white symbols of Hymen be exchanged for the dark habiliments of death. And sighs must be breathed to the memory of the venerable ALGERNON, Earl of BEVERLEY, who expired at Lemans, near Nice, in the 82d year of his age. His Lordship was uncle to the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND. The noble son-in-law of Lord BEVERLEY has also been consigned to the family tomb; GEORGE, Earl of ASHBURNHAM, having expired at his delightful seat, Ashburnham Place, Essex. His Lordship was in possession of one of the most choice and valuable collections of paintings, by the old masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, in England.

With the deepest, and most sincere feelings of regret, we record the death of the truly amiable MARY, Viscountess MILTON, in consequence of a premature confinement. On the previous day (Sunday), her Ladyship attended divine service in the village church of Wentworth, but evinced no symptoms of serious indisposition; indeed, Lord MILTON was preparing to depart for the metropolis, when the sudden and fatal attack was announced to him. Lady MILTON's loss to society will be severely felt, and more particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of Wentworth, where her Ladyship was almost idolized by her grateful dependants. Lady MILTON was in the 44th year of her age, and was married to Lord M. in July, 1806. Eleven children resulted from their union, nine of whom are now living; two of the Miss WENTWORTHS have already been presented in society.

The Hon. CHARLOTTE JULIANA, wife of Col. C. SMITH, has also resigned her spirit to the great Ruler of the Universe; and we have also to record, with sorrow, the decease of Sir ROBERT WIGRAM, Bart. at Walthamstow House, in the 88th year of his age. Sir ROBERT was the lineal descendant of the ancient family of FITZ-WIGRAM in Ireland. He has left immense property to his numerous progeny. The name of Lady BARRET LENNARD must also be added to the list of those who have fallen victims to the "last enemy" during the month.

We will now pass from such a mournful theme, and once again assume the congratulation, and the objects of compliments shall be the agreeable Miss FRAMPTON, niece to the Earl of ILCHESTER, and Mr. MUNDY, whose nuptials have lately been solemnized. The happy pair are spending their honeymoon at Melbury, the seat of the noble uncle of the eauteous bride.

Among the marriages that are proposed to be celebrated

in the *beau monde*, we may mention that of the accomplished Miss BURDETT, (eldest daughter of Sir FRANCIS) with a Cornish gentleman of extensive wealth and influence. We have much pleasure in stating their MAJESTIES entire approbation of the approaching nuptials of Miss FITZCLARENCE, with Lord Viscount FALKLAND, a respected young gentleman, whose father, the late Lord F., was mortally wounded in a duel with a Mr. POWELL, about twenty years ago.

The report of FANNY STANHOPE's engagement with Mr. OSBALDESTONE is incorrect. Colonel ANSON's marriage with Miss F. FORESTER has been postponed, in consequence of the death of the Colonel's brother, Capt. ANSON, R. N.

Another daughter of the late Archbishop of CANTEBURY is about to be led to the hymenial altar, by a brother of the gentleman who lately married Miss CAROLINE SUTTON.

* * We omitted to state in our last, that the Earl and Countess of CHESTERFIELD (the late Miss FORESTER) immediately after their marriage at Willey Park, proceeded to Elveston, the seat of the Earl of HARRINGTON, where the honeymoon will be spent: from thence the Earl and Countess will proceed to Melton, where a considerable number of fashionables have already arrived, in expectation of a very brilliant season.

THE DRAMA.

THE VISITS OF THEIR MAJESTIES to the two national theatres, (at Drury Lane, the royal party being entertained with the *Marriage of Figaro*, *The Brigand*, and *The Illustrious Stranger*, and at Covent Garden, with *The Provoked Husband*, and *Teddy the Tiler**) have been the most important occurrences in the dramatic world since our last notice. Next to these we may rank the appearance of Miss FANNY KEMBLE as *Mrs. Haller*, in *The Stranger*, a drama which is a disgrace to the English stage, and to an English audience, for allowing such a *moral* as it conveys, to become popular! Of Miss KEMBLE's performance of such a character as *Mrs. Haller*, we shall be brief in speaking; we had hoped that her father would not have sanctioned her appearance therein, but our surprise is doubly great, upon finding Mr. KEMBLE, himself, personating the character of the injured husband. Mr. KEMBLE and his daughter played well,—all the ladies in the theatre wept considerably,—the performance was applauded, and we suppose it will have a run; though we trust that a moment's reflection, would make any individual blush for supporting such a play.

A new play, with the attractive title of *The Carnival at Naples*, has served to introduce to a metropolitan audience, Miss TAYLOR, from the Bath Theatre, a young lady of great talent, both in the operatic and dramatic branches of the profession. Her person is very attractive and engaging, and her voice possesses much sweetness and considerable power; she will, certainly, prove a valuable acquisition to

* The receipts of the evening at this house, amounted to nearly nine hundred pounds, while those at Drury Lane were somewhat under eight hundred. The King gave twenty guineas upon his visit, to each theatre, a sum greater, by three guineas, than that which his late Majesty was accustomed to give.

the company. *As you like it*, has been produced for the express purpose of presenting Miss TAYLOR in the character of *Rosalind*, one of the most beautiful conceptions of the immortal bard of Avon's mighty powers of mind. Miss TAYLOR sustains the character with all its required vivacity, energy and effect; the cuckoo-song was justly encored. We have to express the highest admiration of Miss HUGHES, who sang the songs allotted to *Celia* most exquisitely. Mr. WILSON maintains his reputation by his admirable personation of *Amiens*; the powers of his voice become more developed by practice, and we are led to expect much greater performances from him. KEELEY's *Touchstone* is irresistibly droll. WARDE sermonizes too much in *Jacques*; the faithful adherent of the banished duke, is not a dissenting minister. CHARLES KEMBLE's *Orlando*, is particularly fine.

The managers of this theatre are rather mistaken (or wish to impose upon us,) in terming the interlude of *Hide and Seek*, "a new" production; it is almost as old as the hills, and has been played, not only all over the country, but in almost all the theatres in London, under various titles, (*Secret*, *Hole in the Wall*, &c.) KEELEY has a humorous part, which he renders very amusing, and ELLEN TREE displays one of the finest portraits of a jealous wife that we have ever seen; every husband tormented with such a companion, should take her to see Miss TREE in this lively little piece, and if she is not cured thereby, all hopes may be given up of reformation.

At *Drury Lane*, MACREADY has appeared in *Henry the Fifth*, a character which he portrays with all the boldness and energy of his peculiar style. There is a princely bearing maintained by Mr. M., throughout the character, which never for a moment forsakes him; in the scenes of quiet thought, and others of fiery valour, this characteristic is conspicuous; from the throng of nobles and warriors, you could draw this individual forth, and say it was *the King*. His prayer to the "God of Battles," is an exquisite specimen of stage eloquence, it is perfect, and approaches so much to *reality*, that we could imagine the very hero of history starting into existence before us. His exclamation

"Who's he, that wishes for more men from England?"

is nobly and gallantly delivered, every word breathing the true spirit of heroism and intrepidity; the love scene with the French princess, is less effective from the repose which is necessary to be preserved throughout, it is nevertheless played with the same fine talents and discrimination, which characterize the more energetic portions of the character. Mr. MACREADY is ably supported by the whole of the performers engaged in the play, which has been frequently performed to admiring audiences.

The *First part of Henry the Fourth*, has been revived for DOWTON's *Falstaff*, but with no particular success.

The Conscript, or the Veteran and his dog, is the title of a miserable drama, which the managers seem determined to play, whether the public like it or not; its effects upon us having been so narcotic as to send us to a calm repose during a great portion of the second act, our readers will excuse us from giving a detail of the plot; from what we saw, however of the trashy affair, we may venture to pronounce it truly contemptible. The "dog" appeared the only sensible animal in the whole piece, and he, poor creature, often seemed at a loss to know what to do. Some very splendid scenery has been painted for this drama,

which we wish had been bestowed upon a more deserving object.

Miss HUDDART has appeared in *Belvidera*; her delineation is faultless, and truly beautiful; and if we may form an opinion from one performance, she is likely to prove a splendid ornament to the stage.

The *Adelphi* is experiencing a very prosperous season; the admirable little drama of *The Wreck Ashore*, attracted crowded audiences, and the approbation which it nightly receives, is justly deserved. Mr. YATES sustains the character with great ability, and supports the truly beautiful, and exquisite acting of Mrs. YATES, in the interesting character of *Alice*; the latter is a most splendid dramatic assumption, so perfect, artless, and true to nature, as to render the actress worthy of the highest distinction of the art; the simplicity of the early scenes, is powerfully contrasted by the deep feelings of the latter ones, and we allude to that with the dying smuggler, as one of the greatest triumphs of dramatic perfection: the gradual rise of fear, and the ultimate acknowledgment of that feeling are depicted with a strict fidelity and fine effect. Mrs. YATES's hurried manner of loading the musket, and of intrepidly firing through the cottage door, are beautifully sustained points, and are fully deserving the high testimonials of admiration which they excite. Some persons observe that the acting of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM in the scene alluded to is exaggerated; we deny the truth of that observation, and consider it as almost *appallingly*, (if we may use the word,) true to nature; it will be recollected, that the two females, *Alice* and *Bella*, are supposed to be in an isolated cottage in the marshes, at night, alone, and utterly unprotected; the appearance of the frightful head of *Grampus* at the window, rendered still more horrible by the reflection of the lightning upon his features, was sufficient to excite the utmost terror in the mind of the girl, who though willing to believe the momentary glance to be merely the phantasm of excited imagination, has her worst fears confirmed by the repeated movement of the latch of the door; such a corroborative circumstance, and the only inference that could be gathered from that circumstance, must excite those emotions so admirably delineated by Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, whose performance we consider perfectly faultless, and as perfectly true to nature. O. SMITH makes a very terrific *Grampus*; the character is just suited to his style. *Marmaduke Magog*, by JOHN REEVE, is one of the drollest creatures we have ever seen, his first sentence, "Gentlemen of the vestry," is sufficient to excite a roar of laughter from the audience; the idea of his fining himself five shillings for being drunk, and borrowing that sum to pay the penalty is good. Mr. REEVE's *Magog* is a perfect picture, it is the creation of a dramatic Cruikshank, and that is perhaps the highest encomium we could bestow.* All the minor characters are remarkably well played. A drama founded upon COOPER's novel of the *Water Witch*, is being represented with success.

The *Tottenham Street Theatre* has been enriched by the engagement of Madame VESTRIS, who receives twenty guineas every night of performance; she has played some of her principal characters to crowded audiences. We are promised a new opera by AUBER, in which Madame VESTRIS will sustain the leading character.

* The wicked wag introduced the following satirical allusion upon the memorable evening of the 9th ult., "I shall go to the parish dinner, if it is not put off."

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DEC. 1830.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

WALKING DRESS.

A high dress composed of lavender grey *gros des Indes*; the *corsage* is ornamented both in front and behind with folds arranged à l'éventail; the collar, which stands up round the throat, is cut round, in long sharp *dents*. The form of the sleeve is between the *imbécille* and the *demi gigot*. *Chapeau demi capote* of the material of the dress, ornamented on the inside of the brim with *coques* of *vapeur* gauze ribbon; a full *nœud* of ribbon to correspond is placed in front of the crown, and a tuft of ribbon cut in the form of an artichoke ornaments it behind. Half-boots of *reps* silk corresponding in colour with the dress.

EVENING DRESS.

A figured blue gauze dress; the ground is light blue, the sprigs are dark. *Corsage en cœur*; the *cœur* is formed by a plain band of blue satin, from the lower edge of which a row of *dents* falls over the bust, and turning back at the point of the shoulder, goes round the *jockey*. The sleeves are à l'*imbécille* of white *gaze de soie*. The skirt is trimmed just above the knee with a satin band, also cut in *dents*. The *chemisette* is composed of blond lace, and a row of narrow pointed blond lace edges the *tour* of the *corsage*. Head-dress—a hat composed of ribbon gauze; the ground light, the stripes dark blue; it is trimmed with white ostrich feathers and white gauze ribbons. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. Ribbon bracelets with pearl clasps.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress composed of *tea green gros de Naples*; the *corsage* is made to set close to the shape; it fastens in front by a row of richly wrought buttons of the lozenge form, which descend down the front to the bottom of the skirt. The *jockeys* are very large, and open on the shoulders; they are trimmed with a fall of embroidered *tulle*. Long sleeves of plain white gauze. The *chemisette* is also finished round the top with a fall of embroidered *tulle*, which falls over in the *demi fichu* style. Head-dress—a *demi cornette* of *tulle*, ornamented with striped ribbons.

CHILD'S DRESS.

White cambric trousers made rather tight; a low frock of dark green *gros de Naples*, and a cambric spencer, the upper part of which is embroidered; it is trimmed en *pelerine* round the bust, with a fall of embroidery. A cap worked to correspond with the spencer is simply tied with white gauze ribbon under the chin.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A blond lace dress cap; the caul, à la *chevalière*, is ornamented with green satin rouleaus placed longitudinally; they are crossed in the centre by a large rouleau, which terminates at one end in a *nœud* of gauze ribbon;

and at the other in a ribbon ornament of the artichoke form; the front is trimmed in the usual style with broad blond lace, and ornamented with fancy flowers and foliage placed singly in different directions.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view, half-length, of the evening dress.

FIG. 4.—A back view, also half-length, of the morning dress.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress composed of *vapeur* satin, the *corsage* is made up to the throat behind, with a square falling collar; it sits close to the shape, the lappels are large, and the dress is very open on the bust. Sleeves à la *Medicis*; the upper part is not so immoderately large as they are generally made. The skirt is ornamented from the *ceinture* to the bottom with a chain of ornaments of the lozenge form; they are progressively larger from the waist downwards; they are composed of rouleaus intermingled with silk trimming, and *brandenbourgs*. Embroidered *chemisette*, finished with a *raûche* of *tulle* round the throat. A dark blue velvet hat, trimmed inside of the brim, on the right side, with a double bandeau, and knots of ribbon to correspond in colour. A bouquet of five ostrich feathers, which fall in different directions, is placed in front of the crown.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—CHINESE.

We present our fair readers with an exact representation of a daughter of the Celestial Empire, in grand costume. Our English *belles* have recently adopted the Chinese *coiffure*, and the Parisian *merveilleuses* have borrowed their pantaloons; what would some husbands give if their wives would imitate the Chinese *chaussure*, that fashion would find warm partizans among all the married men whose helpmates are given to gadding.

A short tunic; composed of *ponçeau* silk, is made to sit close to the shape, the *corsage* turns over round the top in the shawl style, and displays a little, but very little, of the upper part of the bust; the shawl part is faced with white silk, spotted round the edge with black.

There are three sleeves; the first is of *ponçeau* silk, and very short; the second, which is not unlike the elephant sleeve, only that it is longer, is of yellow silk bordered with *ponçeau*, above which is a row of points edged with black; the third is of white silk, and sits close to the arm; the top sleeve is also lightly embroidered in black; the tunic, made with a low bodice, which does not come quite to the knee; it is cut round the border in long tabs; they are worked, and are surmounted by an embroidered border. The petticoat is of yellow silk, of ample dimensions, terminated with a *ponçeau* rouleau, surmounted by a rich bor-



Morning 51

Newest Fashions for December, 1830.
Costumes of All Nations &c.
Chinese

Opera Dress.



*Newest Fashions for December, 1836,
Walking, Evening, & Morning Dresses*



PRINCE TALLEYRAND

Newest Fashions for December 1830. — Evening Dresses.



*Newest Fashions for December 1880
Evening, Morning, & Walking Dresses.*

See in black embroidery. White silk pantaloons, with a narrow border of rose colour; they fasten round the ankle, and the ends fall over the instep, so as completely to conceal the leg. The hair is decorated with a rouleau of *ponçeau* silk; it goes half way round the head, and the ends form crescents, one on the forehead, the other behind. The knot of hair is traversed by a golden arrow, and surrounded by a *ponçeau* silk net. The Cinderella-like slipper is of rose colour tipped with white.

OPERA DRESS.

A white satin dress, *corsage uni*, and *béret* sleeve; the *corsage* is cut very low, and is finished round the top with a *feuille ruche*; a corresponding *ruche* ornaments the bottom of the sleeve. The hair combed entirely off the forehead, is arranged on the summit of the head in a butterfly bow, the ornaments of the hair are a tortoiseshell comb with a very high gallery, which is placed immediately behind the bows; a knot of ribbon with ends arranged *en tulipe* on the left side, and a wreath of flowers of various colours, and of surpassing beauty and delicacy, brought round the summit of the head, and low upon the forehead. The mantle is of blue *coulil de soie*; it is lined with satin to correspond; there are two collars, the first high and pointed, is of velvet bordered with gold *galon*; the other, as well as the pelerine, is of the material of the mantle, it is large and square; the pelerine is excessively large, and pointed at the ends. We refer to our print for the embroidery in white silk, which ornaments the mantle, collar, and pelerine; it is really a *chef d'œuvre* of the kind; its effect is considerably heightened by the black stripes round the border.

FIRST FIGURE—HALF LENGTH.

A back view of the morning dress.

SECOND FIGURE—HALF-LENGTH.

A back view of the evening dress.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *gaze de soie* over satin of the same colour, which is *rose de Parmesee*; *corsage drapé* in front, and close to the shape at the back; it is cut very low, and falls a great deal off the shoulders. *Manche à la Reine*; it is a short full sleeve, trimmed on the shoulder with a fall of *demi losange* ornaments. A blond lace trimming, of the *mantilla* kind, goes round the shoulders and back of the bust. A broad trimming, composed of intermingled satin and gauze, the first in *demi losanges*, the last in *bouillons*, goes round the skirt, near the bottom, and is brought up a little on one side, where it terminates by a white Province rose. A second rouleau is attached to the point of the first by the same flower, and surmounts the first in the same style, but at a considerable distance; the end is brought very high on the skirt, to which it is attached by a rose. Head-dress, a rose-coloured crape *béret*, ornamented under the brim with ribbon to correspond, disposed in a very novel style. Knots of rose-coloured ribbon adorn the crown; an ostrich feather, and an *esprit* placed on the right side, wave gracefully to the left.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of dove-coloured crape, over satin to correspond; the *corsage* of a delicate height, is adorned in front by satin rouleaus placed horizontally, and divided in the centre by a band of crape, with a satin rouleau on each side; the

back is plain. The *corsage* is decorated on the shoulders, and at each side, with a new and most graceful style of trimming, for which we refer to our print; it is composed of satin, and edged with blond lace; a row of the latter stands up round the bust, and finishes the bottom of the *béret* sleeve. The trimming of the skirt consists of a broad rouleau at the edge of the border; it is surmounted by a row of festoons, consisting of three smaller rouleaus placed near each other; above this crimming is a broad crape *bouillonné*; the *bouillons* formed by satin bands, and terminating in festoons, which are trimmed with blond lace, and approach the others, but in a contrary direction; three small satin rouleaus, which imitate slightly the scroll of the *bouillons*, surmounts them. This dress is, both for novelty and elegance, a *chef-d'œuvre*. Head-dress of hair, disposed in full curls on the temples, and arranged in two large bows behind; one of them is composed of a plaited band. A large bouquet of field flowers is placed behind, and surmounts the bows; a smaller one is inserted in the bow on the right side, and one to correspond with it, is placed on the left side of the ceinture.

FIG. 1. A back view of the hat of the first evening dress.

FIG. 2. A back view, half length, of the second evening dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape over white satin; the *corsage* is cut excessively low, and disposed in drapery across the bosom, but with very little fulness. *Béret* sleeve, finished with a quilting of pointed net. *Canecou* of blue satin; it is made *en demi redingote*, and displays the bust very much; the lappels, which are very large, are cut in irregular *dents*. Blue satin *ceinture* tied at the side in short bows and long ends. The trimming of the skirt consists of a row of festoons formed of three open chains of blue ribbon, the festoons are looped by a yellow fancy flower, and a light bouquet of wild flowers is placed in each. The hair is dressed in a very novel style, the hind hair is arranged on the summit of the head in two large light open bows, one formed by a soft band, the other by a braided one; a soft band twined lightly round supports them in their elevated position. The front hair is dressed in very full curls at the sides of the face. A fancy bandeau goes round the forehead, a bouquet of roses with their foliage droops over the curls on the left side, and a similar bouquet is placed in a perpendicular direction close to the bows of hair: gold earrings; necklace gold and emeralds.

MORNING DRESS.

A *redingote* of *gros de Naples*; the colour is a near shade of fawn, partially open in front, over a high dress of jacot muslin; the body of the latter is plaited in front in the style of a gentleman's shirt, and finished round the throat with a double frill; the shirt is finished with a very narrow flounce, arranged to correspond with the *collarete*, and placed immediately above the hem. The *corsage* of the *redingote* plain behind, and disposed in full folds before, wraps across to the left side, leaving a little of the top of the under dress visible. Square collar. Sleeve à l'*Imbecille*. A Gothic border is embroidered in Saxon green silk in the Tunic style round the upper part of the hem, and up the fronts to the waist; the collar is embroidered in a smaller pattern to correspond. Purple velvet hat of the *chapeau espole* shape; the crown, of a very novel

form, is adorned with a fulness of green satin on one side ; a bandeau and knots of satin ribbon complete the trimming, the brim is decorated on the inside with knots of ribbon to correspond.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of pale rose coloured *gros des Indes*, *corsage uni* and *manche à la Marie*. The pelerine and the trimming of the front are black velvet, the former is round, the latter arranged in the style of a broken cone, very narrow at the waist but very broad at the bottom ; both the pelerine and the trimming are cut in points, which are edged with a small *rouleau* of satin, and a very narrow silk fringe. Black velvet hat lined with rose colour, it is finished at the edge of the brim with a fall of deep white blond lace, and trimmed on the inside with a bandeau and a full knot of rose colour and white striped ribbon ; the crown is sloped, displaying rose coloured satin under the velvet. A knot of ribbon is placed on the summit of it, a knot of ribbon and a bouquet of fancy flowers adorn each side.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the hat of the morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A half-dress cap composed of embroidered *tulle* ; the borders turn back from the face and are very broad, and have little fulness ; the front is ornamented with a bandeau and knots of rose coloured gauze ribbon, disposed partly in bows and partly to resemble tulips ; the crown is surrounded with a bandeau and knots on each side, the *ensemble* is of a very light and graceful description.

FIG. 3.—A purple velvet half-dress hat, trimmed on one side of the brim in the cap, still with white blond lace and bird of Paradise coloured gauze. A large double fold of velvet turns back from the inside of the brim behind, partially shades one side of the crown, and terminates on the other in an ornament not unlike a fan. A cluster of velvet leaves, intermingled with a very light sprig of foliage, is placed on the outside of the brim.

FIG. 4.—A back view of the hat of the walking dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1830.

Hail Fashion ! Dear Goddess hail ! Be thy changes multiplied and thy caprices without end. Thanks to thy benign influence, the industrious and laborious part of our population may now meet the rigours of the winter without shrinking. Thy fair votaries are flocking from other climes to seek in their own a peaceful and happy home. Robed by thee, fair goddess, in thy most fantastic mood, the lovely wanderers return to give spirit to trade, bread to industry, and all the novelties that have recently appeared in ladies dress, both in France and Italy, to our World of Fashion. But when we say all the novelties they are wrong. Mrs. Bell's fashions are *selections*, and that our readers may judge of the correct and elegant taste with which they are made, we hasten to lay before them those that we have recently been permitted to inspect in Cleveland Row.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Watered silk, velvet, and satin, are all in request for morning bonnets. The capote shape is much in favour, they are made much smaller and the brims closer. Watered silk is always lined either with satin or silk plush, so also is satin occasionally. The prettiest of those latter have the crown arranged *en fichu*, in a very novel and tasteful manner. A genteel but very plain morning bonnet, is composed of black

velvet or satin, and trimmed with *neruds* of the same material, with a black bandeau and knots of gauze ribbon on the inside. Those of a more tasteful description are composed of coloured velvet, lined with white, and trimmed with two long feathers placed at the bottom of the crown. One has recently been made for a distinguished *élégante*, of light green velvet, lined with white velvet. There is something rather heavy in this style of bonnet, which besides can only suit ladies who are delicately fair : satin does better for linings, if the bonnet is not composed entirely of velvet of the same colour ; where that is the case, rich full winter colours are preferred ; they are trimmed with satin ribbons, either black or of the same colour ; some are adorned with feathers ; black blond lace is used both with feathers and ribbons.

A good many carriage hats are of apricot coloured velvet, trimmed with ribbons of the same colour. A very novel hat is composed of rose coloured satin, trimmed on the top of the crown with a piece of the same materials looped in the centre, and forming a species of fan on each side ; on the left side, and a little behind is a similar ornament, one of the extremities of it touches the brim, the interior of which is trimmed with black blond lace ; two rose coloured feathers tipped with black are placed in front of the crown.

Hats are something smaller, the brims are also closer at the ears and behind, but they are still of the usual width across the forehead. Those with ribbons to correspond in colour, are certainly most in favour ; however, black velvet hats lined with green, and trimmed with green ribbons figured in a great variety of patterns in black, are very fashionable.

OUT-DOOR CLOTHING.—Mantles are as much in estimation as ever. Those which we described last month have lost nothing of their attraction, and some new ones for the opera, &c. &c., have appeared ; one of the most elegant and admired of these we have given in our print ; it was made by Mrs. Bell for a lady of high rank, the elegance of whose taste is universally acknowledged.

Velvet and satin are the materials most in favour for wadded pelisses, which now begin to be very much in request. Several of the former are made with a pelerine pointed before and behind, which, as well as the large square collar, is trimmed with black blond lace.

Satin pelisses have the *corsage* and the fronts of the skirt trimmed with velvet ; the trimming is frequently arranged in the front of the dress in the form of a broken cone. The pelerine is composed of velvet, or else instead of a pelerine there is a very large velvet falling collar.

Silk plush is also frequently employed for trimming pelisses ; one of the most elegant that we have seen is of marshmallows coloured satin, trimmed with a very broad *revers* in plush to correspond. The pelerine was also of plush trimmed with very rich fringe.

CORSETS.—Among the novelties now in preparation at Mrs. Bell's, are several new inventions in corsets ; we are forbidden to enter into any description of them, therefore we shall only say that her unrivalled taste and skill in that branch of business has been properly estimated in high quarters, as she has been honoured with the appointment of corset maker to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent. One of the improvements, and that an inestimable one to ladies who regard their health, is the omission of all superfluous steel, and all pressure upon the chest, or danger of cancer is thus avoided ; the natural grace and elegance of the figure, not only displayed but height-

ened, and a much greater degree of support is afforded to the shape than is bestowed by the stiff and uncomfortable corsets in general use.

MATERIALS AND COLOURS OF DRESSES.—Woollen materials of various descriptions, particularly *chaly*, which we make to equal if not to surpass the French material, are coming very much into favour in morning and evening half dress. *Cotteline* is one of the novelties most in request. Dark colours, as violet, dark green, and blue, are much worn, but not so much as *granite*, *solitaire*, and *immortelle*. In addition to the materials we spoke of last month in full dress, we must now put velvet and various kinds of figured satin; rose colour, gold colour, light green, and pomona green are favourite colours for evening dresses.

RIPPLED SILK.—This chaste and original article for dresses, which has received the *personal patronage of the Queen*, is likely to be equally patronized by the public, as in elegant simplicity it has not been surpassed by any preceding effect, whether of the loom or the needle; and for mourning it is peculiarly appropriate.

MAKE OF DRESSES IN HALF AND FULL DRESS.—No alteration has taken place in *corsages* crossed or in drapery, but most of those which are made plain, are adorned with double jockeys, which descend *en pelerine* to the bottom of the waist, they are trimmed either with fringe, blond lace or embroidery to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. Long sleeves remain as usual, with one exception, and that is completely novel; the *bouffant* at top is extremely wide, and shorter than usual, and from thence to the wrist it is arranged in close plaits, disposed in an oblique direction.

Many *corsages*, in full dress, are arranged *en cœur*, by very large plaits on the back and front of the bust. Others are disposed *en pelerine* before and behind, with a point to each, that of the front is lower than the *ceinture*. A very novel and elegant *corsage*, open before, was adorned with large leaves disposed in palms, with spaces between on each side. A three quarter height *corsage*, half open, is fastened at the bottom by four diamond buttons. Short sleeves continue of the *béret* form.

TRIMMINGS.—Trimmings are coming much into favour, satin or velvet cut in points, dents, or foliages, and placed above the hem, are much used in evening dress. Nothing is more elegant for grand costume, than blond lace, arranged either in plain or drapery flounces. Embroidery in coloured silks, mingled sometimes with gold, is also worn in full dress. Some of these trimmings are in small flowers of different, but very vivid colours; a very small rouleau forms the stalk of the wreath, and serpentine round the border. We see also some dresses embroidered round the border in large fancy flowers, placed at some distance from each other. An elegant trimming is composed of palms, formed of large leaves, disposed obliquely from the bottom of the robe as high as the knee; with small flowers placed in the intervals, and a still more original one is formed by Gothic patterns intermingled with flowers.

LINGERIE.—The *chemisette* is to the dress of an English *belle*, what the *mouchoir de poche*, is to that of a French *décente*, a sort of criterion of the wearer's taste. Mrs. Bell has been particularly happy in the selection which she has made of *chemisettes* and *camezons* for morning and evening dress. The first are of cambric or muslin beautifully embroidered, and trimmed in some instances with narrow lace. The others of blond lace, or of embroidered *tulle* of the

most elegant forms. The *chemisettes à revers*, and the *camezons à trois collerettes*, are particularly novel. The first add an elegant finish to those low dresses that have *corsages* crossed; the others which turn back before in the *redingote* style, give to a plain silk or merinos *deshabille*, the air of an elegant morning dress.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—Velvet is this month still more in favour than last for dress hats; they have not altered in size, but the most novel are turned up on one side, and decorated with two long ostrich feathers.

The crowns of crape hats are round, and the brim cut out in such a manner that one part is turned up over the other. Some crape hats are adorned with feathers, others with flowers, particularly with a beautiful fancy flower, called the *collicoma*; it has a foliage of bright green, with oblong leaves of amaranth colour, which surround small white flowers, disposed in *Epi*.

Bérets and turbans seem in equal estimation. Some of the most novel of the former are composed of gauze, and ornamented with six marabouts, disposed *en rayons*, on the inside of the brim, and a bouquet of marabouts on the front of the crown.

Blond lace caps are not so much worn since *bérets* have come more into favour, but they are still adopted by many *élégantes*. The trimmings of the most novel are narrower, and have very little fulness; they are adorned with small flowers, arranged either in wreaths or bouquets, and placed on one side only.

Fashionable colours are, besides those that we have already mentioned, azure-blue, lavender, *vapeur* and dove-colour.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—*Pluche de soie* begins to be in favour for morning bonnets; it is worn in various colours, but white, lined with rose-colour, is considered most elegant. Those of rose-colour, lined with white, are also in favour; the first are ornamented only with a very large *nœud* of white satin, arranged in the style of a cockade. Those of rose-colour are trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons, figured with black, or sometimes with two short black feathers.

Hats of satin or watered silk, particularly those of rose-colour or blue, are frequently trimmed with black feathers, black blond lace, or black silk plush; this material and satin are a very good mixture, much better than satin and gauze. Flowers are no longer worn in promenade hats, not even winter flowers.

Silk plush hats, lined with the same material, begin to be much in request; the ribbons that trim them are always edged with an *effilé*.

The most elegant promenade *capotes*, if composed of silk or satin, have till now been adorned at the edge with a deep fall of white blond lace; they are at present trimmed with a double *ruche* of *tulle*, disposed in large round plaits.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Mantles and pelisses, which in fact are the same thing with a different name, since a French pelisse is to all intents and purposes a cloak, are now generally adopted for the promenade. Those of *Cachemire de laine*, striped in large stripes, are most in favour, plaids having declined in estimation. Black and red, or green and brown, are the colours preferred. There are some, also, the stripes of which are excessively broad, and of three or four different colours.

The most fashionable pelisses are composed of black satin, and lined with blue or *ponçons peluche*. A large collar, which falls as low as the waist, is edged with a very broad fringe, which is one half black, and the other the colour of the lining. A few mantles, composed of plain merinos, with black velvet collars, have appeared, but they are not generally adopted.

HOME DRESS.—A favourite costume for home is composed of a *redingote* of black *gros de Naples*, plain *corsage* with a small collar and lappels. Sleeve of the *demi gigot* form; a *collarete* of plaited muslin; an azure blue ribbon, figured with black, tied in a bow round the throat; a lace cap, the border partially shading the face, and partially turned back by bows of ribbon, to correspond with that on the neck. No trinkets—it is *mauvais ton* to wear any jewellery in home dress.

Another, and in our opinion more tasteful style of dress for home, is a robe of *chaly*, in columns of green and violet flowers, upon a shamoy ground. High *corsage*, plain at the top, and having a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, before and behind. Sleeve, *à la Medicis*; a *ruche* of tulle round the neck, fastened in front by a knot of violet and green ribbon; the *ceinture* corresponds. A black *gros de Naples* apron, trimmed round with plaited ribbon. The *coiffure* is a white lace *flechu*, arranged with a little fulness over the forehead, so as to have something of the appearance of a cap border, and tied in a careless knot under the chin. The slippers must be black prunella; they are *de rigueur* for home dress.

While we are upon the subject of embroidery, let us not forget the pretty *mouchoirs de poche*. Lady Morgan has taken care that every body should know what an important necessity it is to the toilet of a Parisian *élégante*. Those now in favour are embroidered in wreaths, which surmount the hem, always very broad; this embroidery, and that at each corner, covers nearly half the handkerchief. The cypher of the wearer is worked in the centre. The Gothic patterns which ornament the corners, are extremely *recherché*; some represent old cathedrals and other ancient edifices. The most novel pocket handkerchiefs are of cambric, embroidered in cachemere worsted, of different colours. Some *merveilleuses* have this embroidery, intermingled with gold and silver.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF DRESSES.—Draperies, either tight or crossed, and pelerines of the same material, or of velvet. Such is the form of the *corsage* in *negligé*. Dress gowns are cut low, and for the most part adorned with a *revers*, which forms a heart before and behind; the ornament must be arranged *en cœur*, whether it is a *revers* or a row of blond lace which falls over.

Matildas composed of velvets, are very pretty with satin dresses; they are bordered on each side by dents to correspond, with a band a quarter of an ell deep, which turns the bottom of the robe; we must observe that the border of the dress is cut in *dents* round the top only.

These Matildas are made also in black velvet, upon changeable taffetas, or else of the predominant colour of the taffetas; if, for example, the dress is green and orange, the ornament must be green; if violet and green, the Matilda must be violet.

When these dresses are cut low, the *corsage à revers* is perfectly appropriate; the *revers* is in *velours à dents*, and under it a low plain *corsage*, of the material of the robe. Dresses composed of satin or *reps* are trimmed with blond lace, or small rouleaus; but let the material be whatever

it may, the dress can be worn without trimming. We must observe, however, that this simplicity agrees better with merinos, *gros de Naples*, or those materials composed of silk and wool, than with others of a more dressy description.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—A simply elegant dress; is a robe of iron-grey *gros de Naples*, with a pelerine *à dents*, of embroidered muslin. A *capote* of rose coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with *nœuds* of gauze. A knot for the neck in plaid *gros de Naples*. A watch with a short chain, and both enamelled. *Brodequins* of light grey English leather, and Swiss gloves.

COSTUME DE SPECTACLE.—The most elegant half-dress toilettes are decidedly those of the fair visitors of the *Theatre Italien*; one that struck us as peculiarly tasteful, was a *redingote* of white *chaly*; the *corsage* was arranged in very full folds, the sleeves of the usual width at the upper part, had the fulness arranged *en bouffant* half way from the wrist to the elbow, by four *lièzes* of white satin. The *ceinture* of white satin was fastened in front by a gold buckle, forming the cypher of the wearer. A square falling collar was also edged with a *lièze* of white satin, to correspond with the sleeve. A small blue gauze *flechu*, formed a cravat, fastened in a knot in front, and in the centre of the knot sparkled a large *agrafe*, composed of different coloured gems.

HEAD-DRESSES.—*Coiffures en cheveux* are returning to their ordinary dimensions. The Chinese, with their ungraceful and singular height, are in worse taste, and less worn than the *coques* and bows fastened by a comb on the summit of the head, without being brought high. The tufts of curls are equally large on each side of the forehead.

We shall endeavour to describe the head dresses of hair, which have been most admired at the Italian Opera. The front hair was disposed in a tuft of light curls on each side of the forehead; the hind hair was turned up in two or three soft but full bows, which were sustained by a tortoiseshell comb, with an open worked gallery. A cockade of gauze ribbon, either flowered or *à mille raies*, was placed in front on the summit of the head; it was composed of four or five bows without ends, or else of a double rosette with two ends.

Turbans composed of gold and silver gauze, with ends falling low in the neck, and trimmed with fringe to correspond, are much in favour.

CHAUSURE.—Winter brings with it a rich style of *chaussure*; *bottines* have resumed their vogue; they are composed of velvet, or of black satin, and trimmed with fur or fringe; wadded slippers, and those of velvet, are also in favour; and we have to announce a new invention, the *petites bottines* of *Castorine*, to be drawn over full dress *chaussures*. They answer the double purpose of keeping the leg and foot warm, and of preserving the delicate freshness of the slippers.

JEWELLERY.—Ear-rings are very long; they are *en grappes*, either of burnished or dead gold.

Neck-chains are mostly composed of plain *chainons*, there are very few chased.

Bracelets, *à plaques*, are as much worn as ever; some are plain, others chased, and many incrustated with precious stones; the clasps are enamelled.

Several ladies wear bracelets of black velvet in promenade dress, with clasps of enamelled gold, of the form of a serpent. The bracelet is fastened by three small buttons—the serpent is only for ornament.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXIV.—English Earls.

EARL FITZWILLIAM.

*"A name so honoured that its fruits shall bloom
Despite the chilly grave or marble tomb;
And, like the wave that rolls its foamy way,
From age to age live on, nor feel decay."*—JONES.

That venerable and most excellent nobleman, WILLIAM WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM, D. C. L., of whom it is but justice to say that, even in his advanced years, he keeps up his reputation in all its height and splendour, and that a noble train of actions will be by him bequeathed to preserve his fame in life and motion, holds the honours and titles of his ancient family as the *fourth* Earl of FITZWILLIAM.

His lordship was born the 30th May, 1748, and is, therefore, in his eighty-second year; and, besides that we have mentioned, bears the titles of Viscount Milton of Norborough, in the county of Northampton, and Lord Fitzwilliam, Baron of Milton, in the peerage of England; Earl Fitzwilliam, Viscount Milton, and Baron Fitzwilliam of Lifford, in the peerage of Ireland.

The family of FITZWILLIAM (for so was it in the olden time written) is as ancient as it has been renowned; for we find that in 1565, Hugh Fitz-William Esq. of Sprothburgh, collected the records of his family, that his descendant, Sir William Fitz-Godric, was cousin to King Edward the Confessor; and that Sir William Fitzwilliam was ambassador at the court of William, Duke of Normandy, then as marshal of his army in 1066, and for his valour at (for King Harold) the fatal fight of Hastings was presented by the conqueror with a scarf taken from his own arm. This famed and courageous gentleman was the father of Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord of Elmley, who caused a cross to be set up in the high street of Sprothburgh, upon which were inscribed these lines. We quote them the more readily, because the hospitality they inculcate has ever been practised by Sir William's descendants, and on a more princely scale than could have been afforded by the original philanthropist. The roughness of the poetry is quite mollified by the humanity of the sentiment.—

"Who is hungry and list will eate,
Let him come to Sprothburgh for his meate;
And for a night and for a day
His horse shall have both corn and hay,
And no man shall ask him when he goeth away."

2 B

From this worthy gentleman came William Fitzwilliam, Esq. of Milton, and Game's Park Hall. He was elevated to the peerage of Ireland in 1620 by the title of Lord FITZWILLIAM of Lifford, in the county of Donegal. To him succeeded WILLIAM, the *second Lord*; and then came WILLIAM, the *third Lord*, who, on the 21st July, 1716, was further honoured by being created Viscount Milton, in the county of Westmeath, and Earl FITZWILLIAM, of the county of Tyrone; thus being the first "Earl" of the family.

He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son JOHN, who, on being called where the mightiest and the lowliest must equally travel, the "road to dusty death," bequeathed his title to his only son WILLIAM, the *third Earl*. This nobleman was, on the 19th April, 1742, by King George the Second, commanded to be enrolled among the peers of England under the title of Lord FITZWILLIAM, Baron of Milton, in the county of Northampton; and on the 6th September, 1746, was raised to an *English* Viscounty and Earldom, as Viscount MILTON and Earl FITZWILLIAM of Norborough, in the same county. In 1744 he married Lady Anne Wentworth, eldest daughter of Thomas, Marquis of Buckingham, by whom he had WILLIAM, his successor, and seven other children. His lady died the 4th May, 1759.

Then came, as we have before stated, WILLIAM WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM, the present revered nobleman, and who, as we have shown, was born 30th May, 1748, and succeeded to the honours as *fourth Earl*, upon the demise of his father, an event which took place 9th August, 1756. In 1770 his lordship married Charlotte, the youngest daughter of William, Earl of Besborough, by whom he had CHARLES WILLIAM and six other children.

Of the Earl it may be truly said, that his life has been, for the greater part of a very long period, one of extreme usefulness, great activity, and considerate beneficence. Indeed, although an eloquent authority has said that "even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him;" although, we say Addison has affirmed this, yet *He* (Lord Fitzwilliam) possesses the happy art (if art is a term which can be applied to so undeceptive a character), so to square his actions that expectation is fed by performance, and all are satisfied.

No "restless candidate for glory," no hunter after place nor fisher for pensions, he was, in 1795, for a short period, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but, unfortunately, it has been deemed for the sister country, he was not permitted long to exert the integrity of his principles and the energies of his character in the high office which few, if any, were or are better calculated to honour. Nay, when he sleeps soundly and his dwelling is no longer in stately castle but in a narrow house, who will not exclaim—Peace to his manes! and add,

"Goodness and He fill up one monument?"

The heir to his honours and estates we have stated to be CHARLES WILLIAM LORD MILTON, who was born the 4th

May, 1786; it must now be added, that on the 8th July, 1816, he married Mary, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Dundas, by whom he had issue William Charles, born in 1812, and ten other "olive branches." As Lord MILTON, he is High Steward of Hull, *Custos Rotulorum* of the Soke of Peterborough, and Recorder of Higham Ferrers.*

The conduct of public men—we mean such as by their talents, situation, or habits, make them so—is so much before the world, that it were repeating foregone conclusions to "prate of their whereabouts." Now, Lord MILTON has been, as the term is understood, decidedly a public man. As one of, and probably the most active representatives of the greatest county in England, (need we name Yorkshire?) he very much distinguished himself; and although we are not prepared to affirm that all his views of national policy or general rights were correct, it must still be conceded that the *Member of Parliament* has never disgraced the man; and that the *Nobleman* has proved himself at heart a BRITON.

LORD FITZWILLIAM, and to recur to the present Earl, is also, what has been ever deemed in England a character making almost a part of the institutions, certainly the customs of our country—namely, a SPORTSMAN. The hunting field was dear to him, but the turf was dearer. Yet, as did his father,

("Name not to die by shot or thrust,
Nor perish in the earth's dull dust")

he followed, patronized its amusements, not for profit, but a far better feeling; not for gaming designs, but generous intentions. He knew *racing* was an ancient and king-honoured sport; that it encouraged a fine species of a noble animal, and he patronized it: he felt that a race meeting conducted in no trivial degree to the support of the industrious tradespeople within the vortex of its influences, and he heeded not money to uphold it. He was proud (for nature is omnipotent), if his horses won; but if they were defeated his regret was little, for the end to the community was answered. We have seen the late EARL of FITZWILLIAM arrive upon the Doncaster Course (have conversed with him many a time and oft in the *Steward's Stand*), and who of all the splendid parties entered it so nobly—so old fashionably gorgeous? There were the six, sixteen-hand high, proud crested coach-horses, the neatly dressed postillion, the well-fed, jolly-jowled, nosegay-coated coachman; then the emblazoned carriage itself (very different from the Lord Mayor's, but quite as intrinsically valuable;) besides these, the outriders before and behind; as for the company within

"——Honour was with them,
And acclamation rent her voice to give
A welcome worthy such——"

To be sure, the MARQUIS of LONDONDERRY's pageant (for it was so), was nearly equal to the heart-whole Earl's, particularly when in 1825 the former so well officiated as Steward of the Doncaster Meeting, and officiated like a soldier (as he is), so gallantly, but we do not think it quite

* This amiable, this admirable LADY is now alas! to be numbered with the dead! Since our "Genealogy" was penned, the "last enemy" has made an inroad upon the home and happiness of the FITZWILLIAM family, and Lord Milton in particular, by almost suddenly claiming her as his own. The day before her demise she attended divine service in the parish church.

equalled LORD FITZWILLIAM's; at all events, it did not surpass it.

Such is the *present* EARL's spirit of behaviour; such, we feel assured, will be the *succeeding* EARL's course of conduct.

The *motto* of the family is as wholesome as it is pithy; that we should hold the reins hard to passion; or, to speak more *literally*, that we should *bound our appetites by our reason*—(the original, good reader, is *Appetitus ratione pareat*)—is a lesson few, but wilfully blind scholars, would neglect, none but woefully bigotted aspirants would decry. For, as Cardinal Richelieu used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing; so it is certain, a great part of good or ill fortune rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. The FITZWILLIAMS have had no occasion to con this precept, but they have not slighted it; yet, though munificent themselves, that lesson they give to others, and the world will profit by perfecting itself in it.

The town residence of the *Family* is in Grosvenor Square; its Seats are Milton, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire; Wentworth House, near Rotherham, Yorkshire; and Malton, in the county of Wicklow; "and let the name flourish for aye!"

PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

"One held to be exceeding learned, sirs,
Full of such skill as makes diplomacy,
A very wondrous art: nay marvel not,
That I should shew amidst the waves of strife,
He floated wreckless still."—THE ENVOY, 1672.

The circumstance of *this foreign Nobleman*, and decidedly public character, having come among us as the accredited agent to this country, from PHILIPPE the FIRST, and the French-people, is in itself reason sufficient to have stimulated our present effort; namely, that of presenting an accurate portrait of HIM, to our friends and readers. In accomplishing this object, it will scarcely be deemed necessary to attempt even an outline of his long and varied career, since not only has that career been woven, as it were, into the political history of Europe, (not to extend the web to other quarters of the globe,) for the last forty or fifty years; but because many interesting particulars of this extraordinary man may be found in the pages of the November number of this Magazine. In those pages, the characteristics of the AMBASSADOR's life, the motives of his actions are amply developed, and impartially delivered. We have then, to observe here, that the PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND is a junior branch of the house of *Perigord*, and that we first find him emerging from the common herd of mankind, and dashing into notoriety, as the *Abbé* of *that name*. Promotion soon followed, for persuasion dwelt on his lips, and "he'd a tongue could"—in short the *Abbé* became *Bishop d'Autun*! Then started revolution, the *death of rulers*, the flight of Princes, the emigration of ecclesiastics, "changes perplexing monarchy;" so that *citizenship* came into tune, and, like the Third Richard, the hero of our observations, exclaimed "we'll not be out of fashion," and became *Citizen Talleyrand*.

Then startling the world by the intrepidity of his deeds, and the dash of his ambition, reigned

"The man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed the earth with hostile bones,"

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE! The consequence was, that another upward step upon the ladder of life and promotion was gained, and the Citizen gave way to the more aristocratic title of Prince—the PRINCE DE BENEVENTO! Other changes followed, and other rulers succeeded; the conqueror at Austerlitz and Jena, but the discomfited at Moscow and Leipsic became an exile and a prisoner, and the reign of the Bourbon's was once more re-established. Need we add the rest? Is it necessary to repeat, that through all chances and revolutions TALLEYRAND has maintained a commanding character for acuteness of judgment, and ability of action, which have, even when towers and temples toppled into dust, not only preserved him from harm, but elevated him to prosperity. In fact made him *what he is*; namely, *Ambassador from the Son of Egalité*, and the *French-people to the Court of St. James*.

In our last we did justice to the politeness of manners, and the elegance of language, which have done so much to advance the success of the PRINCE TALLEYRAND's political and diplomatic career; although age must necessarily have somewhat impaired the influence of those, this extraordinary man yet exhibits their power to a degree rarely surpassed and not often rivalled. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON has frequently admitted the truth of this, with reference to the conduct of the representative of France at the Congress of Vienna, and the hero of Waterloo still allows, that the Ambassador of the French-people has not degenerated from him who was so conspicuous in the deliberations of that Congress of Sovereigns at the capital of the Austrian-dominions.

Such is the public personage we have thus selected to be introduced to our readers, and the leading particulars of whose advance we have endeavoured rapidly to sketch; we have only in conclusion, to hope, that he will prove in part the instrument of seconding the wise and benevolent wish of our own beloved monarch, namely, between us and our allies, "to cultivate a good understanding, and to maintain inviolate all the engagements subsisting with those allies, continuing our diplomatic relations, and friendly intercourse with the French Court."*

THE KING'S PAGE.

A TALE OF FRANCE.

"Oh Love! Oh happiness! is not your home
Far from the crowded street, the lighted hall?
Are ye not dwellers in the valleys green,
In the white cottage?"—L. E. L.

"The lily bloom'd in her lowly cot, and her guardian sire
was there."—WORDSWORTH.

Chivalrous and brave were the heroes that comprised the Court of Henri Quatre; in the battle-field the lance was struck with the fiercest impulse, and the avenging sword

* It is a fact that TALLEYRAND used but in vain, his influence to deter BUONAPARTE from undertaking the invasion of Russia; but the evil genius of the latter was more than a match for the foresight of the former. *It may be better as it is.*

made fire upon every helmet and breast-plate on which it fell; glory was the soldier's mistress, and to her alone his devotions seemed to be paid; but it was not really so, for with the return of peace a new life was taken up, and the heroes of the tented field became the slaves of their ladies' boudoir; the burnished arms and glittering casques were superseded by the soft silken robes that befitted hours of dalliance, and the sword and the spear became exchanged for the light guitar, whose dulcet melody was heard in every fair-one's chamber, and its notes resounded from grove and bower, when the "mid-day sun was burning high," or in the softer hours of twilight, when all things seemed to mingle in harmony and repose, whispering peace and comfort to the breaking heart, and rapture to the happy. The leader of the gallants, the chief minister of pleasure, from whom the rest derived their inspiration, was Henri himself. Intrepid and fearless in the hour of battle, he was as eminent for his gallantry in the halcyon days of peace, and the example of the monarch was eagerly adopted by his followers. Sully, the good, the virtuous Sully, alone, dared to represent to his master the folly into which his impetuous passion often carried him; but the remonstrances of the minister, although allowed and respected, became speedily drowned in the riotous gallantry of his more esteemed associates. Among these, the Mareschal de Turenne held the highest place in his affections; he had fought and bled by Henri's side, his valour was acknowledged by the people, and Henri loved him; but the disposition of Turenne was altogether different to that of the monarch; the latter guiding his every action by the rule of honour; the other, hot, rash, and unthinking, often glossing over dishonourable deeds in his pursuit. There was a youth, too, in the palace, who enjoyed no inconsiderable share of Henri's regard; one of his pages, who had frequently attended him in the field, and in one instance had preserved his life at the extreme hazard of his own; this noble action endeared him to the monarch, who had him constantly about his person. The history of the page, however, could never be ascertained; he had been introduced to the king's service by a nobleman, since dead, and the youth, Victor, himself, refused to answer any enquiries upon the subject; and when the king alluded to it, the only reply was tears. He was evidently the child of misfortune, though the glare and glitter of the court had thrown a bright veil over his sorrows, and the warrior boy, as Henri frequently termed him, had become the most gay and joyous youth about the court. Towards the Mareschal de Turenne, however, the absorbing attention of Victor was directed, and often his replies bore mysterious import; Turenne's schemes of gallantry were discovered, and most frequently destroyed by the page, who seemed dearly to enjoy the triumph he had won, and the mental distraction of the warrior. Yet Turenne dared not resent the many insults offered him, for, independent of the interdiction of the monarch, there was something in the boy's manner that awed him, and he shrunk even from his laughing reproof.

One clear and beautiful Summer's evening, Henri was walking in the romantic gardens of the palace, scheming new plans of pleasure, and anticipating the brilliant assemblage of beauty that would gem the festival of the night, when accidentally the tearful looks of his warrior boy met his glance, and he immediately exclaimed—

"Victor, my boy, why those tears? but now thou wert enjoying some mad-cap folly thou hadst played upon Turenne; he would have chastised thee but for my inter-

ference, but you seemed in your laughing revelry to despise his threats."

"Ah, sire!" exclaimed the page, "to you I dare reveal, that while the smile played upon my burning cheek, shame, sorrow, and indignation pervaded my heart, for he upbraided me with the mystery of my poor parents. Did all men resemble him, what would have been the fate of Victor!"

"Banish those reflections, my child; that face was never moulded for a tear to sully its pure brightness. I will confess, my admiration has been raised why thou should'st still conceal thy father's name, even from myself,—still I commend thy caution;—it may be, that he is a foe to Henri and to France!"

"Oh no!" impetuously exclaimed the page, "for the beloved Henri he would have shed his blood—would yield his life! But there has been—— Ah!—excuse me, sire, I *dare not* proceed!"

"I will believe thee," rejoined the king; you, doubtless, have sufficient reason for this mystery, but of this be sure, that Henri Quatre ever is thy friend."

The grateful page seized the hand of the monarch, and pressing it to his lips, testified his sense of the obligation; then snatching his guitar, he run his fingers wildly over the strings, and breathed the warm feelings of his soul.—

"My father once fought for the freedom of France,
And was first the bright fame of his king to advance;
But alas! the sad hour,—misfortune's dire hand,
Drove my ill-fated sire to a far distant land;
Where he grieves in despair, yet I *dare not* reveal
The secret which pains my young heart to conceal!
My heart-broken sire bid me join in the wars,
And fight in his own darling country's cause;
When I eagerly strove victor's laurels to gain,
And rescue from branded opprobrium our name:
Impetuous I rush'd to the midst of the strife,
And Heaven led my arm to save Henri's life!"

The monarch and his *protégé* were interrupted by the arrival of Turenne, warm with the expected gratification of another achievement in the field of beauty. Victor was immediately dismissed, and the gay Mareschal proceeded to develop his discovery. He had been shooting a short distance from Marseilles, and upon entering a woodman's cottage for refreshment, had been entertained by a beautiful and unsophisticated creature, who was instantly selected as a proper object for the perverted gallantry of the monarch and his dissolute companion. The king was in raptures at Turenne's glowing description of the rustic beauty's charms, and instantly ordering proper disguises, they proceeded to the woodman's cottage.

Though mystery hung so darkly over the fortunes of Victor's parent, yet that good old man lived not far distant from the spot where Henri and his court were now abiding. Victor often trembled lest the old man might be discovered, yet he himself, guileless and honest, trusted to the great Power that protects the innocent, and laughed his Victor's fears to scorn. Frequently did the son retire from the glare and splendour of royalty to enjoy the humble happiness of a home, beloved, because it was consecrated by a father's presence, and more endeared to him, because it was also the abode of his beloved Marie, a young and beautiful girl, who passed as the daughter of the woodman, but she was not really so. She was beloved by Victor, and the innocent Marie returned that love with all its purity and holiness.

Victor, his father Eustache, and his beloved Marie, were enjoying those domestic pleasures which alone the pure of heart may know, haloed by those undying rays of virtue which shed brilliancy across the career of life, and which even in pain, in anguish, speak consolation to the mourner, and whisper peace and resignation to the breaking heart.

Their home

Was covered with sweet creeping shrubs,
And had a porch of evergreens: it stood
Beneath the shelter of a maple tree,
Whose boughs spread o'er it, like a green tent,—
'Twas beautiful in summer, with gay flowers,
Green leaves, and fragrant grass strewn o'er the floor,
And, in the winter, cheerful with its hearth,
Where blazed the wood fire.
Here was the happiness of hearth and home!

The little family were enjoying their domestic pleasures, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, and Victor instantly recognized the voices of Henri and Turenne. The family were alarmed, but Eustache desiring them to abate their fears, led his son into an interior apartment, and then quickly opened the door to the two disguised gallants. They introduced themselves as travellers in want of some needful refreshment, which was immediately granted by the woodman, who assumed an air of gaiety, and welcomed his enemies with a smile.

"Welcome, welcome, gentlemen," exclaimed he, "to the best my cottage affords; 'tis humble, true, but it is seasoned with good will, and the hearty welcome of old Eustache."

"You seem in brave spirits, my good host."

"Thus I am always;—here I live, a merry old woodman, contented and happy, for my home is devoid of care, and my meals are prepared by the sweetest child in Christendom;—nay do not blush Marie,—make the strangers welcome; you did not learn to blush of me, you rogue."

Turenne engaged the woodman in conversation, while Henri accosted the maiden; the artifice was not unseen by Eustache, who narrowly attended every action of his guests, though he apparently was absorbed in the humorous conversation of Turenne. The approaches of Henri, however, became too distressing to Marie for longer endurance, and Eustache instantly pouring wine, solicited the King to drink.

"Ay!" exclaimed the Monarch, "to the lovely Marie."

"True, she is a good girl," rejoined the woodman, "an artless, unsophisticated innocent, her heart has never been sullied by the vices of a town, nor the licentiousness of a Court, where such men as the Marechal de Turenne preside."

"Ah!" exclaimed the King, "you think the Marechal an indifferent fellow, ey?"

"Indifferent!" rejoined the indignant Eustache, "he is a blot upon humanity. Had Henri known the baseness of his heart, I, *perhaps*, should not have been in this forlorn condition;—perhaps, my child might have proved a meteor in the sky of France! But that's all over now,"—and the old man dashed away the tear that trembled upon his eyelid.

"And what the devil have you to say against Turenne?" enquired the astonished Marechal.

"What is that to you?"—Come drink again. The King, —may heaven bless him!"

"You love your King, then?" enquired Henri.

"Yes, and have fought for him; my best blood has been spent in his service; but time, and the injuries I have experienced, have unnerved my arm, blanched my dark hairs, and brought me sorrowing to the grave. But still were my country in danger, I would again rush to the field, for though my arms might be a little stiff, the more active warriors I could lead on to glory: if I beheld a coward fly, I would be a barrier to arrest his progress, and he either should return to his duty, or make his way across my bleeding corse!"

"Excellent old warrior! But tell me friend, why you are so embittered against the favourite Marechal of Henri. If any secret hangs upon the information, I pledge my honour it shall go no farther, and as for my friend, I think I can well answer for him. Don't you think I can Philippe?"

"Assuredly," exclaimed the hot warrior, eager to learn the woodman's mystery.

"Well then," commenced Eustache, "some years ago, —I am a bad hand at telling a story; but this is its burden:—some years ago, there were in the French army, two generals, the Marquis de Croissy and the Count D'Albert,"

"Ah!" exclaimed the monarch, in surprise.

Eustache did not appear to notice the expression of his guest, and thus proceeded, "Nature had blest the Count with one fair child, a daughter, of whose beauties an Emperor might be proud; the panders of Turenne discovered the treasure, and soon reported her to their master, who had the vile audacity to propose dishonourable terms to the father himself,—even to the noble Count D'Albert!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated the King.

"By heaven he did!" rejoined the woodman, "and I think he must remember to this day the return of the girl's father to the insolent proposition; but the Marechal had an horrible revenge; the ruthless tiger, spoiled of his prey, laid snares for the indignant parent;—false witnesses were suborned, a plot was conjured up;—the Count, his friend the Marquis de Croissy, and their immediate circle of associates, who had dared to express their sentiments respecting the vicious conduct of Turenne, were implicated, arrested, tried,—and banished!"

"Well, well do I remember that important affair," replied the Monarch; "twas said too, that the King lamented two such noble warriors should prove traitors—"

"Twas false!" interrupted Eustache, "let him stand forward who dare assert the crime, and in his teeth will I hurl back the lie, the wicked, damning lie!"

Turenne felt awed by the violent expression, and fierce demeanour of the woodman, beneath whose humble aspect, there appeared a brighter soul than beams usually in humble clay."

"And who are you," enquired he, "that you feel so warmly on the subject?"

Eustache paused for a moment, and after glancing keenly at his enquirer, replied, "The faithful servant of the Count, who scorned to leave his master amidst all his sufferings." Henri enquired his fate, and the old man continued;—"He paid the debt of nature; he was a man unused to misfortune, and when it burst so fiercely upon his devoted head, he sunk under it, and he died! In vain the Marquis and myself strove to console him. In vain we bade him hope for pardon from the King. 'Tis foolish hope," exclaimed he, "The spirit of happiness has taken her flight from my bosom for ever, and all that remains for

me, is to die!" He grasped my hand in the agony of grief, and a deadly paleness spread across his face, his lip became livid, and his eyes were fixed in death; he fell exhausted into my arms! A whisper murmured upon his lips,—Eustache, to thee I resign my child,—preserve her from Turenne—protect her!" I swore before the face of heaven to guard her as my own, tears fell from his pale eyes, and his white and chilly hands grasped mine,—he looked upon my face, and with that look, he died!"

The youthful Marie, who had tremblingly listened to the woodman's recital, now fell in tears upon his bosom, exclaiming, "Oh my dear father! no more! no more!" The sight was affecting; and to Henri's generous heart it spoke a language, forcible as pathetic; he looked expressively at Turenne, but the Marechal averted his head, and remained in unmoved sternness, sketching figures upon the ground. The attention of Henri, however, was fixed upon the veteran, who endeavoured to compose the lovely and sorrowing girl; and observing that Henri was waiting for the conclusion of his little narrative, he hastily passed his hand over his brow to clear away the traces of the tears that had fallen upon the neck of his child, and thus proceeded:—"I have but little more to add;—I laid the Count in the cold earth, and though no pompous procession escorted him to the tomb, nor empty panegyric sounded over his remains, they were embalmed with the tears of his faithful follower; and his child planted a rose-tree upon his grave; it is still daily attended by the affectionate girl, and prayers from that hallowed spot rise to the throne of the blessed, from whence the spirit of the father looks down upon his child, and welcomes her aspirations of piety and hope."

A considerable pause succeeded the pious ejaculation of the woodman; Turenne remaining in his sullen abstraction, but Henri, in admiration of the generous fervour of his host; his every unworthy thought was sacrificed at the shrine of virtue, and his heart panted to reward such unsophisticated goodness. The light notes of the guitar, however, broke the long silence, and the King immediately recognised the voice of his page, accompanying the instrument. Turenne started in surprise, and expressive looks were rapidly exchanged between the strangers. Ere they could come to any resolution, however, the door of the inner apartment opened, and the page entered with his guitar, nodding respectfully to the strangers, and continuing his *chanson* without the least movement of surprise.

"Turenne," whispered the King, "what mystery is this? what does it mean?"

"Mean!" echoed the Marechal, "why that we are in a sad predicament,—that cursed page will discover us, and then —"

"The Lord have mercy upon the poor Marechal." Then turning to the page, he whispered, "Victor, how came you here?"

"I do not know you indeed, good gentlemen, never saw you before in my life," replied the page, not appearing to be acquainted with them, a hint that was instantly taken by the Monarch, who, with his companion, prepared to make a hasty departure. Victor, however, seizing the cloak of the latter as he was retiring, laughingly whispered in his ear,—

"*Spoil sport, Mar! Ha! ha! ha! ha!*"

"You shall repent!" fiercely replied Turenne, as he burst from the page; who rejoined with ano-

ther loud peal of laughter, as he closed the door upon the woodman's guests.

On the ensuing day, while Henri was surrounded by his little circle of friends, Turenne, Victor, and the esteemed and virtuous Sully, sharing principally in the monarch's consideration, a page entered to announce the arrival of two peasants whom Henri had privately ordered to be arrested, and conducted to his presence; they were now introduced, and the surprise of Victor was not greater than that of Turenne, upon beholding, in the two prisoners, the woodman and his child. "Honest Eustache," exclaimed the King, as they entered the saloon, "in hours of peace I am indeed a merry Monarch, and it is fit that merry Monarchs should be entertained by such merry subjects as thyself!" The apprehensions of Victor, Eustache, and Marie, subsided at the friendly greeting of the King, and the former stepping forward, and assuming an air of gaiety, observed, "I am happy that so brave a veteran will be rewarded by the generosity of Henri Quatre." "He shall be rewarded, my warrior boy," rejoined the King. Turenne immediately remarked the strangeness of the royal determination, but Henri was resolute, and the Marechal was compelled, at length, merely to solicit the aspersions might be retracted, which the woodman had so unsparingly cast upon him;—Eustache looked contemptuously upon the Marechal, and in a voice of decision, exclaimed, "No!"—"Then," impetuously replied Turenne, "justice shall compel you to speak truly of the Marechal!" "I have spoken truly," was the reply of Eustache, who became warm with the fierce observations of Turenne, "Liar!" exclaimed the latter. "Liar and slave! Do'st thou not fear the vengeance of Turenne?"

"I fear no one—but my God and my King?"

"My brave, my good old man," rejoined the Monarch, "this altercation must not be;—Marechal, you must be reconciled to the loyal veteran."

It had proceeded too far, however, with the fiery Marechal, who spurned the mediation of the Monarch, and glancing furiously at Eustache, he repeated, "Liar and slave!"

"I cannot bear with this," cried Eustache, "I am no liar, I am no slave; to his face, to the bold face of the noble wretch, would I proclaim his infamy, and brand his villainy upon his brow."

"Slave, I am Turenne!"

"And I am ———"

"Hold, hold!" shrieked the page, as he threw himself into the woodman's arms, "you know not what you say."

"Away, away my child, it is too much, I cannot stand before my King and hear him praise my loyalty and zeal, and still be branded with a traitor's name,—no, no, it is too much, and come what may, know wretch, I am thy victim, the innocent De Croissy!"

Turenne relapsed into his former sullenness, Eustache was clasped in the arms of Victor and Marie, his eyes flashing fire, and his face clear with the consciousness of innocence, which his general aspect confirmed. Henri gazed upon the scene with a sigh, and even the stern Sully shed tears. Victor looked wistfully in his patron's face, but met there with disappointment and regret; the Marquis de Croissy had returned from banishment and his life must pay the forfeit. Victor quitted the embrace of the veteran, and advancing entreatingly towards the throne, exclaimed, "indeed, he is innocent!" Henri waved his hand, the page continued to snuppicate, but the Monarch affirmed the

law of France to be inviolable, and that it must take its course, he could not stay its execution.

"Oh!" exclaimed the page, "often have you required your warrior-boy to ask some favour, the granting which might prove how tenderly you loved him, I have refrained from begging until now, and now I crave De Croissy's life!"

"It is not in my power to give."

"Oh yes, who dare disobey the orders of our King—of Henri Quatre?" He advanced upon the first step of the throne, and Henri averted his face;—the page knelt, and clasping the Monarch's hand, murmured a stanza of his favorite and plaintive air;—

"My heart-broken sire bid me join in the wars,
And fight for his own darling country's cause;
Where I eagerly strove victor's laurels to gain,
And rescue from branded opprobrium our name;
Tempestuous I rushed to the midst of the strife,
And heaven led my arm to *save Henri's life!*"

The page paused, and Henri turned towards him, exclaiming hurriedly,—

"Indeed, indeed I would do much for to repay thy valour,—ask me any thing but this."

"I ask but life, for life!"

"Why take this interest in a stranger's fate?"

"He is — *my father!*"

Victor fell at his Sovereign's feet, still grasping the hand which he held, and protesting the innocence of his parent. —At this moment an attendant entered the saloon with a communication from Turenne, who had left the spot in considerable agitation, while the page was pleading to the King. The Monarch's eyes brightened as he perused the note, and immediately raising the page from his feet, he desired him to acquaint his noble father with his restoration to his original titles and possessions. The contents of that note never transpired, but the errors of Turenne were forgiven, and by his after deeds he endeavoured to atone for the misery which he had previously created. The gloom of sadness and despair was superseded by the brilliancy of happiness, and the festival that witnessed the union of the page with the lovely Marie, the daughter of the Count d'Albert, whom de Croissy had cherished and protected, hallowed the reconciliation with Turenne, and his return to virtue. It was indeed a day of happiness, youth mingled with its characteristic fervour, in the scene, and age "threw its crutches by" for the moment, to encourage the festivity which such felicitous occurrences had occasioned. The Marquis de Croissy again resided in the halls of his ancestry, and the possessions of D'Albert were bestowed upon his child. The evening of de Croissy's life was thus cheered by a scene of joy that burst upon his paths when they seemed closed in eternal night, and his son Victor, and the faithful and affectionate Marie, enjoyed the felicity of their mutual loves, and Henri Quatre was their friend.

ON BALLET-DANCING.

The perfection to which this style of exhibition is now arrived, renders every information that can be obtained on the subject, interesting to its admirers. The number of these is certainly extensive, and the pre-eminence shewn to the dancing part of the Opera company, over the enchanting sounds that flow from the throats of Pasta and Malibran, makes one readily conclude, that the *heel* is of more importance than the *head*, and that *art* exultingly

triumphs over the *labours of science*. But while such omnipotent authority prevails in its behalf, it were vain, for one OUT OF FASHION, to attempt to decry the *art*, or its professors; therefore willingly, to keep on good terms with the reigning taste, we have collected some information concerning the progress of ballet-dancing, from its first introduction, in the reign of Caribert, King of Paris, when the *art*, assumed somewhat of a regular form.

Be it understood then that the aforesaid Royal personage had a most beautiful Queen, by whom he was greatly beloved, and who finding her husband more passionately devoted to the chase, than he was to *her charms*,—resolved to exert her utmost efforts to invent novelties and amusements, that should withdraw him from the selfish and perilous employments he took such delight in. Accordingly the Queen Indoberg had recourse to the charms of music and dancing, which she found herself compelled to unite, since the former had failed of the wished for effect, when pursued *alone*. But poor Indoberg had reason speedily to regret the association; for two sisters of the most ravishing beauty, who sang like syrens, and were the principal performers in all the dances and entertainments given by the Queen,—so captivated the heart of the Royal huntsman, that he abandoned himself to this new passion, and married each of them!

On the 29th of January, 1393, the Duchess de Berri, gave a grand ball, at her palace of the Gobelins, where all the court was assembled. A troop of masked savages made their appearance on the scene, which excited the curiosity of the Duke of Orleans, who suspecting perhaps that his royal master, Charles VI. was among them, suddenly seized a flambeau, to examine their persons more nearly, when a spark having caught the robe of one of the masks, was speedily communicated to the next. The Duchess de Berri being in the secret of the masquerade, ran to the King, and throwing her robe round him, extinguished the fire. Several noblemen lost their lives through this folly; to expiate which, the Duke d'Orleans built a chapel, which he dedicated to the Celestines, and endowed it for the purpose of pious exercises, for the souls of those who had died through that accident. In the old records which we have of ballet-dancing, we learn that the representation of an action was expressed by verses; by which, when the public was fully possessed of the plot, the actors accompanied their declamations, by gestures and steps suited to the part. The surprising adventures of a young man named *Hymen*, the despair of Calice for the indifference of Erasius, which caused her to throw herself into the sea, in order to extinguish her passion, were very prominent pieces: (the which it is to be feared, afforded a pretext for the famous leap of the still more famous Sappho.)

Cardinal Riatti endeavoured to inspire his uncle Pope Sextus IV. with a taste for dramatic representations, in which music and dancing were conjunctively the basis. But the Pope had other affairs upon his hands; he wanted to canonise St. Bonaventure; to persecute the Venetians; to fight against the powerful faction of the Medicis; and to debate upon future supplies. It may well be imagined that his Holiness had too many occupations to allow him to think for a moment, of organizing a company of dancers and players! but what Cardinal Riatti failed in effecting, was afterwards successfully performed by means of a very important auxiliary, under the superintendence of a homely country gentleman.

The first regular and grand ballet, upon this plan, was

constructed to gratify the gastronomic inclinations of an illustrious society of amateurs; and all the inventions of fabulous history were called upon to aid in this splendid achievement. The annals of gastronomy and dancing have registered the name of this most puissant inventor, and Bergonzio di Botta de Tortone, deserves to be made known to his brethren of the present era. In 1489 this gentleman signalled his love for eating and dancing by a magnificent feast, which he gave to the Duke of Milan, on occasion of his marriage with Isabella of Arragon. This amphytrion made choice of a magnificent hall for the theatre of this grand display. It was surrounded by galleries, in which several bands of music were placed; and an empty table occupied the middle space. The royal guests having taken their seats, Jason and his Argonauts were seen boldly advancing, to the sound of martial music. They carried the golden fleece with which they covered the table, and then performed a noble dance, expressive of the admiration with which the sight of so beautiful a princess, and so worthy a sovereign, inspired them. Next came Mercury, and told why he had been so subtle with Apollo, the shepherd of Admetus, as to steal a fat calf from his herd; he then formally presented it to the newly married pair, gallantly adding, that it had been trussed and dressed by the best cook at the Olympic court. While he was placing it on the table, three dancers, who followed him in, surrounded the calf, and jumped about with all possible dexterity. Diana and her nymphs next followed, bearing a stag upon a gilded hurdle. Acteon ought to consider himself blessed in having died as he did, since he furnished so gracious a repast to the sensible and amiable Isabella. Such was the address of *Diana*;—but to make the offer of a stag to a newly married pair, seems to us strangely ill-suited to the circumstance. Our wits would doubtless infer a thousand malignant allusions from thence, and draw a sorrowful horoscope of the moment when this nuptial gift was presented to the hero of the feast. But could the chaste Diana doubt of woman's faithfulness? No; she made her offering with so much grace and innocence, that amongst that numerous assembly, not one had an evil thought; although the antlers of the stag towered above the ducal coronet. It is necessary to observe that the entrance of Diana was announced by the sonorous windings of the hunter's horn.

After this the character of the music changed, and lutes and flutes announced the arrival of Orpheus. And here it must be remembered that at this epoch, the instrumental accompaniments were always changed according to the sentiments the dancers or singers meant to express; and this was the intent of the numerous orchestres dispersed around. This excellent invention was the means of varying the symphonies; it announced the return of the personage who had been already on the same, and succeeded in turn to the clamour of trumpets, the fine drawn sounds of the violin, the arpeggios of the lute, and the soft melody of flutes and pipes. But we will at length return to the songsters of Thrace, whom we have so long kept at the threshold. They sang the praises of the Duchess, and accompanied their voices with the lyre. The principal thus addressed her, "I wept," said he, "I wept on Mount Appennine, the decease of the tender Eurydice. I there heard of the union of two worthy lovers deserving of each other, and I have felt for the first time since my misfortune, a sensation of pleasure. My songs are charged with the feelings of my heart. A flock of birds stole away to hear me; I seized these imprudent auditors, and have

roasted them nicely, for the most beautiful princess in the world; since the charming Euridice lives no longer.

A flourish of music interrupted the virtuoso bird-catcher, and Theseus and Ariadne next came forward. They were escorted by a train of brilliant damsels representing a coursing party. This concluded by the death of the wild boar of Calydon, which they offered to the young duke while executing a triumphant ballet. Iris, on a car drawn by peacocks, followed by nymphs habited in a light transparent gauze, laid on the table dishes laden with the most scarce and delicate birds. Next succeeded, Hebe, bearing nectar, and in her train were the Arcadian shepherds, Vertumnus and Pomona, who served up creams and cheese; peaches, apples, oranges and grapes. At that instant the shadow of Apicius arose from the earth. This illustrious professor came to inspect this splendid feast, and to make known his discoveries to his neighbours.

This spectacle disappeared to give place to a grand ballet of the tritons and rivers, who bore in their hands the most exquisite fish. Crowned with parsley and cresses, these watery gods made use of their head-dresses to form a bed for the turbot, trout, &c., which they deposited on the table.

We know not if the professors in gastronomy, whom this Amphictyryon had invited were much amused by these ingenious ceremonies; nor if their afflicted stomachs, rejected the offered pleasures which the dance and music presented—history has not entered into the detail, but we are aware that Bergonzio di Botta omitted nothing to render the entertainment worthy of his guests. This gastronomic drama had a wonderful effect? Italy rang with its praises, and an account of the feast was sent to every part of Europe, and gave the idea of those ballets and opera's which we delight in at the present day.

Our ancestors were not so barbarous as some would believe. The grandest spectacle of our times is not to be compared to the feast of Bergonzio. What an immense addition to the funds of the opera would it be, if the directors had but the spirit to place a *trilinium* in the centre of the stage, for the relief of soups brought in by the corps de ballet, and sumptuous joints of roast meat gracefully placed upon the table, (after having passed from hand to hand like those classical baskets of paper flowers, and card fruits, which our dancers bequeath as legacies from father to son,) for the worship of the divinities of the opera. Taglioni, Noblet, and Brocard should pour out the nectar for the *dilettanti*, while the inferior persons should skim around them, offering sugar-plums and macaroons. An immense orchestra in the pit, and chorus singers in the boxes would render this scene truly enchanting.

There was very good dancing at the court of Francis 1st. The graceful and witty Margaret of Valois, was the *Taglioni* of her time. The minuet danced by Margaret was a wonderful performance; and the first poets of Europe gave it celebrity by their verses; one of her slow pirouettes was sufficient to turn all the courtiers heads. Don Juan of Austria, viceroy of the low countries, hearing of her fame set off post from Brussels, and visiting Paris incog, saw Margaret dance; after which he instantly returned, exclaiming repeatedly to his companions, as the rapid coursers fled hastily from the scene of the dance, "what wonders in a minuet!"* This was the sole thought of the viceroy

* If we cast our eyes back upon our own beauteous countrywomen, and in the retrospect remember what

Don Juan. The smiling country which offered itself to the view, the noise of the horses as they trotted on the road, the whips of the postillions—none of these, could draw him out of the delicious reverie, which so powerfully chained him. As soon as he reached the palace, he entered the council chamber, to discuss affairs of state, with his assembled ministers, who received him in silence, expecting the prince to address them on the subject on which they were convened: "what wonders in a ——— government! &c. Such was the commencement of his harangue. A professor of dancing in an excess of enthusiasm for his art may repeat the words of Don Juan; but let him remember, they originated with the German Cæsar. In 1597, Jean de Bardi, Purro Strozzi, and Jacques Corni, Florentine nobles, not content with the efforts hitherto made, and conceiving great hopes on the subject of the opera, determined to bring it to the highest degree of perfection, and consequently chose the best poet and musician then known, to compose an opera expressly for them, which was performed at the Corsi palace at Florence. This was the *Daphne* of Ottavio Rinuccini and of Giacomo Peri. The grand Duke of Tuscany and his court, the Cardinals Monte and Montello, and the most brilliant society attended the representations of that work, which surpassed all that had ever been seen. The management of the piece and the beauty of the music, made it looked upon as a chef d'œuvre. It was upon this model that the same authors composed the *Euridice*, which was played in Florence on occasion of the marriage of Henry 4th of France with Maria de Medici.

Catherine de Medici established poetical ballets at the court of France, which were executed at those dissolute entertainments that she invented for the degradation of her sons, in order that she might thus hinder them from holding the reins of government. It is a well known fact, that this politic Queen, was little scrupulous of the means she resorted to for obtaining her end, and that she gave the most splendid entertainments to the King, in which her maids of honour were employed to serve up the dessert, clad in loose undress, and singing such ribald verses, as would make our Grenadiers blush. These songs, bound in four volumes, richly gilded, the corners and clasps of vermillion, and inscribed on the corner with the name of the virtuoso who habitually made use of one of these works of Lampasque, and which style exists in one of the principal libraries of Paris.

These ballets were equally ill planned and regulated; but Ballasarini, better known by the name of Beaujoyeux, brought this splendid spectacle into a systematic order. Marshal Brissac sent him into France with a band of skillful musicians, to claim the protection of Catherine, who nominated him her *valet de chambre*, and from thence he became the ruler and conductor of all the entertainments, concerts, and ballets, that were performed at her court. We will now present our readers with an account of the ballet composed on occasion of the marriage of her son, the Duke de Joyeux.

The Duke was married to Margaret de Lorraine, the majesty and grace were displayed in the minuets danced at the court of George the Third, when the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Rutland, and Dutches of Devonshire shone with a bright and dazzling radiance—we may then appreciate the depth of Don Juan's surprise when he saw the Royal Margaret's graceful movements.

Queen's niece, at the parish church of St. Germaine l'Auxerrois. The King then conducted the bride to Mansuettier, followed by the Queen and her ladies, all so richly and sumptuously habited, that the like was never before seen in France. The King's and the bridegroom's dress were both alike, covered with embroidery, pearls, and precious stones, the value of which was inestimable. There were seventeen successive days of amusement, and each person present varied their costume, the lowest price of which was reckoned at ten thousand crowns. The expense of this unequalled entertainment was so great, comprehending the tournaments, masquerades, presents, music, and liveries, that it was currently computed at twelve hundred thousand crowns.

The Cardinal de Bourbon afterwards gave an entertainment at St. Germain-de-pres, and at great expense fitted up a large boat in the form of a triumphant car, in which the King and family with the new-married pair were to be carried from the Louvre to Prés-aux-clercs in solemn pomp. This beautiful car was drawn by other boats, fashioned as sea horses, tritons, dolphins, whales, and other monsters of the deep, to the amount of twenty-four. In these were placed the musicians and choristers; also the people who let off the fire works, who during the progress were to afford pastime to fifty thousand persons, assembled on the banks of the river. But the invention was not well executed, for the animals would not march as they were intended to, so that the King having waited in vain from four o'clock until seven, at the Tuilleries, for the arrival of this conveyance, said in his anger, that he clearly saw those brutes were commanded by other brutes; then getting into his coach with the Queen and suite, drove to Prés-aux-clercs, where the most magnificent banquet was prepared for them, and where the Cardinal had caused an artificial garden to be made, furnished with flowers and fruits, as if it had been the height of summer. On the following Sunday the Queen gave her fête at the Louvre, where the ballet of *Circe and her Nymphs* was represented, Beaujoyeux was profusely complimented for his ingenuity and skill, and the poets celebrated his fame in numerous verses.

Baif, a principal musician at this time was the director of the concerts, on these occasions, and having established musical meetings at his own house in the Fauxbourg, St. Marceau, both Charles IX. and Henry III. honoured him with their presence. Baif was interrupted in the conclusion of his project by the breaking out of the civil war which desolated unhappy France and put an end to the pleasures of the court.

Dancing was the favourite amusement of Henry IV. Sully, the grave, the wise Sully, prepared the fêtes, constructed the ball rooms, and was the prime agent in the ballets; he even figured as a dancer, and learnt his steps of the King's sister. This good and great King had a sort of passion for masquerades of which there were an infinity during his reign. On the first Sunday in Lent, (the year 1597) the King assumed the habit of a sorcerer, in which he visited all the balls and parties in Paris, accompanied by the Marchioness de Vernicut, who never failed to unmask and salute him whatever house he entered." The French people danced a great deal then, but they fought well also. Who can deny that small share of praise to the great Henry, whose memory is still dear to Frenchmen, and revered throughout the world by all those to whom honour and glory are dear?

ETUDE DE MŒURS PAR LES GANTS.

The day after the ball given by the Marquise de C—, we were assembled, in *petit comité*, in the Drawing-room of the amiable and witty Comtesse de S—; the party consisted of several young men of fashion, and some ladies, who came to enquire after the health of the Comtesse, fearing it was indisposition that had prevented her appearing at that brilliant *Soirée*.

For some time we were nearly silent, for we felt fatigued by the exertions of the preceding night, but a trifling remark brought on the following lively conversation:—

"The Baroness d'O— is arrived from Sweden," said one of the ladies, "and has brought me some elegant gloves."

"*Apres* of gloves," cried another lady, is it not singular that in an autumn so very severe as this, the gentlemen wear only light coloured gloves, I have remarked it during some days past."

"What, my dear Emelie," exclaimed the mistress of the house, "do you not guess their motive? Ask our young Lieutenant, and he will tell you the reason is, that the gentlemen wear in the day, the gloves that have served for the evening before."

"Madame is in the right," cried all the gentlemen. "The Comtesse continued, "There are persons who declare, that by studying your features, or even by observing the manner in which you tie your cravat, they can give a shrewd guess at your morals, and your temper. I think they might do it more effectually by inspecting your gloves the morning after you had worn them at a ball or a rout."

The most pressing solicitations were directly addressed to the beautiful Comtesse by the gentlemen of the party, to try that study herself; they all assured her, that they had with them the gloves which they had worn the preceding evening.

"Very well," cried she, "I will not promise you shades of character so varied, portraits so delicate, as those of Lavater, but—

"They will be at least more indulgent."

"Don't be too sure of that, Colonel, I shall be severe I promise you. Come, let me begin with you;—let me see your gloves."—"Here they are," said the Colonel, holding out his hands."

"The Colonel has been very careful of them," said a young lady, "they are not in the least soiled."

"Do you mean to reproach me for not having danced with you, my pretty cousin; you forget my age, at thirty-five we dance no longer."—"But," interrupted the Comtesse, "we play." "What, can you believe that I have preferred—" "Don't defend yourself, Colonel, it is not I, but your gloves who accuse you. They were crushed and rumpled in this manner when the adversary of your *teneur*, turned the king, or won the vole. You have lost a great deal, Colonel,—see, a piece has been bitten from your left-hand glove." Oh Comtesse they were too tight. "The excuse would be a good one, if your right hand was not something larger than your left." "I am beaten," cried the Colonel.

"As to me, Madame," said young Charles de M—, "I do not fear your reproaches," and he presented his hands. [The gloves on the outside were merely rumpled, but on the inside they were stained.] "You have danced a great deal," said the Comtesse, that is very well, but you have danced too often with the same person."

"Madame," said Charles, colouring and stammering,

"What makes you believe—" "Those dove-coloured stains on the right hand; you see there is nothing of the kind on the left."

Charles de M—— blushed still deeper, and so at the same instant did the Colonel's pretty cousin, who hastened to conceal her hands under the folds of her scarf.

At that moment the Comte de S—— entered the drawing-room with M. de V——, a young poet of the new school. The Comte de S—— is handsome and witty; he is very fond of his wife, but he has been suspected of going astray. The new comers were immediately informed of the subject of the conversation.

The Comte de S—— directly held out his hands to his wife, saying, "will you not tell me also my sins?" The Comtesse took his hands, examined them for a long time attentively, and by degrees the smile disappeared from her lips.—"You have not played," said she—"that's true;"—"You have not danced,"—"that's true;"—"you have conversed a long time,"—"that's true;"—"with a woman—"that's—But, beautiful witch, this is actually a confession."—"A confession Comte! no, certainly, for you own nothing, and I accuse."—"Then you ought to prove."—"The proof is but too easily given. See that black circle that surrounds the finger of your left-hand glove; you have played with the smelling-bottle of the Duchess —: I could name her but I will not, while your right hand pressed her's."—"But my right glove"—"it has been trodden under foot, without doubt, while you pressed that hand which was left in your's. See there, the marks remain upon the outside."—"Why, do you accuse him?" cried M. de V., "he has soiled it in handing his sister to her carriage."—"Oh, it was not him," said the young lieutenant, "the word escaped him, and he could not recall it."—"There was a few moments' silence; it began to be rather awkward, but it was broken by the Comte. "I own my fault," cried he, "but I swear ——"—"Don't swear," interrupted the Comtesse with a charming smile, "I know your affection, and—let us be friends. And you, M. de V.," cried she to the young poet."—"Oh, M. de V. does not dance," said one of the ladies, "he has an attack of the *gastrite*."—"You will find," cried another lady, "that M. de V. has also been engaged in a sentimental conversation."—"What!" cried the Comtesse, examining the poet's gloves, "does the *gastrite* render it necessary to eat so many *bon-bons*, to take so much ice, so much punch?"—"But Madame!"—"But Sir, look at the fingers of your right glove. Can we believe that it was the gloves of those ladies which have left that large yellow stain on the inside of your glove, impregnated it with a yellow liquor, and left those green and yellow stains, which smell of vanilla and pistachio."

The poor poet was obliged to join in our laugh, and own the fact.

"You are really merciless, Countess" cried the Colonel, "but do spare our sex. Won't you take these ladies to task?"—"Colonel, you know that in war we never fire on our allies."

The Bouquet of Immortelles.

I was walking slowly down the rue St. Jacques, the morning was cold and gloomy, and the clock just striking six. I began to wish myself at home, when my eye caught the alight figure of a young girl walking quickly before me; trouble was in her countenance, but she was beautiful, and for me she possessed the greatest of all charms, she was unconscious of her loveliness.

No tasteful *dishabille* set off her charms; her dress was of the simplest kind, a shawl of little price thrown negligently over her gingham robe, and a straw hat without any other trimming than the ribbon that tied it down.

"Let us see," said I to myself, "whether she is going to church, or to meet her lover." I followed and passed her, and as I turned I saw her eyes full of tears.

"Poor girl!" thought I, "so young, and already thou hast learnt the bitterness of love; but what right have I to pry into thy secrets?" Yet a feeling which I could not analyze drew me after her, till she stopped at the *Quai aux Fleurs*.

"What would mademoiselle be pleased to want?" cried a *marchande*, "here are choice of bouquets."

"Let me have a pot of *immortelles*."

"Of *immortelles*!" repeated the woman in a tone of commiseration, as she handed to the youthful beauty the flowers employed only to deck tombs.

The young girl continued her way with hasty steps, pressing convulsively to her bosom the purchase she had just made.

As she approached the colonnade of the Louvre, her pace slackened. It is there where the ashes of the victims of those three memorable days repose that she bore her offering. Never shall I forget the look which she raised to heaven while she placed them there.

Yes, the unfortunate one wept for a lover, and she had a right to weep, but it is for herself alone her tears should flow. He whom she laments died in the performance of a virtuous action; accident brought him alone and unarmed into the tumult, at the very moment that a child was about to be trampled to pieces; he rushed forward, saved the child, but fell mortally wounded by a ball aimed at another.

Lonely and desolate art thou, poor girl! thy dawn of life is forever clouded, thy dreams of love and hope are over! Weep then for thyself, but shed no tears for him; if he has quitted this world, it is to receive in a better the reward of his humanity.

OLDEN CHRISTMAS AND ITS CUSTOMS IN THE TIME.

"Lordlings, it is our host's command,
And Christmas joins him hand in hand,
To drain the brimming bowl;
And I'll be foremost to obey,
Then pledge me, sirs, and drink away,
For Christmas revels here to-day,
And aways without controul.

Now, wassail, to you all, and merry may you be,
And foul that wight befall, who drinks not health to me!"

ANGLO-NORMAN FRENCH CAROL.

At length merry Christmas returns again, and with it all the joyous festivities which are so peculiar to its celebration here. Christmas will be merry Christmas still, and though we by no means come up to the brilliancy of our forefathers' revellings, we still joyously celebrate the anniversary with fun and festivity—the song and the dance goes merrily round, the wine cup is filled, and the pudding smokes upon the festive board. Hospitality opens her gates, and the stream of benevolence rushes forth, and scatters wide its blessings. While, however, our fashionable readers are fondly revelling in all the delights which a *modern* Christmas offers, it may afford them considerable gratification to learn how their ancestors celebrated this memorable time.

In the middle ages, the old English barons were wont to keep open house during the whole of Christmas, bestowing upon all their vassals and dependants, beef, pudding, and strong ale. One of the Earls of Gloucester usually entertained at his manor of Keynsham two hundred knights at his table during the twelve days. Eel pies, which were then considered a great dainty, composed the chief dish; and on twelfth-night, a dramatic performance was given. At the close of the festival, the earl distributed a silver groat to each of his vassals, who gave a shout in honour of their lord, and then departed to their homes.

The country squire, in the reign of Queen Anne, is described as having never played at cards but at Christmas, when the family pack was produced from the mantel-piece. His chief drink, all the year round, was generally ale, except at *this season*, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy-punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. In the corner of his hall, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair, with a cushion, and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats; here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire, made of roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditional tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move; in the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

In the halls of the Inns of Court, Christmas was celebrated, formerly, by rare and joyous doings. The gentlemen of the Inner Temple early in the morning went to church, and after the service they did then "presently repair into the hall to breakfast, with brawn, mustard, and malmsey." And then at dinner the first course was a large boar's head, "served in upon a silver platter with minstrelsy."

Many of our readers may smile at such a dish, but it is to be especially noted, that our forefathers could no more sit down to a Christmas dinner without a soused boar's head, than we of to-day could dispense with a turkey, chine, and pudding. The boar's head was ever wont to be borne to the principal table with great state and solemnity, and always placed in the centre of the table, the bearers carolling all the while the following strain:—*

The bore's head in hand bring I,
With garland's gay and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merely†
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's head I understand
Is the chefe servyce in this land,
Loke wherever it be fonde
Servite cuni Cautico.

Be gladde lords both more and lasse
For this hath ordayned our stewarde,
To chere you all this Christmase,
The bore's head with mustard.

This carol, simple and rude as it may be, serves to mark the manners of our ancestors, and though the admirers of modern poetry may sneer at the effusions of the olden time, yet Warton tells us that this identical song, but with many innovations, is still retained at Queen's College, Oxford, and sung to the common chant of the prose version of the Psalms in cathedrals.

* Copied from "The boke of Christmase Carolles," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521.

† Merrily.

The various amusements of our ancestors' Christmas, its wassail, its yule, spiced ale, cakes, mummings, "foot and plough dances," songs, sports and merriments, were directed by a master of the ceremonies, called the lord of misrule, or the abbot of unreason, whose duty it was to keep order during the celebration of the different sports and pastimes. The younger branches of the nobility generally assumed this character, and James the Fifth of Scotland often personated the gamesome abbot. His usual attendants, fifty or more, were surrounded by ranks, six or more in depth, consisting of tall, brawny, fierce-visaged men, covered with crimson velvet bonnets, and nodding plumes of the eagle and the hawk, or branches of pine, yew, oak, fern, box-wood, or flowering-heath. Their jerkins were always of a hue that might attract the eyes of ladies in the bowers, or serving damsels at the washing green; they had breeches of immense capacity, so padded or stuffed as to make each man occupy the space of five in their natural proportions; and in this seeming soft raiment they concealed weapons of offence and defence, with which to arm themselves and the body guard, if occasion called for resistance. To appearance they had no object but careless sport and glee. Whenever the procession halted they danced, flourishing about the banners of their leader, shouting, dancing, and otherwise exhibiting the wildest buffoonery.

WASSAIL was the ancient salutation on the occasion of drinking a person's health, signifying "health be to you." It is a saxon term, and is now only used at Christmas time, the origin of which is traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, on the first interview between whom the latter kneeled before the king, and presenting a cup of wine exclaimed, "Illafoð Kyning, *woes hail!*"—"Lord King, health be to you!" from which time the custom long remained in Britain; one person drinking to another at a feast, said, *wacht-heil*, and he that received the cup answered, *drenc-heil*, (from Vortigern's answer to Rowena). The wassail cup was anciently placed on the table of princes as well as of abbots. In the eleventh volume of the *Archæologia*, there is an engraving of one of those cups which formerly belonged to Glastonbury Abbey. The inside of the cup, which holds two quarts, is furnished with eight pegs, at equal distances, one below the other, in conformity with Edgar's law to repress excess of drinking. The custom of singing *carols* at Christmas is also very ancient; they were generally sang in the churches instead of psalms, and the bishops were wont to carol among the clergy.

The custom of musicians parading the streets at night, and who are called *Waits* did not originally appertain solely to Christmas, but were attendants belonging to the King's Court, who were hired to parade the streets during the whole of the winter, as a sort of watchmen, to prevent any nocturnal depredations. This was probably one of the most interesting of the customs of our forefathers; and when we consider the wretched beings who lately used to guard us in the night season, "who, if not wholly incapacitated by age and debility from opposing the depredatory ruffians, were generally leagued with them in their plans. We lament the extinction of the "wandering minstrel watch." It is very strange that in this "age of improvement," something like a rescuscitation of the ancient system has not been attempted.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that the pastimes of Christmas, as well as of Easter and Whitsuntide, were abolished by a special ordinance of the House of Lords dated 1647, a foolish and ill advised act, since it went to

destroy the amusements of a people, whose pre-eminent courage and daring spirit can only be kept up by a participation in general fun and festivity, any attempt to destroy which, is alike fatal to the great national characteristic of Englishmen.—

“England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
’Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
’Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man’s heart through half the year.”

Nor must we in our revelry forget the sacred misletoe, that ancient relic of Druidism, under which so many maidens have been, and so very many will be kissed.—Gentlemen, forget not the rites of your forefathers; if you have any gallantry, if you have any regard for the dear creatures whom Tom Moore says there’s no living without, whom Nature made to temper man, let the white berried misletoe be raised in your halls and then——! but I am confident you need no instruction, then, to please “creation’s fairest flowers.” Let us throw care behind us, and dash into the wide stream of revelry; let us tear away the thorns from the roses of enjoyment, and make life’s rugged path as smooth as mortals can.—So

Hey!—now for the Christmas holly,
Rosemary, ivy and bays,
Gravity’s nothing but folly,
’Till after the Christmas days’

THE LAST MONTH.

“But close as wave is urged on wave,
Age after age sweeps by,
And this is all the gift we have,
To look around—and die!”—ANON.

The old year is fading away,
The new one is bursting to birth,
The father is going to rest,
And the laughing son’s hailing the earth;
But ere we may lose the old sire,
We’ll twine him a wreath for his brow,
And the laurels he’s won shall be placed
With a sigh, on his sage locks of snow.

Come Fashion, assist in the task,
To aid us thy chronicles bring,
From the revel, the rout, and the mask,
And the year’s roses blithesomely fling;
And sing of the belles and the beaux,
That in wedlock’s soft chain have been bound;
Each link of the record disclose,
And let the glad tribute go round.*

* The principal beauties of the *World of Fashion* who have entered the “holy state of matrimony” during the present year, are *Lady Elizabeth Herbert* (now *LADY CLANWILLIAM*); the very beautiful *Lady Emily Cowper* (*LADY ASHLEY*); *Lady Emma Bennet* (*LADY HARRIET ASTLEY COOPER*); *Miss Fox* (*LADY LILFORD*); *Miss H. Molyneux* (*LADY PORCHESTER*); the lovely *Georgiana Sheridan* (*LADY ST. MAUR*); *Lady Charlotte Crofton*; *Miss Beauclerc* (*MRS. FITZROY*); *Miss Talbot* (*LADY ROSCOMMON*); *Miss A. Forester* (*LADY CHESTERFIELD*); *Miss Bathurst* (*LADY STUART*). There are many beauties, however, still remaining in a state of single blessedness.

A sigh shall unite with a smile,
As we glance at the scenes of the past,
And pleasure’s soft voice shall beguile,
The care on the mourner’s cheek cast:
And, old year, though thou’st been mighty stern,
In thy edicts and dainty decrees,
We’ll not from thee as unkindly turn,
For thou go’st to thy grave by degrees.

But look around, thou dying man,
Thou perishable one;
Let thy dim eyes look round and scan
The deeds that thou hast done:
The lovely and the beautiful,
Lie pillowed in the earth,
The brightest blooms of innocence
Were blighted in their birth;
Thou hast seen many die—but now,
Death’s fillet wreathes around thy brow.

The royal ‘scutcheon’s on the wall,
Black banners on the tower—
They speak the fall of kingly worth,
Death’s omnipotent power!
Year, thou hast seen a monarch die,
A monarch most adored,
Hast heard the weeping, and the sigh,
For him whom all deplored:
But *thou* must die—thou, too, must press
Death’s arm, and meet his wild caress!

Thou hast seen hours of pleasure, too,
Of radiant delight;
Hast seen great Fashion’s raptured crew,
In halls of dazzling light,
Enriched with beauty, wealth, and power,
The lovely and the great;
Hast seen the festal revelry,
The pride and pomp of state:
The cup of pleasure dash’d with pain,
Year, thou hast quaff’d throughout thy reign.

Nations have felt convulsive throbs,
The stars of kings have set:
And exiles roam in foreign lands,
There—hoping to forget!
But thou has seen a PATRIOT KING
Ascend fair England’s throne;
His power within his peoples’ love,
And in their hearts his home!
Ay, thou, old worn out year, must sing
God save King William!—Live the King!

And now you may go to repose,
For your pilgrimage nearly is done,
We’ll fill up the cup of your woes,
And then gladly welcome your son:
Though cypress enough on the earth.
You have strewed in the course of your race,
Yet the roses were ever at hand,
The dark sombre leaves to displace:
Then begone thou old rev’ler, thy sand is just run,
So we’ll put thee to bed, and th n hail *thirty-one*.
MOMUS.



From an Original Sketch, Pubd by M^r. Bell N^o. 3 Cleveland Row Jan^y 2. 1851

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c., &c.

No. 81.

LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1831.

VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FIVE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—TWO WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAITS OF HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM IV. AND OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ADELAIDE.

PLATE THE SECOND,—COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, (CHINESE;) TWO MORNING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE THIRD,—A MORNING DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS, A WALKING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—SIXTEEN FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH,—A WALKING, AN EVENING DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

ODES

TO THEIR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTIES

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN ADELAIDE,

ON THEIR ACCESSION TO THE THRONE OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE KING.

"God save the King!"

Hail to the King of Britain's sea-girt isles!
A nation welcomes thee with joyous smiles:
Thy generous people, all with one accord,
Hail thee, their sovereign master and liege lord,
And gladly breathe the gratulating strain,
To thee great WILLIAM, and thy opening reign!
Oh! may the produce of thy bright career,
Confirm each wish, and dissipate each fear,
(If fear still lingers in a Briton's breast,
Now all thy worth and goodness is confest,)
Thine is the will to keep Britannia's name,
The first and noblest in the roll of fame;
Gem with fresh radiance her resplendent pride,
And waft her glory to the farthest tide;
Let her bright standard boldly float unfurl'd,
And wave in glory o'er the admiring world;
Strike terror to the hearts of servile slaves,
And rule triumphant o'er the earth and waves!
Thus envious nations shall bow low, and own
The strength and splendour of great WILLIAM'S
throne!

In WILLIAM'S character, the noblest lines
Of pure domestic love and virtue shines:
A son still mourning for his parent's loss,
A brother weeping o'er his monarch's corse;
Proud to confess whate'er from them he learn'd,
That their example in his bosom burn'd,
Their worth and virtues should as great survive,
And father, brother, in himself still live!—
His faithful people with according voice,
Thus with delight, and grateful strains rejoice;
Thus round his throne their tribute homage sing,
To him their Father,—Friend,—and PATRIOT KING!

VOL. VIII.

Honour'd by all.—For justice on his tongue,
Weights well the balance e'er 'twix't right and wrong;
Ever intrepid in his country's cause,
Sworn to defend its freedom and its laws!
For when upon the waves by tempests tost,
By storms assailed, and fears of vessels lost,
Fierce billows rising, and the winds unchain'd,
All were unheeded, and by him disdain'd,
He plung'd his ship into the war in scorn,
Laugh'd at the tempest, and unfelt the storm!

Dauntless and brave in every deadly fight,
He boldly proved his darling country's right;
Yet humble in his glory,—no false pride
E'er spurned a brave associate from his side,
But joining gladly the heroic rest,
And all the sailor, and the man confest,
He sought with them the utmost perill'd spot,
To share alike their good, or fatal lot,
To live with them in their triumphant pride,
Or boldly perish at his seaman's side.*
Thus gratitude on every heart engraved,
The toils, and perils that with them he braved;
Thus the full stream of gratitude was poured
On CLARENCE, the esteemed,—beloved,—adored!

But now THE KING! The Prince whose honoured name
Lives in each heart, and in undying fame,
Now wears the crown!—That crown which ever brave,
He loved to honour, and he fought to save!

* We cannot forbear attaching to our poetical encomiums, the following historical anecdote, illustrative of the character of our beloved King. —During the siege of Gibraltar, when PRINCE WILLIAM had made his first naval essay for its relief, the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, visiting Admiral Digby, was introduced to his Royal Highness. During the conference between the Admirals, the Prince retired, and when it was intimated that Don Juan was desirous of returning, his Royal Highness appeared in his dress, and duty, of *midshipman*, respectfully informing the Admiral that the boat was ready. The Spaniard astonished to see the *son of a monarch* acting as a warrant officer, could not forbear exclaiming, "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy, are filled by Princes of the Blood!"

B

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Oh ! may his reign be glorious as his days
Of youthful valour !—May the nations praise,
Still every action of his life attend,
Still inay the *Monarch*, prove THE COUNTRY'S FRIEND !

THE QUEEN.

" *With pomps and triumphs hail the happy day,
That gave to us a QUEEN !*"—DRYDEN.

As bursts the sun upon a mournful day,
Chasing the clouds of darkness swift away ;
Cheering with smiling hope each languid breast,
And all its might and majesty confest ;—
So shines the glory of our noble QUEEN,
Spreading rich radiance o'er fair England's scene !
A form that speaks a temper free from blame,
A radiant look, and a majestic frame ;
A soul of virtue, and a heavenly heart,
Whose genuine dictates are unmixt with art ;
Graceful and noble, generous, good and kind,
The greatest attributes of worth combined !—
u ch are the gems of character displayed
By bounteous Nature, in our ADELAIDE !

Once more the banner of the British fair,
Shall wave its splendour in the ambient air ;
Once more their star shall brilliantly arise,
And beam with glory in the bright blue skies ;
And *Fashion* called back from her wayward roam,
Once more shall find an empire,—and a home !

Again the laughing hours shall sport,
Around, about, the festive court ;
Again light mirth shall spread her wing,
And joy and gladness hither bring ;
Again, again the bright-eyed dames,
Shall Crowd around thy court, St. James ;
And wealth and splendour congregate,
To swell the triumph of thy state.
The days of old shall now revive,
And *Charlotte* in our QUEEN survive ;
OUR QUEEN ! let joy the word proclaim.
OUR QUEEN ! be blessings on her name .
Let the great world with general voice,
Breathe her loved name,—rejoice, rejoice !
The drooping, dying form of Trade,
Again shall see her flag displayed,
Again shall start to light and life,
With every joy, and rapture rife,
Rise gladly from her dormant trance,
And mock the boasted power of *France* !
For Britain's daughters sure will lend
Their aid to such a noble end,
Their country's good !—nor yield their will,
To foreign produce,—foreign skill ;
In vain, in vain, they'll ever roam,
To find aught to surpass their home.
And BRITAIN'S QUEEN will give her smiles,
To artisans of Britain's isles !—
OUR KING will scorn a foreign yoke,
OUR WILLIAM is true heart of oak !

Then England the land of the lovely and free,
Again shall " merry England " be ;
Her grateful sons will gladly bless,
The hours of joyous happiness ;
Her lovely daughters too will raise,
Their voice to celebrate her praise,

And all with one accord proclaim,
The blessings of our monarch's reign ;
And in the rapture of the scene,
Exclaim, " Long live the Queen !" —
" Long live the King !" May Heaven bless
Their hours with blissful happiness ;
GOD SAVE THEM BOTH ! Our homage thus is paid,
GOD SAVE KING WILLIAM, AND QUEEN ADELAIDE !

THE LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

" *Thus did the KING,*
And it shall please the public's greedy ear,
To fill it with such records as the time
Hath moulded to our purpose. Then there are
Occurrences, which *set in with the life,*
(As currents flow quite natural to the sea,)
Of other noble persons."—LEE.

Upon the afternoon of the first of December, there was a levee, at which, besides the usual pomps and presentations, a Chapter of the order of the noble military Bath was held, which was attended by the Duke of Cumberland, and most of the knights within early reach of the summons for an investment. Again, on the eighth, there was a levee, with the addition of a court, the most interesting feature of which consisted in the presentation of an address from a deputation of the various societies of Trades, headed by the delegates, Messrs. Machin and Thurnell, appointed by the numerous mechanics, &c., which composed such societies. There could not have been less than 8,000, who went in procession to the Palace of St. James's, with music and banners emblazoned, and appropriately inscribed, and let it be added, nay, borne in remembrance, to their immortal credit, in a manner consistent with the character of what Englishmen should be, and which loyal subjects should adopt. The delegates were received and introduced to his MAJESTY by Lord Viscount Melbourne, and were both kindly and condescendingly received, so that the words upon some of the banners borne in their march were most truly illustrative of the situation their sovereign wished to hold respecting his people, namely that of being considered not only their King, but " their *Hope* ; their *Helm* !" The petition presented was exquisitely printed upon purple satin, edged with very rich gold embroidery, being bordered with white satin fringed with gold. There were splendid gold ornaments at each corner, and at the top were emblazoned the Royal Arms. The address, which was signed by no less a number than 37,000 individuals, concluded with a prayer which the whole country ought and will reiterate. And now may the God of your fathers bless YOUR MAJESTY ; and may you and your illustrious consort be long, very long spared to reign over a truly loyal and free people. " And when the time of separation shall come,—which we pray may be far distant,—may you and yours receive a crown immortal, that will never fade away,—a crown of glory in the realms of eternal bliss."

There were other levees in the course of the month, but as like the formal garden walks, and avenues of an old fashioned territory, were, according to the poetical satirist, pretty nearly fac similes of each other ; it were

" To tire again the sated appetite
Repeating of the food."

THEIR MAJESTIES, as well as many members of the ROYAL FAMILY, gave and received visits from and to each other, and the principal nobility frequently in the course of the month, and on the 20th, a very splendid banquet,—a farewell one from his comrades to their Colonel, was given to His Royal Highness the DUKE of CUMBERLAND by the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, *blue*, which, till very recently, that Prince to the satisfaction of privates and officers commanded.

Upon the eighteenth THEIR MAJESTIES left London for awhile, in order spend their Christmas, (may it be a merry one,) at the Pavilion, Brighton; Prince George of Cambridge accompanied them, and the Duke of Sussex is to be one of the Royal Family party. We have said, that our wish was for a happy Christmas to be theirs. One occurrence, which is about taking place whilst this is being penned, will, we confidently predict, contribute most materially towards it. We allude to the marriage of Miss Fitz-Claarence with the young, the spirited, the amiable Lord FALKLAND, a nobleman who was the partner in arms, the fellow soldier of his lovely bride's brother, and who not only and naturally has the inclination, but most fortunately the means, inheriting a large fortune from rich ancestry, the Dowager Lady Amherst in particular, to give to Lady Falkland a settlement rivaling the richest and proudest of married dames; in fact, almost "a kingdom for her dowry." We have only to add our congratulations upon the much improved event, and join in the general wish that the wedding-ring, as in all cases it ought to do, may prove

"A spell of power—a talisman each anguish to allay."

We cannot better conclude this portion of our duty than by mentioning a circumstance, which, whilst it reflects great praise upon the QUEEN CONSORT, raises hopes in those who have long endured, and still labour under the greatest privations and distress, to the effect that their situation will be thereby bettered, and trade, profit, and happiness secured to empty shops and work-rooms, poverty, and lamentation. HER MAJESTY has, then, appointed Thursday, the 24th February, for the public celebration of her birth-day; to which announcement the following note to be mistaken intimation has been added:—"It is expected that all Ladies attending the Drawing-Room will appear in dresses of British Manufacture." This is consolatory, but will it be generally attended to, will there not be exceptions, as there have been before? Much, very much we fear so, for so deeply rooted is the prejudice with many who compose what is deemed the *great world*, for foreign goods manufactured and made up, or supplied by foreign tradespeople, that were an act to pass the two houses of Parliament, and then receive the sanction of the head of the three estates, commanding the adoption of English costume only, on pain of the confiscation of pin-money, card tables, and fashionable novels,—we say, even in that case, we doubt whether there would not be rebellion in the female state, and a revolution, since such a thing is now quite fashionable, amongst the Belles and Dowagers, that consider feathers and finery before patriotism, and national prosperity. However, the QUEEN's compassionate edict has gone forth, and the *Bon Ton* must understand its degrees; may they obey them, or be enforced to do so; in other words, be discarded from future Court-Days, Birth-Days, and Drawing-Rooms; or, in other, and very significant words, be banished to Coventry.

We have now only to add, that may every member of the Royal House of Brunswick, from the KING to the least of the PRINCES, not only enjoy themselves the usually festive period at which we are now arrived, but have the satisfaction, and we know it will be one to them of any but an insignificant character, of witnessing happiness, and renewed content expanding themselves over the whole mass of English society, till finally that day arrive again, when, according to the benevolent wish of George the Third, every cottager shall possess his Bible, and a Christmas fare; for then will the sentiments the season impresses, be indeed realized by our witnessing all around "peace on earth, and good will amongst men."

LA BAGATELLE!

ON DITS OF FASHION, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE
TALK OF THE BEAU MONDE.

"Vive la Bagatelle!"

Colonel FITZCLARENCE, unadvisedly instigated, is desirous of being ennobled by the title of *Earl of Munster*. An illustrious personage is averse to the Colonel being ennobled; and has said this is not the moment for conferring a dignity that might be very unpopular.

Mr. BOADEN's *Catchpenny*.—Among the many speculations of the day in the trade of book-making, that upon the popularity of our beloved sovereign, is the most notorious. Mr. Boaden, a writer who obtained some little celebrity by his memoirs of Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, has, upon the accession of the new king, supplied two volumes, purporting to be the "Life" of an individual, with whose name that of the above-mentioned illustrious personage was, formerly, familiarly connected. A subject of such delicacy, and one which at the present moment is calculated to awaken the secret springs of feeling in the bosoms of so many good and virtuous, and honourable individuals, ought not to have been dragged from the slumber into which it had passed from the lapse of time. If respect for the sovereign was not sufficient to withhold the writer's pen, surely his noble and virtuous children, who, from their possession of every principle of rectitude and honour, have become endeared to the people of England; surely the consideration of their feelings might have prevented any literary gentleman from entering upon the exposition of the chequered career of their mother. Mr. Boaden's book, which professes to be the "Life of Mrs. Jordan," is for the greater part composed of extraneous matter, and might as well bear any other title. As for what *does* relate to that lamented lady, the narrative is conveyed in such ambiguous terms, as to render it altogether incomprehensible. We apprehend Mr. Boaden's speculation will prove an unsuccessful one; indeed, we think that he had better lay down his pen and return to his old profession of army agency, for which he may, in all probability, have superior qualifications. We may, perhaps, be allowed to take this opportunity of correcting the popular error of Mrs. Jordan's dying in poverty. It was not so. Mrs. J. enjoyed an annuity of two thousand pounds, and at the moment of her death she had a diamond ring upon her finger valued at four hundred pounds.

There is not a more perfect *innocent* in the world than the Duke of —. —; his manners are so *fascinating*, as to have the power of *charming* every beholder, and his *piquant* sayings deserve to be gathered into a volume, for the gratification of those who are not so fortunate as to enjoy the

privilege of admission to his grace's circle. The lovely Miss E——, (by the bye, it is whispered that another *adoreur*, is sighing at her shrine) always uses perfumes of peculiar richness, and the Duke of ——— is extremely partial to Miss E——. One evening, his grace was more than ever attracted by his fair friend, and at length admiration overcoming every other feeling, he exclaimed with peculiar emphasis, "*Miss E——, Miss E——, how pretty you do smell!*"—*Dear me, how pretty you do smell!!!*"

A would-be fashionable weekly paper has considerably informed us, that the band of the 9th Lancers (stationed at Hounslow) are allowed by his Majesty to perform two *evenings* every week in Bushy Park! all respectable persons being admitted to *promenade* therein upon those occasions. Now music has certainly very delightful attractions, and, no doubt, the band of the 9th Lancers play in exquisite style. His Majesty's gracious permission for his loyal subjects to "promenade" in his beautiful park, is also extremely kind, but we think that no very great number of those loyal subjects will avail themselves of the liberty. It is no trifling affair to "promenade" in a December "evening," even though it be in Bushy Park, and we cannot make up our minds to travel so far in this nose-biting weather, to learn the truth of the report. Perhaps our "knowing" contemporary will kindly inform us whether his Majesty allows *torches* for those occasions, and, also, whether stoves are placed at convenient distances for the benefit of the "promenaders."

The young Marquis of A——n is exciting no little sensation among the fair belles of the *beau monde*, but we believe that he still remains unattached. Lady C. B—— has been bantering him about some very expressive glances that were exchanged at a late *re-union* between his lordship and a certain "dark-haired girl," and slyly insinuating her expectation of a *match*. "Oh! impossible, my dear Lady C——," facetiously rejoined the Marquis, "you know I can never reconcile myself to any thing in nature that I *am not used to*."

Adieu to the idea of *Grey* hairs being "brought sorrowing to the grave," for not only *heirs*, but roots, ramifications and all, are snugly *provided for* by the new state of things. Wonders will never cease—*wigs will have golden locks* after all.

A very marvellous Journal has told us with great gravity, that *seventy waggon loads of plate* were used by the King at the late banquet at Windsor Castle!!! Seventy waggon loads of plate! We wonder where it is all deposited, and wonder still more where it all came from. Perhaps the sage writer of this piece of important intelligence meant to have written "plates," that is, plates, dishes, and all; the crockeryware of the household, pipkins, and pans! Very important and interesting information, certainly, for fashionable readers.

Among the wealthy "*curled*" darlings of our nation, who endeavour to create a sensation among the prettiest objects of earth's mould, no one makes greater efforts than the "smiling and beguiling" dandy, who made such a noise with his horn last year. Some one about town has been insinuating, that he is desirous of making a *consort* (concert) again, with his forsaken and beautiful, though faulty, piece of music, but we apprehend that chords may be struck that will awaken terrible discord, and consider that the whole affair should be suffered to sleep that sleep which knows no waking.

The interesting Duchess de Dino was very ungal-

antly interrupted by the *Great Duke*, the evening before she left town, while engaged in a pathetic account of the ravages of the cholera morbus in Russia. "Say no more about it, my dear duchess," was the exclamation of the head of the alarmists, "it cannot be more terrible than the cholera *mob-us* here!"

The amiable and interesting Lady C. H——, (whose union with a noble earl we have the pleasure of recording in another part of our Magazine,) has an admirable turn for humour, and piquant repartee; a few evenings after her ladyship's marriage, the conversation of her little family party was engrossed by some grammatical question, in the course of which, Lord J——, playfully enquired of his amiable partner, whether "a kiss," which was allowed to be a *noun*, was *proper*, or *common*? Lady C. immediately replied, with corresponding humour, "I cannot really answer for the opinion of the majority of grammarians, but for my own part, am inclined to think it *both proper and common*." We have no doubt of the "majority" being of her ladyship's opinion.

We have heard frequent whispers respecting the seemingly very interesting conversations, which a noble lord is accustomed to hold at the carriage window of the lady of a gallant captain, when they chance to meet in the park. We are, however, inclined to think, that the lady is only indulging her *vanity*, in having a cavalier at her carriage window; it is very silly, certainly, but we have been told, that she pays her *French* milliner one hundred guineas for each trip which she takes to Paris, (and which are frequent,) in order to bring over the *unrefined* monstrosities of French taste! We are, therefore, not surprised at any other silly thing which the lady may choose to indulge in.

"When is Lord M——n going to be married?" is an exclamation that we have often heard repeated, but without hearing any satisfactory reply; King Allen says, that Lady C—— G—— will not have his lordship till he is *big enough*! But if Lady Catherine is waiting until her betrothed arrives at her own elegant proportions, we are fearful that she will remain many years in a state of "single blessedness." Lord M. *does* look too boyish by the side of her ladyship; we can associate him only with the pinafore and round frill, and when flirting with the fair object of his affections, we can resemble him only to Tom Thumb enamoured of the great Glumdalca!

FINE ARTS.

REVIEW OF ENGRAVINGS.

"*Juliet*," engraved in *mezzotinto*, by W. SAY, after the original picture by Miss F. CORBAUX, and dedicated, by express permission, to her most gracious Majesty QUEEN ADELAIDE. Published for the proprietor by R. ACKERMAN, 96, Strand.

When a reviewer takes up his pen to comment upon the productions of a lady, or of a lady's genius (for that these productions are not of the same *calibre* is evident by comparing the *effusions* (!) of the Rt. Hon. Lady Georgiana Evelina Laurentina Villars, or of Mrs. Cadogan, Conway Crumpton, with the legitimate inspirations of a *Hemans*, or a *Landon*), when a reviewer takes up his pen to discharge this delicate, and often difficult, part of his duty, there are two preliminary points, upon the adjustment of which much may be said to depend; these points, touching the pretensions of the subject of review, are, first,

whether the candidate comes before him in the deprecatory guise of an amateur paintress or poetess, with an "*Honourable*," or an "*Honorary*," tacked, as ballast, to her cognomen; or, secondly, whether she makes her appearance as a professional aspirant, sketching and versifying for fame and fortune united? With many brilliant exceptions, there is often, in the first character, so little of solidity, that the shadow of a butterfly's wing is of a more tangible nature and to use the wand of criticism to such pigmy elves would be to break a gnat upon a wheel; it, therefore, behoves us to pass them by, when unassuming, with the commendatory, but somewhat suspicious, "*pretty—very pretty; and (if possible) for a lady-amateur, admirable.*" The case is altered materially, when the lady is converted into a *professional*, an *artist*, or a *muse*, by supreme commission; and while we induct ourselves, comfortably, into our easy chair, wipe our spectacles, and draw close the table, we lay by all the *politesse of extenuation*, and examine with minuteness, that we may decide with justice. We despise that stupid, and, to the object, *humiliating* gallantry which would forbid the expression of a grave or severe *truth* to a female; and, in our opinion, there cannot be a greater insult to the understanding of women, than an attempt to surfeit them, like babies, with sweetmeats. It is assuredly true that we *may* convey our suggestions and our censure in a softer strain than we would employ to a great, rough, beetle-browed fellow from Oxon or Cambridge, or an unshaven son of the brush from the Academy; but still though we gild the pill, the goodly drug shall be contained within. These observations have been elicited, as our readers may sagaciously premise, by finding the "*Juliet*" of Miss F. Corbaux placed upon our table for remark. That the labour of the fair artist has been magnificently ushered into the world must be candidly confessed; from the *scraper* of Mr. W. Say, engraver to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, India paper proofs, large margin, Ackerman for the publisher, and, to crown the whole, a dedication, *by express permission*, to our most gracious QUEEN, do as much for the print as the mysteries of the graphic art permit; and we cannot but allow, that, altogether, they produce an imposing impression. The Juliet, reclining upon a couch, is *prettyly conceived*; we certainly wish that it were in our power to say *more*; but although there is considerable grace and fancy in the design, there is a deficiency of passion—of that intense excitement and immovable resolution, which the poet has infused into the character of his heroine when gazing upon the potion, she breaks out in the self-interrogation and burning apostrophe

"What if this mixture do no work at all,
Must I, perforce, be married to the Count?
No! no! this shall forbid it." [*Laying down a dagger.*"]

Miss Corbaux has, unfortunately, failed in the energy of the expression; the features are unmarked by that deep and powerful emotion in unison with her resolve, and the attitude betrays a correspondent insipidity. With her left hand Juliet is holding the meditated instrument of violent release, in the same delicate manner as we have seen a court beauty toying with a flower, in some of Sir Peter Lely's productions: there is no nervous grasping of the weapon, which she looks to as her last resource, and which might be snatched from her; the action is tame and poor, and the whole figure falls short of the Juliet in our mind's eye. It is, however, but justice to say, that while

we have seen some of this lady's works more decidedly to our taste, the one now before us has many merits, and will command numerous admirers, not merely from the interest of the subject, and the style of the publication, but from the richness and elegance of the composition. A closer study of the antique, added to a more accurate investigation of the human character, would prove of infinite service to the fair artist. In conclusion we cannot but observe, that Mr. Say has presented the public with a very beautiful specimen of his art, which, as a furniture print, will, no doubt, become quite as popular as the engravings from Pradelle's pictures.

C***.

(Notice.)

Such publishers as may be desirous of submitting their publications to critical examination in the World of Fashion, are requested to forward a copy or an impression of each, on or before the 15th of the month, to Mr. Bell, 3, Cleveland Row, St. James's.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Oh happy they—the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!"
THOMSON.

"All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish."—SHELLEY.

"Joy and youthful jollity" are the presiding deities of this festive time; the heart springs lightly to the syren minstrelsy of pleasure, and every thought is absorbed in the tide of gaiety so eminently characteristic of Christmas and its merry days. In their radiant train appears the sunny nuptial god, whose face is beaming with richer smiles, and whose torch burns with purer fire; rejoicings echo from the splendid halls of fashion, and happiness is universally breathed around. Accordingly, we (the only acknowledged scribes of fashion's court), unclasp the virgin tablets devoted to the chronicle of "smiles and tears," for the year now bursting into birth, and the first names that we have to inscribe, are those of true nobility and worth,—Lady CATHERINE MANNERS, the accomplished daughter of the Duke of RUTLAND, having become the bride of the noble Earl of JERMYN. Long may they live, enjoying perpetually the true felicity of the connubial state, uninterrupted and unalloyed!

Another distinguished nobleman has entered the holy estate of matrimony, the Right Hon. Lord LOUTH having conferred the distinction of nobility upon a lady, who, whether we regard her in respect to her personal charms, or the greater attractions of her cultivated mind, is truly worthy of the noble Lord's affections;—Miss ANNA MARIA ROCHE, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. BURTON, is the lady who has honoured his lordship with her hand.

"What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?"

Such is the enquiry which we repeat, in alluding to the celebration of the nuptials of the Hon. M. P. for Sandwich, S. G. Price, Esq., with MARIANNE, daughter of the late W. PAGE, Esq. of Fitzroy Square, an union which promises

the realization of all the bright dreams of poetic fervour, or the fondest lover's aspirations. We have also to congratulate the truly amiable Miss ISABELLA MANNERS SUTTON, upon the solemnization of her nuptials with H. W. CHICHESTER, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

The gallant Captain HAMILTON AVERNE has led to the sacred altar, one of the lovely daughters (SARAH), of H. HILL, Esq. of Bath. And on the 18th ult. the Lady CHARLOTTE LOFTUS, eldest daughter of the Marquis of ELY, was united, by special license, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to W. T. EGERTON, Esq. M. P.

"Since the first pair in Paradise were joined,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combined;
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives,
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives;
Each is to other the divinest bliss,
He is her heaven, and she is more than his!"

Miss AMELIA FITZCLARENCE has been united, at the *Royal Pavilion*, Brighton, to Lord FALKLAND; and our list of noble marriages must be enriched with the names of Lady ELIZABETH LESLIE, who has been united to Captain WATKEN; of the Hon. CAROLINE WALDEGRAVE, the bride of the Rev. C. JOHN MILDWAY; the Hon. SUSANNAH BURDETT, married to Mr. TREVANNION; and of the Hon. ISABELLE FORESTER, who has been led to the sacred altar by Captain ANSON.

But a shadow comes over our rejoicings, and the dull tones of the funeral bell is heard amidst the minstrelsy of the festival; we quit the happy throng, the halls of splendour, where joy and felicity only reign, and enter the houses of mourning, where the agonized sobs of the widowed wife, the cries of the orphan, and the lamentations of relatives and friends, tell the melancholy tale of desolation, and vividly impress upon our minds that there is indeed but one step from the cradle to the grave. MORTON, Lord HENLEY, is first upon the mournful list, and we record his death with sincere sorrow, for never did a better man leave a void in the world, which surviving friends cannot hope to see supplied. His Lordship had been successively Minister Plenipotentiary to the Elector of Bavaria, to the Courts of Copenhagen, Dresden, Berlin, Madrid, and Venice. Death has also "set his mark and seal" upon another distinguished nobleman, FRANCIS, Earl of BANDON, who expired at his splendid and picturesque seat, Castle Bernard (Ireland) in the 76th year of his age; he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, whose lady is daughter of the late Archbishop of CASHEL. The names of the Dowager Lady LUSHINGTON, and of the Right Hon. H. ELLIOTT, must swell the mournful record of the triumph of the last enemy, to which we also add, with deep regret, that of the gallant Admiral MONTAGUE, an officer who has not only distinguished himself in the service of his country, but who has also become endeared to an extensive circle of friends in private life, by his urbanity and gentlemanly disposition.

"Mature for heaven, the fatal mandate came,

With it a chariot of ethereal flame,

In which, Elijah-like, they pass'd the spheres,

Brought joy to heaven, but left the world in tears."

Lady CAROLINE ASHLEY will shortly be united to Mr. NEELD, the heir to the late Mr. RUNDALL's (of Ludgate Hill) property. The Marquis of BATH's house in Grosvenor Square has been lately purchased by Mr. NEELD, into which he will remove after his marriage. The Hon. W. ASHLEY will be united to the lovely star of fashion

Miss BAILLIE, immediately upon his return from Vienna, which is shortly expected. Miss SNEYD, one of her Majesty's maids of honour, has intimated her intention of resigning that distinguished situation, being under a matrimonial engagement.

THE DRAMA.

"We'll judge with freedom, and with boldness write."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Miss KEMBLE's *Calista*.—Without entering into any observations as to the propriety of the production of such a play as the *Fair Penitent*,

"—a tale

Drawn feebly from the great original,"*

we shall confine our remarks to the performance of the principal character, by Miss KEMBLE. It has ever been our opinion, that scenes of *sullen grandeur* are the *peculiar* sphere of this young actress's abilities, and that although she is capable of depicting every shade of human character with powerful fidelity, yet, nevertheless, that the dark and gloomy traits of nature that excite admiration, while they strike the keys of dread and terror in the soul, are more calculated for the exercise of her genius, and the display of her fine abilities. Miss KEMBLE's performance of *Calista* has convinced us of the truth of our judgment; she has succeeded in imparting the most powerful interest to a repulsive character, and in drawing universal attention to a play, that no combination, even, of talent, has ever been able to make popular. Miss KEMBLE places *Calista* in a new light, and the mere reader, who turns sickened away from the perusal of the drama, will be surprised at the difference between the *Calista* of the closet and the *Calista* of the stage. We *sympathize* with the heroine, and that sympathetic feeling is excited by her grandeur of suffering, (if we may be allowed the expression,) which raises her to something either above or below humanity. It has been represented to us, that Miss KEMBLE's talents are similar to those of MACREADY; there is some resemblance,—both act from impulse, but Miss KEMBLE has none of the violence of MACREADY's style,—the noise and exaggeration which mar some of his finest performances; sullen and silent agony, the sorrows that result from crime, or the feelings that arise in hate or from remorse, overpowering every other sense in their absorbing greatness, and which demand the strongest perception, and the finest discrimination in the delineator, are expressed by Miss KEMBLE with a fidelity almost painful to the spectator. Our limits will not allow us to speak more fully of her *Calista*; it is one of her finest performances, (if not the very best,) and at the same time one of the greatest achievements of histrionic skill. Mr. ABBOTT and Mr. PARRY as *Lothario* and *Altamont* are unworthy of association with Miss KEMBLE. Mr. KEMBLE's *Horatio* is a forcible and impressive performance. Mrs. CHATTERLEY looks vastly pleased with herself in *La inia*, and plays as if she were still coquetting before the glass in her dressing-room.

The *Chancery Suit*, a new comedy by Mr. PEAKE, owes its success entirely to the performers engaged in it, every character being sustained with talent and effect; two of the

* The plot of the *Fair Penitent* was taken from MASSINGER's *Fatal Dowry*, which MACREADY revived a few years ago.

minor parts are the best played of the whole, and those are represented by BLANCHARD and Mrs. HUGHES: if we are not mistaken, we recollect POTIER playing something similar to BLANCHARD's character, but the performance of the latter has entirely removed our impressions of the French comedian. Mr. BLANCHARD is an actor who has been toiling for many years in his profession, while others, with less talent, have made way before him; he is one of the most legitimate actors we have, and it is our hope, that his success in this comedy will be the means of bringing him more frequently before the public. WARDE, BARTLEY, POWER, and Miss E. TREE, support their respective parts with their acknowledged first-rate abilities.

We know of no character more suitable for the *debut* of a young vocalist of high pretensions, than that of *Cinderella*; there is so much variety in the music, that if the *debutante* has any merit at all, it is certain of being discovered, while, at the same time, her defects will also be manifested. Miss INVERARITY, a very young lady, (she is said to be only seventeen,) of great musical acquirements, has had the judgment to select this character as the means for her introduction to the public. With our recollections of Miss PATON's splendid performances, we were inclined to apprehend the failure of Miss INVERARITY's bold attempt, but the powers which she has developed have entirely dissipated our fears, and we are enabled to record the complete success of the young vocalist; her voice is one of great compass, and is exceedingly sweet, clear, and flexible; her execution is bold and effective, and her performance of the last piece of music, (one of the finest of ROSSINI's works,) is decidedly brilliant. When she becomes more familiar to the stage, Miss INVERARITY will be one of its brightest ornaments.

A laughable farce called *The Omnibus, or a Convenient Distance*, has been produced with great success. POWER, KEELEY, and BLANCHARD, are its chief support, and they play with infinite drollery; the rich humour of the former is very fine, and his giving a dose of horse medicine instead of a glass of curacao, is capital.

At DRURY LANE, Miss PHILLIPS has re-appeared in the character of *Jane Shore*, her beautiful delineation of which, has obtained for her increased popularity; we again direct our reader's attention to the performances of this delightful actress, which are equal to those of FANNY KEMBLE herself. Miss HUDDART has been ill-used by the "*gentlemen of the press*"; she is an excellent actress, though an unfortunate tendency to *lisp* destroys some of the finest portions of her performances. Her *Lady Constance* was infinitely superior to the *King John* of MACREADY, who played as if he either had no regard for the character, or was heedless of the success of the play; he has more than once this season been thus indifferent. If any ungenerous feeling towards the new actress occasioned this conduct, we cannot censure it too strongly; we *hope* such is not the case, and that Mr. MACREADY's feeble support was owing to *other* causes. In some of the scenes of *Lady Constance*, Miss HUDDART exhibited the most refined and perfect talents, and the speech commencing

"Here I and Sorrow sit!"

was emphatically and beautifully delivered.

A new farce called *The Jenkines*, has afforded Mr. FARREN another opportunity of exhibiting his talents in a species of character in which he is always so inimitable,—that of a testy elderly bachelor. In the present piece, Mr.

W. FARREN personates a staid quiet sort of a being, who having acquired a competency, shuts up shop, and in order to avoid the care and tumult of the world, hires lodgings in the house of *Mr. John Jenkins*; but there, instead of being released from trouble and anxieties, he is perpetually plagued with the perplexities of the family; he is included in all the domestic quarrels, and is made the confidant in the love affair of *Miss Georgiana*, till at length he is so overwhelmed with cares, where he had hoped to live "*a quiet and retired life*," that he quits the family at a moment's notice. It is needless to add, that Mr. FARREN plays the testy bachelor capitally, for our readers are aware of his excellence in this description of character. He is ably supported by COOPER, Mrs. ORGER, Miss MORDAUNT, (whose *Miss Georgiana Jenkins* is one of the best things she has yet done,) and little master FENTON, who must by no means be dismissed without our encomium.

Lord BYRON's tragedy of *Werner* is about the worst of his lordship's writings, but as an acting drama it is one of the most effective upon the stage; much praise is due to Mr. MACREADY for suggesting its production, and also for his clever alteration of some of the incidents in order to render them more susceptible of dramatic effect, which he has accomplished without any violation of propriety, or of the poetry of the play. Mr. MACREADY sustains the leading character with an energy and effect that is equalled only by his own performance of *Virginus*. He has caught the true spirit of the noble author's thoughts in conceiving the character of *Werner*, and enacts it with corresponding dignity and impressive force; he looks the aged man worn down with sorrow and suffering to perfection, and every scene of passionate emotion is faithfully and vividly delineated; nothing can be more sublime or truly beautiful than his expression of returning paternal love! It is one of the most affecting bits of nature that we have ever seen represented upon the stage; we must, however, enter our protest against the violence with which he rushes up to *Gabor*, and seizing him by the throat, exclaims,

"Are you a father?"

We consider it as one of those defects in Mr. MACREADY's performance, which evidence the truth of the observation, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step. WALLACK exhibits talents in the character of *Ulric*, for which we scarcely gave him credit, his performance is worthy of being placed by the side of MACREADY's *Werner*, and that is no little praise. COOPER's *Gabor*, is also played with first-rate ability. Miss MORDAUNT and Mrs. FAUCIT sustain the characters of *Ida Stralenheim* and *Josephine*, with propriety and effect.

A new interlude called *A King's Fireside*, has been produced; W. FARREN and Mrs. WAYLETT enact the chief characters, and to their clever acting the piece is indebted for its success. Mr. FARREN is however too stiff and formal a being for the character of *Henri Quatre*, though his admirable performance fully compensates for the error of his appearance.

A young lady of the name of MASTERS is playing the first line of tragedy at the *Worthing Theatre*, with the most surprising success; she possesses abilities of the highest order of dramatic excellence; and the various difficult characters that she has sustained, have been delineated with a truth and energy that few London actresses could surpass, and which must necessarily, place Miss MASTERS at the very summit of her profession.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JAN. 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST OF FASHIONS.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—(CHINESE.)

The season for masked balls is rapidly approaching; we present, therefore, to our fair readers a national costume very well adapted for that amusement, and calculated also to display the graces of the figure to great advantage: it is the dress of a Chinese singing girl.

The boddice is of silk, of two different shades of green; it is made up to the throat. The upper part is of dark green silk, and formed into the shape of a heart by a row of gold trimming. It descends considerably below the waist, and is cut in long tabs both at the bottom of the waist, and on the shoulders. A white boddice worn under the silk one, is just seen above it round the throat; and the sleeves of this latter, which are long and tight to the arm, reach to the waist. A wide hanging sleeve, composed of lilac silk, of a reddish shade, covers the upper part of the arm, and ends in a point finished by a gold tassel. The petticoat is composed of silk to correspond with the hanging sleeve; it is of moderate width, but very short. The trowsers are silk, of the darkest shade of red. The head-dress is a hat composed partly of red silk, partly of white, and lined with the latter; the crown is pointed, and ornamented with a cluster of silk tassels, which fall around it. The slippers are rose colour turned up at the toes.

MORNING DRESS.—(CENTRE FIGURE.)

A dress composed of white *chaly*, *corsage en canezou* to fasten behind; it is made up to the throat, and finished round the top with a full *ridche* of blond net. The sleeve is of the usual width, divided *en bouffant* by a band placed just above the elbow. The lower part is of the same fullness as the upper, about half way to the wrist, when it terminates in a new and very pretty cuff. The apron is of blue *gros de Naples*; it is made with a low *corsage*, open before, and behind, and top sleeves, and is of a three-quarter length; it is cut round as well as the *corsage* and sleeves in points. The cap is composed of pale rose-coloured *tulle*, embroidered lightly at the edges of the borders in black, and trimmed with black and rose-coloured striped gauze ribbon.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A high dress composed of *gris lavande gros des Indes*; the *corsage* is made up to the throat, but without a collar; fastens in front by a row of silk buttons to correspond, which descend also down the front of the skirt. Very large sleeve *en gigot*. A row of ornaments, resembling leaves, lightly embroidered round the edges, forms the epaulette. White satin hat, trimmed with white gauze ribbon under the brim. A plume of ostrich feathers is placed on one side of the crown, and a blond lace drapery on the other, which falls over the brim.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of figure 3.

FIG. 2.—A back view, half length, of the first morning dress.

FIG. 3.—A black velvet *béret*; the front, which is very large, is brought low in the centre of the forehead, but rises at the sides; it is ornamented with richly wrought gold trimming. The velvet is disposed on the crown in a double drapery, edged with broad gold fringe.

FIG. 4.—A back view, half length, of the second evening dress.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS.

A pelisse dress composed of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, the *corsage à schall*; the shawl part is black velvet. Sleeve *en gigot* of the very largest size. *Ceinture* fastening in front in short bows and long ends; similar bows but with short ends, close the dress down the front. Cambric *chemisettes*, finished at the throat with a triple frill of the same material. The hair is arranged in full curls on the forehead, and turned up in one large bow behind. A *solitaire* gauze handkerchief, arranged *en marmotte*, forms the *coiffure*; the ends are brought under the chin, and tied in a full bow on one side.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of gold coloured satin, the *corsage* is plain behind, but made with a slight fullness on the shoulders, and at the lower part of the waist; a rouleau terminating at the top, by a bow of ribbon with pointed ends, marks the centre of the bust. *Béret* sleeves finished with white *tulle manchettes*. Five rouleaux placed very close to each other, adorn the border just above the knee; they are surmounted by a trimming to correspond, placed considerably higher. *Chemisette* of *tulle*, trimmed with a double frill of the same material, which stands up round the back of the bust, leaving the front slightly exposed at the upper part. The hair is dressed low at the sides of the face and in high bows on the summit of the head. The ornaments consist of ends of cut ribbon, gold colour and white disposed *en tulippe*. The jewellery worn with this dress should be of burnished gold.

WALKING DRESS.

A black *gros de Naples* dress, with a mantle of striped *cachemirienne*; the stripes are of Swedish blue, and two different shades of brown. Pelerine and collar of the usual size, the fronts of the former, are ornamented *à revers* with black velvet. The mantle has large sleeves, they are made open in front of the arm, but fasten by gold buttons. The head-dress is a bonnet composed of velvet of the darkest shade of Swedish blue, lined with silk plush to corres-



Costumes of Nations No. 61. Newest Fashions for January 1831.

Morning Dresses



*Newest Fashions for January 1881
Morning Evening & Walking Dresses*

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXX.—English Earls.

THE MARQUIS OF CLEVELAND.

*"Now let us hie to Raby's princely hall
And honour hospitality's bland call,
For there doth eloquent profusion dwell,
There generous friendship works its pleasing spell,
Obeying CLEVELAND's ever firm controul,
To mix pure reason's feast with flow of soul;
Surely for this, kind fortune's cloudless sun
Must ever shine on House of DARLINGTON."*—ANON.

These lines, the extemporaneous effusion of a person, (by his writings and behaviour of no mean *caste* in life, though we are interdicted from mentioning his name) who had shared the hospitalities of Raby Castle, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of its noble possessors, delineate pretty correctly the character of the latter, and the fame for good old English liberality, nay almost "open house keeping," (as it is familiarly though emphatically termed) for which their noble mansion has been celebrated. We have, therefore, gladly availed ourselves of the permission to place these as a *leader* to this article, convinced, few could be found more applicable to the principal subjects of it.

WILLIAM HENRY VANE, then, *first* MARQUIS OF CLEVELAND, Earl of Darlington, and Viscount and Baron Barnard, of Barnard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, Lord Lieutenant and Vice Admiral, of Durham, was born 27th of July, 1766, and will, therefore, unless

"Death who comes whene'er he lists,
And withers high and low,"

steal in, in a very short time have attained the age of sixty-five years. His Lordship succeeded to the Earldom and other titles which his sire held, at the decease of his father, an event which occurred on the 8th of September, 1792; and further obtained the honour of a Marquisate, by patent of creation, dated 17th of September, 1827.

Commencing now with the lineage of the noble house of DARLINGTON, we should say that the family claims a common ancestor in the ancient one of *Fane*, (altered from *Vane*) Earls of Westmoreland. It will be quite a sufficient substantiation of an ancient pedigree to commence it with Sir Henry Vane, whose character and achievements will speak for themselves, when it is added, that he was knighted for his courage at the celebrated battle of Poitiers, the 19th of September, 1356. In a right line from him descended John Fane, Esq.

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of Helden, in the county of Kent, and who received the manor of Hadloe, by grant, from the sixth Henry of England. This gentleman was the first of the family who assumed and wrote the name of *Fane*. From his second son, Richard, descended the Earls of Westmoreland, and from his youngest the family of *which we are now treating*.

This youngest son was John, whose eldest child, Henry Fane, Esq. of Hadloe, was involved in Sir Charles Wyat's insurrection, and in consequence committed to the Tower, but allowance being made for his youth and inexperience, he was visited by the royal clemency, and set free from "durance vile." He subsequently retrieved the faults of early days, when "the young blood runs riot through the veins," and gained sufficient confidence and interest to become a representative for Winchelsea in parliament, proving himself consistent as a member, and even eloquent as a senator. He died in the twenty-second of Elizabeth, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, who was, (since his career was quite unmarked by ought of originality or interest) in his turn followed by his son, Sir Henry VANE, who, it will thus be observed, assumed the surname of his ancestors; he also removed his principal residence to Raby Castle, Durham. Sir Henry proved himself a very distinguished politician, and was high in favour, not only with James the First, but also the ill-advised, yet unfortunate Charles. In the reign of the former he was appointed cofferer to the "giddy mad-cap Prince of Wales," or, as James himself is reported to have called him, the "baby Charles," an office we should imagine, decidedly not of a *sinecure* character. In the latter's rule and sovereignty, after enjoying other honours, he was made Secretary of State, and gazetted of the Privy Council. He married Frances, daughter of Thomas Darcy, Esq. of the county of Essex; and dying in 1654, was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Sir Henry Vane, Knt. whom Clarendon calls "of good natural parts, a quick conception, and a very ready, sharp, and weighty expression." He was appointed *Joint* Treasurer of the Navy with Sir William Russell, and outliving him, *solely*. The fees of office were four-pence in the pound, or 39,000*l.* per annum; but, (is it not a rare thing for courtiers to do, and might it not be well for England were it imitated in this our day?) Sir Henry nobly, patriotically relinquished his patent, which had been granted by Charles the First for life, desiring but 2,000*l.* a year. He afterwards took active and enthusiastic part in the civil wars, was with the losing party, became a captive, and came to be arraigned for high treason. He was found guilty, condemned to death, and upon the scaffold he ultimately closed his career, which should have brought a more glorious termination, being beheaded the 14th of June, 1662.

His successor was his youngest son, Sir Christopher Vane, who was elevated to the Peerage as Lord Barnard, of Barnard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham. To him followed Gilbert, the *second*; and after him Henry, the *third* Baron, who, in 1725, married Lady Grace Fitzroy, daughter of *Charles, Duke of Cleveland*. Having filled some high official situations, it would appear with credit to himself and benefit to the community, he was, on the 3rd of April, 1754, created Viscount

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Barnard and EARL OF DARLINGTON. He paid the great and final debt due to nature the 6th of March, 1758; and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, the *second* Earl, who, on the 10th of March, 1757, united himself to Margaret, sister of James, first Earl of Lonsdale, by whom he had WILLIAM HENRY, the *present* Peer, who, as we stated, at the commencement of this article, became, by the demise of his father, Earl of Darlington, on the 8th of September, 1792; and, by patent of creation, MARQUIS OF CLEVELAND the 17th of September, (an ennobling month for him) in the year 1827.

His Lordship (who is Lord Lieutenant and Vice Admiral of the County Palatine of Durham, Master of the Jewel Office, Governor of Carlisle, Alderman of the City of Durham, and Colonel of Militia) married, first, 19th of September, 1787, Catharine, daughter of Harry, sixth and last Duke of Bolton, by whom he had issue, Henry, Earl of Darlington, born 16th of August, 1788, (and who married, in 1809, Sophia, eldest daughter of John, the fourth and late Earl of Powlett, K. T.) and four other children. The Marquis's first lady dying 17th of June, 1807, he again entered into the "holy state" on the 27th of July, 1813, the object of his selection, the wisdom and prudence of which her amiability and their similarity of likings daily substantiates, being Miss E. Russell, of Newton House, Yorkshire.

As *Earl of Darlington*, the subject of our brief biography, whether we allude to spirit in politics, generosity at the feast-board, ardour on the turf, or daring in the chace-field, was too well known to need description or comment here; and as MARQUIS OF CLEVELAND he has rather added to that fame by additional exertions in the cause of liberal opinions, hospitable actions, and untiring perseverance to uphold the ancient sports and pastimes of the people, which we take to fashion much the hardihood and generosity of our national character. The best intentioned men may differ, and some must of necessity err in their estimate of what measures may be most conducive to the good of the commonweal, consequently we do not stop here further to elucidate the precise line of political conduct which the Marquis has adopted; but as a country gentlemen, as a princely host, as a master of hounds,—a fox-hunter if ever one were,—and as a keeper of race-horses, there be very few indeed to surpass, still fewer to rival him. His hunting-stable is always well provided with horses, equal to hard days and any weight; and the methodical manner with which he and his right-hand men conduct the kennel establishment is as deserving of imitation, as it is interestingly curious. His lady is also a daring huntress, and nearly as enthusiastic as her lord for the "joys of the chace." Though fully from her accomplishments capable of appreciating the softer and more elegant graces of music, she yet deems the "sound of the merry-toned horn," a challenge to health, spirit, and glory, and considers Diana the queen of all imaginary goddesses.

Raby Castle is, perhaps, one of the very finest of all the ancient dwellings of our nobility; it has a hall, which, in size and height, surpasses every other, and it is in every sense of the word truly baronial. Here may many hundreds (as there have been) feast, and no man jostle his neighbour. Although the Marquis is most liberal, at his table, and never without guests that love the grapes exhilarating flood, yet does he never omit writing down with his own hand and pen, the events, nightly, of what has occurred during the previous day in a journal,—how valuable must it become hereafter to his descendants as a memorial of method and industry,—bound,

ruled, and kept for the purpose. He is very fond of a rubber of whist, and does not now, we believe, whatever he might have done, and whatever might have been said, engage in any very expensive games of chance.

Lord Darlington, the heir to the Cleveland name and honours, though possibly not tied precisely to his father's political creed, yet inherits the spirit, generosity, and boundless hospitality of the latter, so that there is no apprehension to be fostered that good report of the Marquis's character will suffer by the degenerate conduct of his successor.

The motto of the family is concise, yet very expressive—*Nec temere nec timide*; in other words, if *without being rash* we can avoid *becoming timid*, surely whatever stops we may encounter in our journey through life will be the easier surmounted, and oppositions be with the more facility overcome. We do not say but that in his *fox-hunting exploits* the noble Marquis might not sometimes be rash;

"Since we have seen him take such leaps which might
Shake from his saddle many a stalwart squire;
Seen him chafe rivers when the surge swept o'er
Stirrup and saddle bow—"

But we are quite convinced, in nothing which doth become a man is he timid; consequently, if in the far greater number of instances, if in the general tenour of his life, he lives consistently with the precept inculcated by the motto of his family, we must not scan too strictly a few exceptions,—especially when such date their emanations

"From a high spirit and a generous soul,
Which scorns in daring deeds to know controul."

We have said that Raby Castle is the princely habitation of the family of Cleveland when it seeks the country, and have but to add, that 17, St. James's Square is their town residence.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Believe me, dear Ellen, the heart that I offer,
Is true as the magnet that clings to the pole;
Unalloyed and unstained is the gift that I proffer,—
I have given my heart, love,—I yield thee my soul!
And deem me not false, that, all extacy scorning,
No raptures attend or embellish my lay;
No, Ellen,—my heart yields to no such adorning,
No incense of guile, love, nor flattery I pay.

I tell thee I love thee,—as chastely, as holy,
As spirits in heaven may feel friendship's flame,—
That for thee, Ellen, throbs my heart's pulse,—for thee
solely,

And for ever, for ever, 'twill throb, dear, the same.
I tell thee I love thee,—I tell thee no power,
No fraud, force, nor guile shall affection dispel;—
I love thee, and, Ellen, let truth be thy dower,
As truly I'll love thee,—as fondly,—as well!

Believe me, dear, honesty scorns ev'ry seeming
Of rhapsody,—all passion's fantastic dreams;
They are but the false hearts delusion and scheming,
The fraud with which love's voice too frequently teems;
I offer my heart, love,—and ah! Ellen, ponder
Before such a gift you reject or receive,—
And then should you deem that no one could prove fonder,
Take the humble one offer'd—*too proud to deceive!*

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY, OR HEARTS AND HEADS.

A NOVELETTE.

"In vain, proud man,—in vain he tries,
To 'scape from beauty's conquering eyes;
He boldly talks,—looks very brave,
But swiftly falls—a woman's slave!"

Millamour was a man of the world,—a *bon vivant*, devoted to the pleasures and gratifications of society, and sacrificing every other consideration to the paramount importance of those which his peculiar appetite inspired. He had married in early life, more in agreement with the desires of his parent, than from any particular regard he himself felt for the *matrimonial* state, and his lady dying within two years of their nuptials, after giving birth to a son, Millamour was released from his connubial ties, and became once more at liberty, and enabled again to participate in the scenes in which he delighted. In this manner twenty years passed on, and the pleasures of Millamour's career began to pall; satiated therewith, he sought newer enjoyments, still, however, lingering about his old haunts, like a spirit loth to quit the habitation it so fondly loved. His son Horace had grown to man's estate, but unlike his volatile parent, his pursuits were devoted entirely to learning, and applying his whole time to study, he had become cold, formal, and prejudiced against the world, and at an age when he should have been the life of society, he was—a *philosopher*! Millamour in vain endeavoured to divert his son's attention, in vain exerted his powers to draw him from the seclusion of his study; Horace reprobated the wild conduct of his parent, which he declared more characteristic of insanity than of perfect intellect. But Millamour was not to be railed out of his prejudices, and fully believed, notwithstanding the gravity of his son's demeanour, that he should be enabled to make him a convert to his own ideas. In order to effect this, the widow of a deceased friend, Lady Warrington, was invited with her beautiful daughter to pass some weeks at Millamour's country seat; but the spell of woman's loveliness, of her fascinating powers, had no effect upon the philosopher; he beheld the perfect beauty of Emma Warrington with apathetic indifference, and retired from her agreeable and *piquant* conversation, to the cold contemplation of the authors in his library.

"Oh Horace, Horace my son," exclaimed Millamour, one day, upon the failure of one of his little plans to entrap the philosopher, "what is the meaning of all this monotonous drivelling? S'life man, have better notions of humanity, and entertain more rational ideas of your fellow creatures."

"Ah, my dear father," rejoined the son, "could you but feel the satisfaction—"

"Ah, my dear brethren," interrupted Millamour, "now the sermon is beginning! Have you the confidence, sirrah to preach to your father. You are insane, and ought to be shut up in a conventicle, for the benefit of human nature!"

"Gracious Heaven," exclaimed the son, "to what a pass—"

"Aye, interrupted Millamour again, "sigh, groan, and write a volume upon human folly, and the vanities of life."

"Which I will dedicate to my father!"

"Ah, sarcastic! Well, there's pleasantry in that, be as witty as you please, Horry, puns, jokes, or epigrams, what

you will, any thing but a *lecture*, for that is too formidable for my sensitive nerves to bear."

"I have been considering, sir, that in order to rescue yourself from the gulph of dissipation, wherein you have been so long plunged, it is requisite for you to marry."

"To marry, Horace! Why what in the name of fortune has your brain been working upon now? Marry me! Oh, I suppose to some dried mummy,—some stuffed monstrosity of an Eastern *câme*!"

"No, sir, do neither. When I mention Lady Warrington and her daughter, you will perhaps entertain more reasonable notions."

"Lady Warrington and her daughter! My dear boy, you have some *taste* I find. The thing is not so much amiss; but to which of these ladies would you have me offer my addresses?"

"Oh, rejoined the son, to whichever you please."

"And do you really mean to say, that the charms of Emma Warrington have not been able to thaw your *icy* heart—to melt your stern inflexibility?"

"Sir, they have had no effect upon me."

"'Tis false, sir," exclaimed Millamour, "'tis very false! You love the girl, sir, you know you love her, and all your preaching will not convince me to the contrary. S'life, sirrah, provoke me no longer, or I may grow desperate, adopt your plan, and marry Miss Warrington in spite of you!"

"That, sir, would be the very summit of my wishes," exclaimed the philosopher, and intimating his intention of speaking to the young lady upon the subject, he quitted the apartment with a smile.

Millamour was fairly puzzled; he strove to form some reasonable ideas of his son's intentions, but in vain; the amiability of Lady Warrington had made no little impression upon his heart, and it was his wish to unite the daughter with his formal son. "*Not love her!*"—Psha! psha! the boy is flesh and blood, and flesh and blood must yield to the fascination of a pair of lovely eyes! With this conclusion, he returned to the drawing-room, where Lady Warrington was sitting, and immediately explained to her the strange proposition which his son had just made, and also his own desire for the union of the two families, in the persons of Horace and Emma.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughingly exclaimed her ladyship, "Horace, a *husband*! The idea is laughable. Horace, poor youth, has no idea of matrimony; he judges of women by his books, and of their feelings, by the prejudiced sentiments of philosophers as cracked-brained as himself. A formal, hum-drum husband he would make; for ever sermonizing! Old at twenty-one, what will he be at fifty? Phlegmatic and inflated; always dreaming; and never awake; insisting that his wife should chop logic, and never amuse herself with any book but the *Encyclopædia*; No, no, Mr. Millamour, no such a husband for Emma Warrington."

Millamour, however, had the happy art of winning upon the kindness of woman, and his greatest powers were exerted upon this occasion; he had studied nature too well to fail upon such a subject, and by his remonstrances, and the piquancy of his observations, he soon brought her ladyship to an idea of the propriety of the arrangement; but while combatting the prejudices of his fair visitor, with respect to his son, he insensibly fell a victim to her fascinations; in a word, he was deeply enamoured of Lady Warrington, as he was desirous his son should be of her daughter.

In the mean time, Horace had obtained an interview with Emma, and intent upon his project of reforming his father by an union with so amiable a lady, and who appeared to him to hold so high a place in his affections, he respectfully requested permission to put a single question to her. Emma was surprised at the expressive manner in which the request was made, but readily assented, and Horace, in a monotonous tone, desired her to place as much confidence in him, as she would in a tender parent. Emma bowed assent, and looked enquiringly at the philosopher, anxious to know the mysterious question which needed so much preface. At length, he requested to know, whether she felt any disinclination towards entering the matrimonial state. Emma started in surprise, and blushing deeply, hung down her beautiful head.

"Nay, madam," continued Horace, "do not evade my question, consider me only in the light of a particular and esteemed friend, and favour me with a sincere answer."

Emma was not insensible to the personal graces of the philosopher, nor the amiable qualities of his heart, though his retired habits ill-assorted with her own social feelings; he was not indifferent to her, and this conversation, which appeared to her as a prelude to a declaration of love, was not *unwelcome*, though the delicacy of its nature called the blush upon her fair cheek, and her thoughts were confused and wild. Gathering courage, however, she ventured to reply to the philosopher's enquiry, that rather than offend so esteemed a friend, she would confess, that she had no particular aversion to the connubial state.

"I thank you, madam," rejoined Horace, "no answer could be more satisfactory, nor more delicately expressed. May I also presume to enquire whether your affections are already engaged?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the beautiful girl, "your questions are very pressing."

"Do not consider them unworthy of reply: if your heart is already engaged, my hopes are vain, and I have nothing more to add!"

"Singular man!" exclaimed Emma, "Well then, sir, I think I *may* say, that my heart is entirely free."

"Tis as I wished!" immediately rejoined the philosopher in a tone of rapture, and taking the white hand of the lady within his own, he continued, "May I believe that you have confidence enough in me, to accept the addresses of the individual I may propose to you?"

"I have already assured you, sir," replied the blushing girl, "that my confidence in your prudence is unlimited."

"I thank you, my dear Miss Warrington, you have made me supremely happy. The man whom I propose will indeed find in you a blessing; you will restore him to reason,—you, madam, only are capable of rendering him valuable to society; your charms can make the bonds of marriage the permanent endurance of felicity!"

"Oh sir, now you flatter me."

"No, my sweet young lady, your virtues deserve those encomiums. I have now only to name the individual whom I propose,—and I entreat you will think kindly of him,—that you will not suffer any prejudice to rob me of the gratification I anticipate will result from the union. The man, madam, whom I propose, is—*my father*!"

"Your father!" exclaimed Emma in astonishment.

"Yes, madam, I have engaged to find my father a wife, and consider no one so worthy of that situation as yourself. You do not reject my proposal?"

"Oh no, sir," replied Emma, endeavouring to conceal her emotion, "I will *think* of it. At the same time, Mr. Horace, allow me to say, that I have been for some time endeavouring to find a worthy husband for my honoured mamma, and '*think no one more deserving of that situation than yourself.*'"

"I thank, Miss Warrington, and will reflect upon the subject. In the mean while, I will acquaint my father with your kind intentions."

"Insufferable!" exclaimed Emma, mentally, "say, sir, whatever you please," and she hastily retired from the apartment.

Meeting with Lady Warrington immediately afterwards, a whimsical thought struck her, and she acquainted her mother with the mysterious interview that she had just had with the philosopher, and that its purport was the affection which he entertained for no less a personage than Lady Warrington herself. "*For me*!" exclaimed her ladyship, "positively you, my own dear mamma!"

"This is most singular, Mr. Millamour has just been conversing with me upon the propriety of uniting him with you."

"Ah, but you see, my dear mamma, that *my* humble charms were not sufficient to chain the heart of a philosopher."

"Well child, there is nothing extraordinary in the attachment of the young man."

"Nothing extraordinary!" cried Emma, "My dear mamma, you must surely think him mad."

"Foolish girl: because Mr. Millamour prefers a woman of the age of discretion to a thoughtless child, *you* reprobate his conduct. I have been led into a very erroneous opinion of the young man, and am happy to find myself deceived. He is indeed a very amiable youth!"

"Why this is worse and worse!" exclaimed Emma, as her ladyship left the room. "Surely we are all mad here! *I did* think my youthful charms were *rather* more captivating than the *mature* graces of my mamma,—and now to find her preferred, and by a young admirer.—Oh, it is impossible,—but *should* it be true, I'll break my looking-glass for deceiving me, and wear willow for the remainder of my days."

Lady Warrington believed the truth of her daughter's assertion, which indeed, Emma, herself, scarcely doubted; and the former, preferring the admiration of the son, to that of the father, enjoyed the anticipation of an union with so amiable a young man. Old Millamour had made proposals for her hand, which she requested time to consider upon, and this new adventure intervening, her thoughts of the more prudent match were sacrificed to the more alluring. Lady Warrington was a vain, and rather coquettish woman; the novelty of the Philosopher's affection, more than any thing else, perhaps, influenced her conduct; but be it as it may, she thought proper not to discourage the singular addresses of the young admirer. Just as she had formed this determination, and before she had an opportunity of a personal interview with Horace, Mr. Millamour, eager to make certain of a woman that had so effectually woven her spells around him, requested to know the result of her meditations. Lady Warrington met him with a serious face, and in tones as serious, exclaimed, "My dear Mr. Millamour you did not think me in earnest! Marry *you*, indeed! The idea is preposterous!"

"Madam,—my Lady Warrington!" cried the astonished Millamour.

"You do not suppose," continued her ladyship, "that I could marry *you*,—an old rake who thinks of nothing but folly and idle gaiety; racking his brain to find out new pleasures, and striving, with the assistance of his tailor and hairdresser, to appear an Adonis;—running after plays, balls, and masquerades, and neglecting nothing but his wife! no, no, sir, *my* husband must be a prudent and a careful man; regular in his habits, and decorous in his actions. I have a very, very great respect for you Mr. Millamour, and, *as a friend*, admire you very much indeed,—but as for a husband!—Ha! ha! ha!"—And kissing her hand to him, she retired to her own apartment.

"If that woman's not mad," cried Millamour, "I am. This very morning she wished for just such a cheerful fellow as myself, and now, forsooth, he must be prudent and decorous, and careful, and a thousand other fine things besides. Weathercocks and women! never was simile better applied!

"Well, my dear sir," exclaimed Horace as he entered the room with a lighter step than usual, "well, my dear sir, all is settled, she consents, and you have only now to request her to name the day."

"Name the day! Why what in the name of common sense do you mean?"

"Why your marriage with Emma Warrington."

"What the deuce, sir, are you talking about?—What do you mean? Are you as mad as all the rest?"

"Miss Warrington accepts your hand; I have written to your attorney to prepare the requisite marriage articles, and nothing is now wanting to complete your happiness."

"Are we all lunatics alike?—Do we all deserve to be transmitted to the large building in Moorfields, or are you making fun of me?"

"Are these the thanks, sir, which I deserve, for procuring you the hand of the lovely Miss Warrington?"

"Thanks! S'life, sirrah, I'm all raptures, if what you tell me is really true;—all fire, all poetry, all soul! But you're not a wage now, Horry?—You are not fudging me, sir?"

"'Tis truth, sir, I assure you."

"Then you are the best friend I have upon earth. Give me your hand,—I feel twenty years younger,—hale and hearty; my dear child, I am certain I shall live fifty years longer, and cheat you out of your inheritance."

"It is my wish, sir, that you may," rejoined Horace; "and believe me, sir, there is no one more gratified than myself at the prospect of your many years of happiness with so lovely a woman."

"Oh," rejoined Millamour, "you *have* found out that she is *lovely*? Horace Millamour, Horace Millamour, answer to the point now,—don't you envy me? No denial, sirrah,—I see it in your eyes,—I read it in your face; you envy me, you rascal,—I know you envy me."

"Not at all, sir, I do not wish to make a merit of the sacrifice; but at the time when I pleaded so powerfully in your behalf, I could not but acknowledge the powerful expression of her soft blue eyes!"

"And so you have found out that she has *eyes*, have you? 'soft blue eyes?' Go on."

"And I will confess, sir, that at no period of my life have I experienced such gratification as that which her delicate and modest demeanour excited in my heart."

"Oh, my philosopher," rejoined his father, "I see the effect of woman's power, and the ice of your Siberian heart

melting beneath the Italian sun of those 'soft blue eyes.' Now, hark ye, Horace, I would neither deceive you, nor have you deceive yourself; how can 'the lovely Miss Warrington' marry me, when I know that her affections are placed upon you."

"Upon *me*, sir!" energetically exclaimed the philosopher.

"Aye, 'tis true, I assure you."

"And how came you to know it, sir?"

"That is no concern of yours. All that you have to do is to propose yourself,—offer your hand, and, instead of the aged father, Miss Warrington will be the blooming bride of the youthful son."

"If Miss Warrington's affections are placed upon another object, sir, you must be sensible that,—that my plans,—my plans, sir, are ineffectual; and that,—and that,—you understand, sir?"

"Oh perfectly,—*Love's Philosophy*!" exclaimed the merry parent. "But come, my boy, quickly disrobe yourself of these sombre habiliments, and attire yourself in a dress of mine; throw your wig behind the fire, and bid a long adieu to the philosophy of the schools: no disputing, I have a voice potential, and I say you *shall*. When you look as you ought to do, we'll see if the *lovely* Miss Warrington can withstand the powerful expression of *your* eyes,—though of a darker hue than the '*dear soft blue*!'"

Horace was immediately carried to his father's dressing-room; the scholastic dress was soon superseded by a modern suit, and the strait caxon wig that disfigured his head gave place to the natural hair, trimmed and decorated by the valet of Mr. Millamour. Horace sighed as he beheld his altered appearance, but the jocund humour of his father, countenancing the metamorphosis, had the desired effect; and when he descended to the drawing-room, Lady Warrington, who was there alone, started at the unexpected appearance, and congratulating him upon the striking improvement in his looks, he took the opportunity of revealing his own attachment to her daughter. Lady Warrington, however, imagining herself the object for whom the philosopher had reformed his habits, prided herself upon the triumph she had achieved.

"I wish to inform your ladyship of a little arrangement which I have meditated—"

"Oh, I know it all, I am already acquainted with your 'arrangement.'"

"Indeed! Then may I beg to request your consent—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted her Ladyship, hiding her face behind her fan, "I *must* consent."

"My dear Madam, now I am indeed indebted to you. Will you be pleased to appoint the time when the nuptials may be celebrated?"

"Oh, any time in the ensuing week that best pleases Mr. Millamour."

"My dear Lady Warrington, then I will immediately ask your daughter's permission—"

"My daughter's permission!"

"Oh, certainly, madam, your ladyship is too just to have her married against her consent."

"Sir!" exclaimed Lady Warrington, "what is it you mean? who do you intend to marry?"

"Your daughter, madam, certainly; the lovely Emma Warrington."

"Emma Warrington!—And have you been talking of *her* all this while?"

"Certainly, madam; of whom else could I talk?"

"Then, sir," indignantly rejoined her Ladyship, "I can assure you that she will never marry *you*," and flung out of the room in an emotion which she could not conceal.

Horace was astonished at her abrupt departure, and was altogether unable to comprehend the meaning of her rage: he was speedily, however, relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of Emma herself, who having beheld her ladyship in her present mood, enquired of Horace what had transpired in their interview, to occasion such a violent demeanour. Horace was altogether unable to solve the mystery, and expressed that he had merely asked her hand in marriage. Emma glanced at her lover with a look of enquiry and apprehension, and timidly said, "You mean, sue for your father?"

"Oh no, my dear Miss Warrington, I asked it for *myself*."

"For yourself," exclaimed Emma, in surprise, "you told me otherwise."

"True, true; but since I find your affections placed upon *another object*, and that happy object myself, I should be indeed deserving of the worst suffering, were I not to lay my heart and fortune at your feet, owning my previous error, and humbly soliciting forgiveness."

"Sir, sir, I really do not comprehend. Am I really in the presence of the *philosopher*, Horace Millamour!"

"Of Horace Millamour, madam, awakened to a new life, and to a just appreciation of the worth of woman's loveliness."

"But who had the confidence to tell you that my affections were placed upon you?"

"It was my father, madam."

"Oh, your father is a wit; his observation was merely in jest."

"Be candid, lovely Miss Warrington, and assure me, do you love me, or do you not?"

"You are a very singular man."

"Then you *do not*?"

"I did not say that, Mr. Millamour; that is, I mean——"

"That of course you do! Pardon my interpretation and my warmth;—you have effected a conquest over the coldest heart, a victory over science, study, and all scholastic duties. I offer you a heart whose best impulses you have awakened,—do not scorn its first effusion, but take it, cherish it, it is your own!"

"But how can I believe a passion hastily awoke will last?"

"My dearest girl, tell me what proof of affection can I give?" exclaimed the enraptured lover, falling upon his knees before her.

"Sir, sir," exclaimed Emma, "*Philosophy*!"

"Is at your feet!"

"If that's not wisdom I am a fool!" exclaimed old Millamour, as he entered the room. "So this is your erudition, this is your college philosophy! On my conscience, I have made a man of you at last; and I hope Miss Warrington will finish your education, and give the *coup de grace* to *Love's Philosophy*, by the acceptance of your hand. Nay, nay, no blushes my sweet girl, I am one of the family, you know; and so let Horace seal the compact upon those ruby lips."

"Sir," exclaimed Emma.

"Miss Warrington," rejoined Millamour, "I insist upon it; Horace, you are a man at last, do as I command you, and I promise you to lay down my rod of parental correction, and leave you to *pursue your studies* according to your inclinations for the future.—Oh, I'll turn my back, of course."

Millamour did turn his back, and he was satisfied; Horace was satisfied too, and Emma was not displeased. The anger of Lady Warrington, also, was soon overcome by the powers of Millamour's persuasion; and her visiting cards now bear the name of the gallant "middle-aged" gentleman, whose gay wanderings have terminated, and himself sobered down to the enjoyment of his domestic home. *Of course*, Emma is Mrs. Horace Millamour, and the only philosophy that her husband studies is that of *Love*. * *

I WILL NOT SAY I LOVE THEE LESS.

I will not say I love thee less

Than I have ever loved;—

No, no, though the lone one's couch I press,
Though thou hast faithless proved.

No, Marian, no,—I will not now
Renounce the vows so oft I've sworn,
Though the love wreath's fading on my brow,
The wreath, so long I wore.

I will not scorn thee, girl,

Once my adored!

Once all to me,—my every joy

Hung on thy word.

I was ever to thee the faithful, the true one,
And ever bowed low at thy beautiful shrine;
Thy lover!—Ah, Marian, may he, thy proud new-one,
Yield a homage as tender, as faithful as mine.

I will not say thou'st broke

The heart that loved thee;

No,—manhood scorns the yoke

Of one, as I have proved thee.

There's a spirit, too, Marian, that spurns obligation,
When gratitude's seared and the fond one's unkind;
Mine—mine is that spirit, though sunk in dejection,
Like the soul-stricken dove,—yet a rest it will find.

Yes,—pass on Marian,—onward

In thy bright career,

Nor let one, one remembrance,

E'er waken a fear.

Thou hast scorned me—forsaken me!—I may be grieving,
That one so beloved, should at length prove untrue;
But, Marian, 'tis past,—and may he, now believing,
Ne'er, ne'er, have to murmur a faithless adieu.

But yet I cannot love thee less,

No, Marian, no;

Still, still my lips will bless

Thee, girl,—I'm not thy foe!

We are severed!—Thou'rt faithless!—There's death in that word,—

For ever our fondness, our love dreams are o'er;
They have past, not a murmur again shall be heard,—
We have parted, and, Marian, we meet now no more!
I have lov'd,—I may still love,—but thou art untrue;—
'Tis enough!—Adieu, Marian,—for ever, adieu! B.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

(EXTRACTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF
A NOBLEMAN.)

"——— Beauty, pomp, and power,
Combine to make it glorious!"—DRYDEN.

It has been my good fortune to have been present at most of the great entertainments of the principal Courts of Europe, and now, returning to my native land, after a long absence, all the high notions that I had formed of continental splendour, are destroyed by the overpowering force of those which the festivities of English royalty inspire; and with a prejudice against them, which my long residence in foreign courts gave birth to, I find myself compelled to acknowledge the vast superiority of the Court of St. James's over all the world. I left England at a time when Fashion seemed to have winged her flight to a more congenial sphere; royalty had obscured itself in gothic seclusion, and, beyond its little private *coterie*, was lifeless and inert; a mere annual drawing-room conceived in *ennui*, and conducted with *insouciance*, was the only occasion of bringing the sovereign any way in contact with his people, and the labours of that occasion over, a close vehicle conveyed the person of royalty back to the favourite spot of loneliness, where it became buried among the woods and groves of that mysterious region until another *St. George's Day* produced another representation of the same laborious scene. *Coteries* were thus formed in society, and fashionable *partizanship* became general; orders and divisions were produced, and strict lines of demarcation drawn between the respective possessors of titles and aristocratic honours, according to the balls upon their respective coronets. This system of *exclusiveism* spread rapidly, and, at length, progressed to an extent that was almost fearful; each *coterie* had its respective mystery and rule of conduct, in which, however, morality soon became absorbed, and the name of fashion was sullied by the *misconduct* of her children. The intoxicating round of pleasure which individuals pursued, unrestrained by any moral point or head, to direct, or reprove, or reprobate, as the circumstance might demand, was utterly destructive of all the best impulses of human nature, and thus, in the general confusion, the reputation of English society became vitiated, and eclipsed by the superior *order* of continental splendour. Sick with the arrogance of some, and the inflated attempts of others, and having more relish for the general assemblies of a royal court, than for the restricted *soirées* of English nobility, I became an exile from my native land; and in the varied pleasures of Paris, and the *grotesque* congregations of St. Petersburg, —the refinement of Vienna and the etiquette of Berlin, —I was amply recompensed for the dull hours I had previously passed in my own country. There was that *gaieté de cœur* in foreign society which we look for in vain in England; —there was "that spirit, fire, *l'air enjoué*," so welcome to my own desires, and productive of gratification, and comfort as well, which is better than all. True, *titles* upon the continent are not worth much, since a man possessed of sufficient means to *purchase* the *honour*, may have as thundering a nomenclature as ever graced a traveller, and shine as the Baron Messingartondertrausen, or the Count Kassanderbogle, or any other equally alarming to the poor people of

foreign villages, or the *boots* and *waiters* of any roadside inn.* We have, therefore, to estimate the man according to his worth, and it is probably on this account that foreign society is so *amusing* as we find it. The manners of the Court of St. Petersburg are singular, but they are pleasurable; there is not that refinement to be found therein, which we experience in those of Paris or Vienna, but the slight degree of *roughness* they possess, is characteristic of the country, and as it by no means disturbs the propriety or decorum of society, would be ill superseded by the frivolity of lighter nations. The manners of the south would appear as out of place in the cold locality of Russia, as the sun of Italy would be, shining from a bright blue sky, over its ice and snow. Bavaria is, perhaps, the most *comfortable* spot of earth to be found upon the continent, —that is, with regard to its *society*; "a few, a happy few, a band of brothers," each individual seems to have his friends gratification at heart; and the king, by his bland and courteous demeanour, claims admiration and regard. He is a poet, too, of no ordinary abilities; and often are the court-days enlivened by the production of some new poem, upon subjects either patriotic or moral, modestly offered to his people with the humblest opinion of their merit, but which humility, considerably enhances their value. Next to this, the most friendly court is that of Hanover; the amiable character of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, his general respect for his subjects, and the estimation in which he appears to hold their interests, have endeared him to them by the most paternal ties, and he is looked up to as a kind father, not feared, but beloved. I was abiding there, at the time when the late monarch (George the Fourth) visited his Hanoverian dominions: nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which prevailed, and the expressions of popular opinion respecting the Governor, must have been, indeed, cheering to his royal brother as well as to the Duke himself.†

The fame, however, of the *New Reign of England*, the reputation of its *New Court*, appearing to have arisen from the ashes of its former greatness, in all its pristine splendour, recalled me back to that region which early associations endeared to me; and with prospects of gratification, though not of that overpowering nature they have proved, I made my *adieux* to the Papal states, hastily progressed through France, and arrived at Dover two days before the *First Drawing-rooms* of 1831. The face of the metropolis, upon my entrance therein, appeared to have undergone a thorough change, —a

* It was represented to me, that the Pope has a graduated scale for the purchase of titles; that of a duke being purchasable for 4000*l.*, a count for 1000*l.*, and a baron for a mere 500*l.* Who would not have a title — or rather, who *would* have one after this?

† An anecdote was current in Hanover shortly after the king had left, respecting his Majesty upon his passage through Rotthenkierchan, having been met by a body of the Hartz miners, who presented him with a goblet which had been used by the two preceding monarchs. The king immediately drank from the goblet, and stated his perfect recollection of his honoured father having previously drank out of it at Windsor, when a deputation came to England from the Hartz, and also mentioned the song which the miners sang to the monarch upon that occasion. The miners appeared pleased with the remembrance of the king, some few of them being the very individuals that had previously been in England.

radical change, as the reformers say; life and animation pervaded St. James's, and people of society appeared upon sociable terms; the spirit of *exclusiveness* was destroyed,—the *coteries* broken up,—and pride and prejudice absorbed in the general enthusiasm that prevailed in favour of royalty, and the anticipated triumph of the English court. Lady J— had prostrated her rod of sovereignty at the feet of the Queen, and the Marchioness of L— led her train to their devotions at the shrine of ADELAIDE. England, and English productions, also enjoyed the celebrity which they deserved; and the true spirit of Great Britain was infused into all the thoughts and actions of people of *ton*. At my emigration, I had left foreigners in possession of the sources of trade and credit; the drawing-room, the dressing-room, and the *boudoir*, were never profaned by the footsteps of English artisans; and no one dared to whisper a word of fashion unless they promulgated their *dicta* in a foreign tongue, and could establish their lawful claim to the title of *Madame* or *Monsieur*! On my return, Monsieur and Madame, however, had been consigned to their proper places of subordinate rank, and I had the gratification of finding my own country-people warmly encouraged and supported, and that it was, indeed, accounted discreditable, as well as disloyal, to countenance foreigners and foreign things.

Much as I commended all this, I was not prepared for the brilliant sight which I beheld when I entered the Drawing-room of England's Queen. The cold and formal etiquette that had characterized the annual ones of GEORGE THE FOURTH, and the stiff and monotonous aspect of those assemblages, were all displaced,—all vanished, like a dark and heavy cloud from the skies. The cheering aspect of the rooms through which the company passed,—the cheerful looks of the attendants,—the blaze of jewelled robes,—the sunny smiles of lovely women,—were truly fascinating and splendidly great; but these were but the preludes to that glorious appearance, when I trod upon the threshold of the chief apartment,—when the beautiful QUEEN OF ENGLAND, arrayed in all the splendour of majesty, and the importance which her situation commanded,—with the royal WILLIAM by her side, goodness and sociability beaming upon his countenance,—both receiving their distinguished visitors with that friendly expression, so estimable, and so kindly conceived! Words are too poor to express the feelings which the sight inspired,—Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Bavaria, were as nothing to the delightful sensations I experienced!

I have heard persons exclaim against the *crowd*, as well as against the *general nature* of the company; but the first objection cannot be upheld for a moment in the consideration of fashionable entertainments, and as for the other, as the QUEEN herself does not object to receive individuals of *reputation*, even though they may not be able to produce a genealogical tree of some centuries, or trace their derivation to any hero of the olden times, I do not see why any ridiculous prejudice should be exhibited upon the subject, and which, at the best, can only evince a bigotted spirit of exclusiveness, which the new order of things completely repudiates, and should destroy. We are told that the wives of City aldermen, and retired cheesemongers, elbow our fair partners, or sisters, in the drawing-room; and that Mrs. Fogg, of Cripplegate, emulates, in her number of feathers and length of train, the Dowager-Duchess of Diamonds, of Grosvenor-square; also, that Mrs. Deputy Wasel, of Candlewick Ward,

with my Lady Smith Jones, wife of Sir Jonathan Smith Jones, ex-sheriff and sugar-baker, of Mile-End, have the temerity to launch into the aristocratic air of St. James's, and sport their elegant persons at court, with as fine a grace as any of the best. If such is the fact, it surely must be a matter more of amusement than censure;—if the ladies of Candlewick Ward choose to expose themselves, that is no concern of ours,—and if they contribute to the hilarity of the scene, let them appear therein, and withhold them not. It is this system of non-exclusion that has opened so many new sources of pleasure and gratification, and enlivened the barren plain of fashionable life; the choice exotics become more beautiful by the association of lesser flowers, with which they may be compared, and which, by no possibility, can detract either from the splendour, or the fragrance they effuse. Indeed, I had never beheld the beauties of English society so resplendent; never had the lovely faces that I immediately recognised been illumined with such cheerful looks and smiles of happiness. Those delightful appearances were heretofore destroyed, either by the pride of birth or of beauty, which made the unprejudiced observer grieve, while he pitied the unworthy feelings which inspired such aspects. Now, nothing of the kind is to be perceived; lightness and gaiety are the presiding rules of fashionable life, and the devotion of fashionable society is in a proportionate degree more estimable. There is no description of foreign beauty that can possibly vie with that of Englishwomen; French, German, Russian, are either coarse or plain, the eyes are dim, or the cheeks are *thick*; there is nothing at all upon the continent equal to that "might of loveliness," sacred to England, and to England alone. The absence of this quality, foreigners endeavour to atone for, by a gay and gaudy style of dress, and personal decoration. Englishwomen have, very ridiculously, adopted this inconsistent manner, which has the effect of lessening the power of their beauty, and, in many cases, of utterly destroying it. I have found by experience, that an Englishwoman never appears to such advantage as when attired after the manner of her own country. The ladies of England are beginning to acknowledge the truth of this, and its importance; and the Court of St. James's will not be much longer disfigured by the monstrosities of foreign taste, which may do very well in Paris or Vienna, but is entirely out of place in London.

The prevalence of this opinion, and its results, may have been another cause of that extreme pleasure which the Queen's Drawing-room afforded;—the noble ladies attired in that chaste and exquisite style of splendour, characteristic of the country, diffused a spell of enchantment around the spot, rendering it more like the poetic scenes of an eastern tale, than the actual reality of life. It would be invidious to particularize, or I might record names of the several beauties whose loveliness was, indeed, transcendently great; it must suffice, that the combination of grandeur, birth, and beauty, accomplished one of the most magnificent triumphs that I had ever witnessed in the whole of my continental ramble.

The Court of St. James's is, unquestionably, the first and finest Court in all Europe.

LA BAGATELLE;
FASHIONABLE FACETIÆ, AND JEUX D'ESPRIT.

"——— We hold it wise,
With jest and joke to pass the hour's away,
That hang so slothfully upon us."—ROWLEY.

Lady E—complained a few days ago, of the very extravagant price of a haunch of venison. "I never knew it in all my life to be so expensive!" was her ladyship's exclamation. "Pooh, pooh," rejoined her quiet and venerable lord, "you must know that *venison* is always *deer*."

"You look like *Hercules*, carrying that immense *club* in your hand," exclaimed an individual to Sir Charles W—, as they met near the House of Commons, during the late debate. "Friend," cried Sir Charles, seizing the other by his shoulders, "don't let me fancy myself *Apollo*, with a *tyre* (liar) in my hand, as well."

"Pray, sir, are you *three-actrical*?" enquired a complaisant landlady of Tom Dibdin, as he was engaging lodgings for himself and wife. "No, madam," replied the wit, "there are but *two* of us."

Purity.—A worthy burgess was asked, at one of the late elections, if he gave his vote from *pure* motives. "Oh, sartainly," cried bumpkin, "vor I got as pure a *five pound* vor it, as ever I had in my life!"

Why is a foolish fellow like a note in music?—Because he is a *natural*.

Lady C. G. declares Lord M. to be a very clear-headed man. Lord C. said he did not deny the fact, but at the same time observed, that the *clearest* things are those that have *nothing* in them.

"Your veal is by no means so white as I could wish," said a lady to her purveyor of food. "If you were to put on your glove, madam," replied the gallant trader, you would think differently."

When Liston was a provincial actor, he was particularly fond of performing tragedy; one evening, playing the *Duke of Gloucester* in *Jane Shore*, to a very thin house, a merry fit seized him while delivering a speech that concludes with, "*On with your tale*." Whilst speaking the previous line, he threw his arm carelessly upon the shoulder of *Lord Hastings*, and accompanied the "on with your tale," by a sudden jerk, which drew the wig of his lordship completely over one side of his face. The house immediately resounded with shouts of laughter, which attended the remainder of the tragedy.

A musician lived by his wits, and died at Newgate. "Ah," cried a fellow-sufferer, "he lived a life of *suspense*, and died by a *suspended chord*!"

"What is the principal faction now in Ireland?" enquired the premier of a traveller. "*Dissatis-faction*, my lord," was the reply.

Lord B. patronises a clever young poet, and passes for a man of wit. His lordship is merely the silver candlestick,—his *protegé*, the light which it upholds.

When Meadows, the actor, first appeared in town, a wit, observing his melancholy face, exclaimed, "This man *Meadows*? It cannot be,—the song says 'the meadows look cheerful!'"

The Visit Returned.—Lord A. relates a droll anecdote of

two distinguished fashionable gentlemen, who happening to quarrel at Brighton, during the last autumn, one of them wrote "*scoundrel*" upon the other's door. The latter conjecturing from whom the insult proceeded, instantly went to his house, but finding the individual from home, left a message to the effect that he merely returned the visit of Mr. —, who was so civil as to leave his name at his door in the morning!

It is well-known that Lord L— always bears the ill-temper of his lady with great patience and equanimity. A friend one day remarked, that his lordship was evidently *afraid* of his wife. "Oh no," rejoined the patient wit, "it is not *her* that I am afraid of,—it is only the *noise*!"

A lady who was married to her second husband, was continually regretting the loss of her first; at length her partner exclaimed, "I can assure you, madam, that there is not an individual in existence that regrets his loss *more than I do*."

The Duke of L— is very fond of playing upon the violin-cello; one day, after executing a very dull and tedious piece of music to a party of ladies, he said it was "an extremely difficult composition to play." "*Difficult*," exclaimed one of the company, "I wish from my heart it had been *impossible*!"

Why is a great poet like that which a person wants when he has not got enough?—Because he wants a *Little Moore*, (little more.)

Why is the summer like the orb of day rising from the ocean?—Because it is a *sea-sun* (season.)

Criticism.—Lord Brougham is totally unacquainted with theatricals; visiting Drury Lane, however, one evening to see Macready's *Macbeth*, he expressed great surprise at one of the scenes, wherein Macbeth exclaims, "*What is't ye do?*" and the *witches* reply, "*A deed without a name*!" "*A deed without a name*?" exclaimed the Chancellor, "why 'tis *void*!"

An Irishman enquired of one of the new police, the reason for wearing the white mark round his arm. "It is to shew that I am on duty," replied the policeman. "Och, and its that you tell me;—but, by de powers, I was thinking it was to let you know yer *right hand* from yer *left*!"

A short time previous to her Majesty's exaltation to the throne, a lady of her acquaintance visited her in a dress which the Duchess particularly admired. The latter requested to see the back part of it, but Mrs. — begged to be excused, as "she could never be guilty of such a breach of etiquette, as that of turning her back upon her Royal Highness."

"America," exclaimed Talleyrand, at a fashionable party the other evening, "is the cleanest part of the whole world; they even call their capital, *La Vielle Blanchissante*!" (Washington.)

"In what manner, sir, will the Reform Bill benefit the lower classes?" enquired a political gentleman, at White's. "Why, sir," replied Raikes, the city merchant, they will have *rabbits* for nothing, for all the *burrows* will be thrown open!"

One of the diurnal sages ascribes to himself great sagacity in discovering that most eminent men were born in January! We are inclined to think that this learned pundit came into the world on the *first of April*.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
SUFFOLK-STREET.

The present Exhibition is, unquestionably, superior to the last, and with increased gratification we commence our critical duties.

4. "*Adverse winds*." J. INSKIP. A girl with black hair, and a Creole complexion, folded in a richly striped mantle, is stationed, deplorably, by the sea-side. Expectation appears to have faded into disappointment, and the action of her head, turned towards the spectators, indicates that the sickness of "hope deferred" has fastened upon her heart; a few gulls hover upon the edge of the distant waves, which, booming sullenly along, give no token of the looked-for sail. Painted with the depth and warmth of colour peculiar to the artist's style.

6. "*Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Gordon*," &c. &c. The head and hand painted by the late Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A., the arrangement and completion of the picture by J. SIMPSON.—That it required an accomplished pencil to complete the work commenced by the late President of the Academy is "a fact that cannot be denied," and although we are, cordially, of opinion that this portrait of his Grace of Gordon is not, from the easel of Mr. Simpson, endowed with the interest which it would have possessed coming from that of the famed Sir Thomas, we do not perceive any reason or necessity for opening the hue and cry of censorious criticism upon the deserving artist, who, in undertaking its completion, was in all probability less influenced by an aspiring hope of rivalling his predecessor upon the canvas, than filled with a conviction of the "fiery ordeal" he was about to be tried by. Mr. Simpson has, evidently, and with no trifling success, exerted himself to supply that which our *British Vandyck*, unfortunately, left wanting; and for the ability displayed in the arduous task imposed upon his professional powers, he is entitled to commendation. To slander a motive is the malice of a mean understanding and a vitiated heart; and we deprecate the conduct of those sagacious elves, who, like the critics in *Hudibras*,

"——— view

In Homer more than Homer knew,"

and, proud of their presumed penetration, accuse a man of being actuated by some impulse or idea which, perhaps, never was "part and parcel" of his cogitation.

18. "*Il Penseroso*." T. WEBSTER.—The lovers of the pale and shadowy maid of Milton's dream, may, possibly, anticipate a treat from the title which the artist has attached to his performance; but, as in the case of Pidding's *dingy* illustration of the "*Fair Penitent*," exhibited last year, the painter's adherence to the letter of his text is perfectly *ad libitum*. Accommodated with a seat in the village-stocks by that scourge and tyrant of toppers, the Beadle, an ancient votary of Bacchus, a wooer of the cask and spigot, is seen with a mien of melancholy resignation, "like patience upon a monument, smiling at grief." Deep dejection sits upon his mulberry countenance, a sense of shame mingling ludicrously with the stupid insensibility of his aspect, as the glowing visions of his recent orgies dissipate beneath the return of sober-consciousness; his head is declined piteously upon his breast, the lid drops over the unmeaning eye, and the huge underlip projects much in the manner of that of a little pouting dunce at school. The whole figure is irresistibly comic, and

the arrangement of the composition is well conceived; the companion of, but not the participator in his master's revels, a rough wiry-haired dog, is couched beside the engine of punishment, awaiting the hour of release with all the constancy of canine attachment: in the back-ground, the fat, puffy Beadle of the parish, in full costume, and bearing the glittering mace of his authority, is seen moving, duck-like, from the performance of his official duties. A very clever picture, from which an effective engraving might be made.

26. "*Reading the Manuscript*." A. G. VICKERS.—A pleasing and fanciful composition, in which the disposition of the light and shade is skilfully contrived; but a total absence of detail and touch mars the due impression, and disappoints the eye. As a sketch,—and that a *very hasty sketch too*,—it can only be considered. Let this young artist draw *more correctly* for the future, and be a little *more elaborate* in his execution; if he does not pay attention he will infallibly fall into a style of *decided slovenliness*, than which there cannot be any more disagreeable failing in art. *Rembrandt*, with all his shadowy spells and twilight uncertainties, employed exquisite force and definition in the parts occupied by the principal lights; a fur, a jewel, a chain, a sword-hilt, a turban, an eye flashing upon view, drew from his pencil the texture, sharpness, glitter, and brilliancy of nature.

32. "*Interior of a Mill in the Hebrides*." A. FRASER.—A very beautiful production, but inferior in decision of touch to many that we have seen by this artist. The heads in particular are painted carelessly, while the fowls at the door are given with extreme richness and minutiae: this is a species of neglect scarcely to be warranted, and as Fraser is not a *mere* painter of *accessories*, he must reform his tendency to this error. In sparkle and raciness of touch he has not a superior, and his pictures frequently combine the richness of *Rembrandt's* effect, with the sharpness, delicacy, and transparency of *Teniers's* interiors.

54. "*Solitude*." J. W. ALLEN.—An aged recluse, in an embowered dell, intent upon the holy page. Tall trees shadow his retreat, through the branches of which is seen a bright blue sky, broken by clouds of fleecy whiteness. Sharp in pencilling, and subdued in tone in the wooded portions of the picture, but rather too raw in the deep azure of the sky; a little scumbling and glazing down of this crude colour would be a wonderful improvement to the whole effect. No. 94, "*Morning*," by the same artist, is a beautiful representation of the matin-hour.

62. "*The Cottage Girl*." Miss HAGUE.—Ever anxious to do justice to the merits of a lady's performance, we note with pleasure this unassuming little specimen. A rustic urchin of "the feminine gender," as imported by the title, in bonnet, pinafore, shadowy red frock, and stout leather boots, stands near a cottage dresser, with her round, happy little face turned towards the gazer; a brazen pan, a toast-stand, cunningly denominated "*a footman*," with other subordinates, fill up the design, and give character to the kitchen abode of the village nymph. A clever bit of nature, well handled, and highly creditable to the paintress.

66. "*The Poacher's Daughter*." J. INSKIP.—Employed in plucking a pheasant, the child of the depredator, a girl of some sixteen or seventeen years of age, expresses by her countenance the deep and depressing anxiety arising from a moral sense of her parent's lawless and dangerous pursuits. Her features are those of a lowly peasant girl, but the impress of filial apprehension elevates them, and imbues them with a

degree of touching interest. The story is simply and admirably told; the accessories are few, but well-introduced, and the colouring and pencilling are in *Inskipp's* usual broad, free, mellow style.

79. "*Still Life*." J. HOLMES.—An unfortunate knight of the mahl-stick, burthened with that most intolerable of burthens, a jealous wife;—ladies be not vehement in your wrath, we mean *intolerable* only *when unjustifiable*—the afore-said unfortunate knight is here viewed bent most sedulously upon his picture, and pursuing it with a fervour so absorbing, that he is wholly unconscious of the circumstance of his fair model, a pretty country girl, with unkerchiefed neck and naked arms, having fallen into what the poet terms a "rosy sleep!" From this we may infer that the "earnest gaze," expressly stated by Mr. Cumming, has been fixed not upon the maiden's "features lineaments," as growing properly upon her own artless face, like flowers upon their native bed, but rather as "pencilled out" by the worthy limner. The door "half open'd," reveals the angry visage of the mistress of the mansion, who, jaundiced by the whisperings of "the green-eyed monster," has, with cat-like step, stolen to the spot to reconnoitre the grounds of her evidently unfounded suspicions. The utter unconsciousness of the artist, apparently dead to every object but that upon his easel, and the innocent slumber of the tired model, form a good foil to the excited aspect of the "*Lady Paramount*," whose dreams of mischief and domestic evils meet with no "anguishing" fulfilment, but "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." A well-told tale, conveying a wholesome hint towards the eradication of evil imaginings in the minds of those unhappy dames who are eternally torturing themselves and others with chimerical suspicions of a husband's fidelity, and tarnishing the fame of their female acquaintances with the baneful mildew of their absurd apprehensions.

101. "*Auld Robin Gray*." J. P. KNIGHT.—To the left of the picture, the aged wooer, with an air of deep commiseration for the poverty,—which, nevertheless, he trusts to aid him in his courtship,—deferentially asks Jenny to be his bride; the father of the maiden, somewhat in the back-ground, looks sternly on, as if anticipating the girl's refusal to comply; while, in the centre of the composition, the object of old Robin's suit, with face averted, places her hand in that of her aged mother, who, seated in her easy chair, with a countenance of sober care and anxiety, beholds the conflict in her daughter's breast; her Bible, rudely bound and clasped, lies on the table before her. The attitude and expression of "*Auld Robin Gray*" are in fine feeling; the mother is also a good figure, touchingly conceived, but the menacing aspect of the father impairs the beauty of the sentiment conveyed in the sweet and simple ballad, which implies that the self-sacrifice of poor Jenny was induced by that natural affection for her parents, which would not allow her to reject the wealthy wooer, who proffered the means of their subsistence and comfort. We also must venture to object to the head of Jenny, neither in position nor expression is it fortunate; the model was ill-suited to personify the wan, suffering girl, who, with a breaking heart, prepares to give up her own happiness, that she may preserve the waning days of her parents from the woes of penury; the figure, although finely painted, is thus deficient in that delicacy of feeling, which, arising out of situation, is as much the attribute of the peasant as of the princess, and we cordially advise the artist to give this portion of his picture a serious reviewal upon the easel.

114. "*The Eleventh Hour*." E. PRENTIS.—The mortal terrors of an usurer upon his death-bed are here represented with no inconsiderable effect. There is much expression in the heads, and the story is well conceived; but we are of opinion, that had some of the parts been less laboured, the whole would have been improved.

132. "*The Covenanters*." G. HARVEY. "*The scattered few would meet in some deep dell, by rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice, their faithful pastor's voice.*"—*Graham's Sabbath*. In a wild and desert spot, amidst silent rocks and hills, a remnant of these unfortunate people are eagerly and reverentially listening to the discourse of their spiritual leader, who is vehemently exhorting them: his arms are extended, and in his right hand he holds a Bible; the light of enthusiasm, blended with the feeling of the fanatic, is kindled up in his keen grey eye, and gives a wild character of inspiration to his homely features. An old man, one of the patriarchs of the flock, leaning upon a cudgel, is seen with his eyes fixed upon the preacher in devout attention; near him, a young woman draws her infant to her bosom, and her mother, an aged matron, is also drinking in the words of the pastor. Close beside her, a female, whose hollow eyes and sharp and withered features, bear the impress of gloomy excitement, appears, with her hand beneath her chin, intently listening to the wild and heated denunciations of the speaker; a man, rudely accoutred, and another mounted upon horseback are stationed near, and several other figures compose the circle of auditors, their aspects varied in mental character, but all carrying the marks of deep and breathless attention. Wonderful power and imagination, with an admirable truth of nature, are displayed in this superb production. Trembling apprehension, fierce enthusiasm, sober belief, moody meditation, and benighted credulity, are written upon the numerous countenances of the persecuted congregation; the whole is skilfully grouped, the distribution of light and shade judiciously managed, the colouring in unison with the subject, and the drawing and pencilling are firm and mellow. The lonely and desolate aspect of the scene is a fit illustration of the harassed condition of the unhappy and misguided Covenanters, who, hunted into caves, glens, and barren heaths, erected their altar in the wilderness and the ravine, and raised their voices to heaven amidst the mournful echoes of the unpeopled hills. Proposals for an Engraving to be executed from this commanding picture are published, and we sincerely hope that the design will be met with that liberal encouragement which the high character of the painting deserves.

202. "*Vandyck courting the pretty peasant of Savelthem*." Seated before a rustic *cabaret*, the roving artist, with an air of jocosse gallantry, detains the rural belle with one hand, while, with the other round her waist, he boisterously demands a kiss; the "*pretty peasant of Savelthem*"—by-the-bye, a Flemish beauty,—appears merrily refusing the boon; with her left arm she supports a basket of fruit, which she has brought for her suitor's refreshment. An old woman, from the upper window of the dwelling, overlooks the transaction. An admirable specimen of the modern Flemish school.

221. "*Disputing the Prize*." C. HANCOCK.—Two dogs furiously falling upon their companion who has succeeded in running down an unfortunate hare that lies beneath his paws. Exquisitely finished; nevertheless we caution this admirable painter to beware of degenerating into a *wirtiness of touch*, which in time may produce an effect entirely opposite

to his wishes; a little more fulness of pencil would render his pictures perfect.

222. "*The Chase*." R. B. DAVIS.—A picture, no doubt, painted by commission, as the artist is too truly *such* to have selected a subject which, according to the English field, presents so many unpleasant difficulties in the way of harmonious arrangement. The animals are drawn, designed, and painted with surprising accuracy, beauty, and spirit; and the riders have an air of identity which speaks in favour of the resemblance. Perhaps the landscape is somewhat too hastily brushed in.

223. "*The Christmas Present*." W. DERBY.—A capital piece of beef, garnished with the blithe holly; a couple of fowls, a ditto of corked and dusty looking bottles seemingly taken from some precious bin; a plate of comely russettings, and a grocer's parcel of raisins, part of the contents of which is temptingly displayed through a suspicious vent in the paper; all these invite the eye of the gastronomist, and demand the unqualified approbation of the critic. The above unexceptionable components of good cheer are, in fact, painted as beautifully as it is possible to paint them; and the picture may safely challenge competition with the finest productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools in its particular class.

246. "*Landscape Composition*."—Rev. J. THOMSON.—In a wild and mountainous country, a bandit in armour is reclining near the borders of a lake; the deepest gloom of twilight hangs upon the scene which is invested with all the majestic solemnity and startling energy of Salvator Rosa. The intense imagining of the poet, embodied with a pencil of fire, breathes through this magnificent production, and forcibly reminds us by its sublimity of the splendid compositions of the Italian school.

279. "*Indecision*." F. J. MEYER.—A courtly belle, with an expression of arch hesitation, averts her face from the gaze of her lover, who, passing his left arm round her, presents to her notice that speaking symbol, a *plain gold ring*, at once the type of eternity and faith. There is a sad want of pleading fervour in the gallant wooer's mien, and the maiden looks too much like an operative fair one to be welcome to our simple taste. There is, however, much elegance in the design.

232. "*The Stingy Traveller*." W. BUSS.—A crafty old stager, muffled in a brown great coat, with a fur travelling cap upon his head, and carrying a band-box, an umbrella, and a large bundle, with sundry other portions of his luggage, is here decamping from the "*Fox and Hounds*" public-house, where he had put up for the night; the swarm of locusts natural to an inn, in the shape of an exasperated and complaining waiter, a pretty imploring chambermaid, and a roguish impudent little "boots," backed by the grinning landlord, is in motion upon the threshold; but vain is the desperate whining of the waiter, and fruitless are the eloquent glances of the chambermaid, and the droll remonstrance of the boots,—a sly, cool, determined close-fisted look from the departing guest, negatives all hope, and proves him callous to entreaty and reproach. A very capital production, full of humour, spirit, and character.

300. "*Exeunt omnes*." H. PIDDING.—A *poissarde* with a basket of fish upon her shoulders, descending the steps of a house, and accompanied by a little boy, is made the subject of a practical joke by a mischievous monkey, who, placed upon the upper step, has, with a knife, severed the cord of her pannier, and the scaly contents,—mulletts, mackerel, eels,

and cod,—are descending in a novel shower to the ground. A beautifully painted picture.

371. "*The Poacher pursued*." C. HANCOCK.—The alarm has reached the hut of the poacher, who is seen grasping his fowling-piece in his right hand, while with the left he wildly points to the fruits of his ill-framed enterprise, which he calls upon his wife to conceal; violent agitation is depicted upon his features: the woman, with an infant in her arms, appears turning from a survey of the approaching danger, which she has made from the window of the hut; three dogs, roused from their repose, prick up their ears in attitudes of expectation. Although, like many others, this picture is placed rather too high for that inspection which is required by its cabinet dimensions, we can judge sufficiently of its merits to pronounce it a very noble specimen of its class.

388. "*Interior of a ship's cabin—with smuggler's playing*." Painted with singular depth and richness, and a forcible character of ordinary nature. The exulting mien of the successful antagonist, a handsome young fellow in a red jacket, and a white woollen cap striped with blue, is happily contrasted with the perplexed and stupid air of his adversary; two men, standing behind the vanquished gamester, seem to enjoy the lucky movement of their comrade; and a third spectator, evidently puzzling his intellects to comprehend the terms of the game, is stationed at the further end of the table. A boy, splitting wood with a knife, is seated upon the ladder leading upon deck; barrels, bottles, &c. &c. form the appropriate accessories.

392. "*Composition—Landscape; Naiades green isle*." W. F. WITHERINGTON. A beautiful and fairy scene, representing a luxuriant shore, clothed with an emerald verdure, and adorned with lofty spreading trees; the cerulean waters of the deep bathe the sides of this enchanting spot, and a host of sylph-like creatures, half lost in a flood of vapoury sunshine, float and sport upon the magic waves. Imbued with all the poetry of art.

There are many works of the highest merit which we would feel infinite pleasure in touching upon; but the necessary brevity of our space precludes more than a general intimation of regret that we cannot do that justice to the whole to which their rank entitles them. The same cause prevents our entering into a detail of the various excellent works in engraving and sculpture, which embellish the present exhibition.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

The annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy has opened with a display of excellence in the various departments of the art, arguing most powerfully in the favour of the genius of our countrymen. We are, however, under the necessity of deferring our remarks upon the pictures there, and the exquisite drawings at the Exhibition of the water-colour painters, until our succeeding numbers. It is our invariable rule to bestow the strictest attention upon the productions of the British School, and wholly dissenting from the hurried and *abridged* style of many of the fashionable critiques of the day, we care not for our observations being somewhat *later* than the *immediate* opening of the Exhibitions to the public, being conscious that the delay produces the due fulfilment of a delicate and important duty.

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